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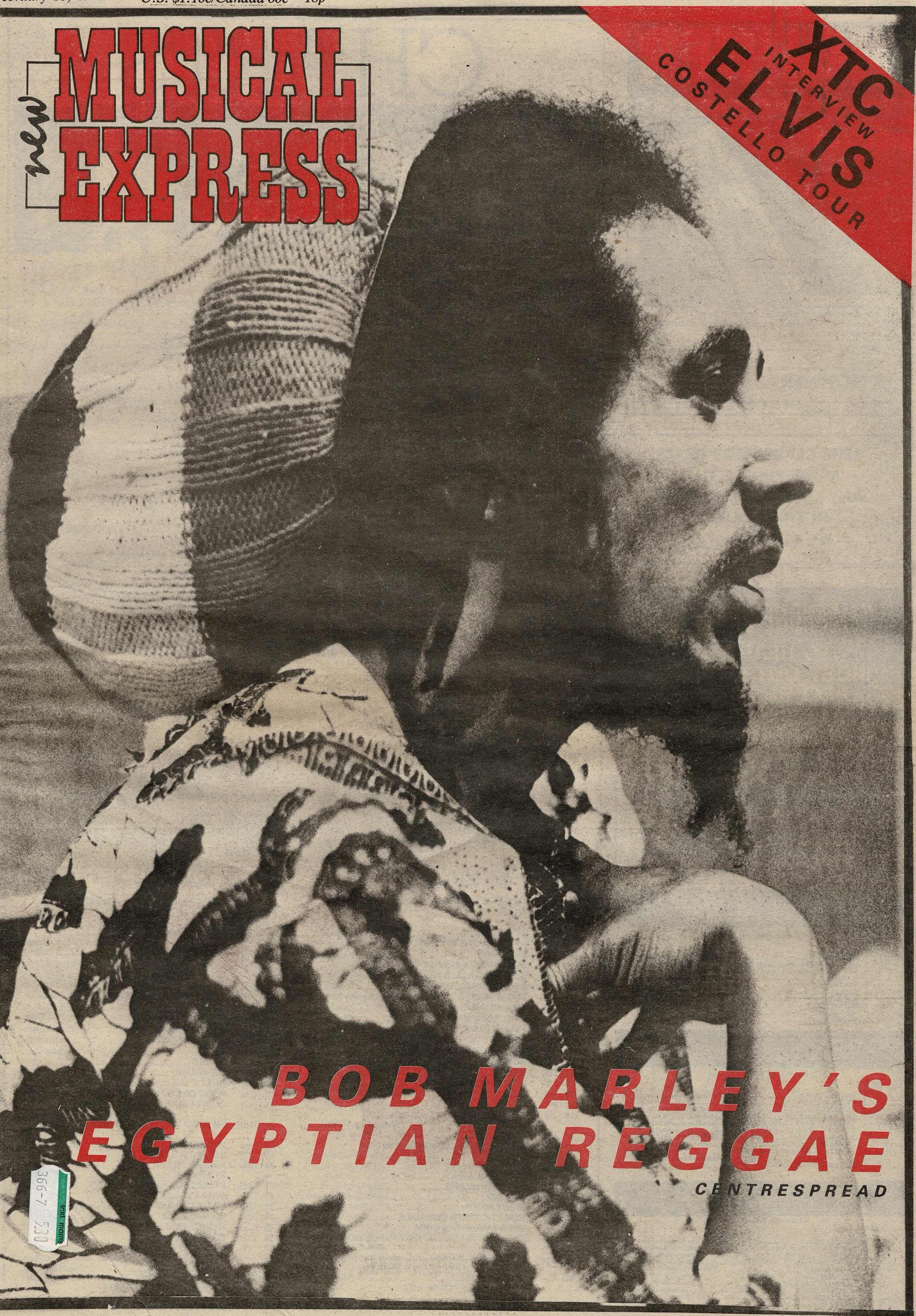
XTC INTERVIEW

ELVIS COSTELLO TOUR



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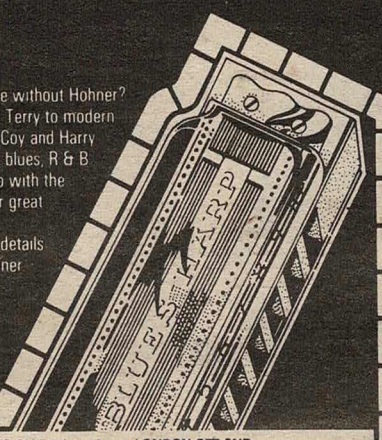
BLUES



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 17, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	BLOCKBUSTER	Sweet (RCA)
2	2	DO YOU WANNA TOUCH ME	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	3	PART OF THE UNION	Strawbs (A & M)
4	4	DANIEL	Elton John (DJM)
5	5	YOU'RE SO VAIN	Carly Simon (Elektra)
13	6	SYLVIA	Focus (Polydor)
9	7	ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN	Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
11	8	PAPER PLANE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
8	9	ME AND MRS. JONES	Billy Paul (Epic)
7	10	WISHING WELL	Free (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 14, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	MIGHTY QUINN	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
1	2	EVERLASTING LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)
5	3	BEND ME SHAPE ME	Amen Corner (Deram)
4	4	SHE WEARS MY RING	Solomon King (Columbia)
2	5	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
7	6	SUDDENLY YOU LOVE ME	Tremeloes (Decca)
6	7	JUDY IN DISGUISE	John Fred and His Playboy Band (Pye Int.)
9	8	GIMME LITTLE SIGN	Brenton Wood (Liberty)
8	9	I CAN TAKE OR LEAVE YOUR LOVING	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
17	10	PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN	Status Quo (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 15, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DIAMONDS	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
2	2	THE WAYWARD WIND	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	3	PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	4	LITTLE TOWN FLIRT	Del Shannon (London)
7	5	LOOP DI LOOP	Frankie Vaughan (Phillips)
17	6	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
14	7	ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfields (Philips)
3	8	GLOBETROTTER	Tornados (Decca)
6	9	BACHELOR BOY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10	10	LIKE I DO	Maureen Evans (Oriole)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending February 18, 1978

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	3	1
2	(3)	FIGARO	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	5	2
3	(2)	IF I HAD WORDS	Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	5	2
4	(1)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING	Althia & Donna (Lightning)	7	1
5	(24)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	3	5
6	(13)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	3	6
7	(7)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers (CBS)	5	3
8	(8)	MY BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	8
9	(11)	SORRY I'M A LADY	Baccara (RCA)	5	9
10	(5)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey (RCA)	6	3
11	(6)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (Parlophone)	12	1
12	(9)	HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	9
13	(16)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet (Polydor)	3	13
14	(25)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog (Virgin)	2	14
15	(10)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave (GTO)	5	10
16	(18)	5 MINUTES	Stranglers (United Artists)	2	16
17	(12)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY	Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	9	8
18	(—)	DRUMMER MAN	Tonight (TDS)	1	18
19	(15)	GALAXY	War (MCA)	5	10
20	(—)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	20
21	(14)	LOVE'S UNKIND	Donna Summer (GTO)	10	2
22	(—)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	22
23	(—)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel (CBS)	1	23
24	(21)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	2	21
25	(26)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	2	25
26	(—)	CLOSER TO THE HEART	Rush (Mercury Rush)	1	26
27	(28)	SHOT BY BOTH SIDES	Magazine (Virgin)	2	27
28	(—)	WHAT DO I GET	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	28
29	(—)	HEARTSONG	Gordon Giltrap (Electric)	1	29
30	(—)	ALRIGHT NOW EP	Free (Island)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
RISING FREE E.P. — Tom Robinson Band (EMI); DO YA WANNA GET FUNKY WITH ME — Peter Brown (TK); WORDS — Rita Coolidge (A&M); DENIS — Blondie (Chrysalis)

ALBUMS

Week ending February 18, 1978

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	4	1
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	51	1
3	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	15	3
4	(3)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	6	3
5	(6)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	25	5
6	(4)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	14	2
7	(5)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	15	1
8	(18)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	3	8
9	(11)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	3	9
10	(13)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	3	10
11	(8)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	14	1
12	(12)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles (Parlophone)	4	12
13	(14)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	17	6
14	(19)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	14	6
15	(7)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	15	2
16	(15)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)	3	15
17	(16)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	16
18	(10)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS	Tammy Wynette (CBS)	8	5
19	(16)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	14	3
20	(22)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	85	1
21	(25)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)	4	15
22	(—)	WHITE MUSIC	XTC (Virgin)	1	22
23	(—)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	2	23
24	(—)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	24
25	(29)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack (20th Century)	2	25
26	(—)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	1	26
27	(—)	MUPPET SHOW 2	Muppets (Pye)	1	27
28	(—)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	2	28
29	(20)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	14	3
30	(27)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER	Joni Mitchell (Asylum)	4	27

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
IT BEGINS AGAIN — Dusty Springfield (Mercury); MENAGERIE — Bill Withers (CBS); HERE YOU COME AGAIN — Dolly Parton (RCA); SPECTRES — Blue Oyster Cult (Epic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 18, 1978

This Last Week			
1	(1)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
2	(3)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
3	(8)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang
4	(6)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
5	(9)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
6	(7)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic
7	(2)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman
8	(5)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen
9	(4)	BABY COME BACK	Player
10	(10)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart
11	(16)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd
12	(12)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton
13	(13)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
14	(17)	PEG	Steely Dan
15	(18)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey
16	(19)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
17	(11)	DESIREE	Neil Diamond
18	(14)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda
19	(21)	FFUN	Con Funk Shun
20	(24)	(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS	John Williams
21	(—)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
22	(22)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx
23	(29)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
24	(30)	FALLING	LeBlanc & Carr
25	(—)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
26	(28)	STREET CORNER SERENADE	Wet Willie
27	(—)	THE NAME OF THE GAME	Abba
28	(—)	THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO	Rita Coolidge
29	(—)	WONDERFUL WORLD	Art Garfunkel with James Taylor and Paul Simon
30	(—)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 18, 1978

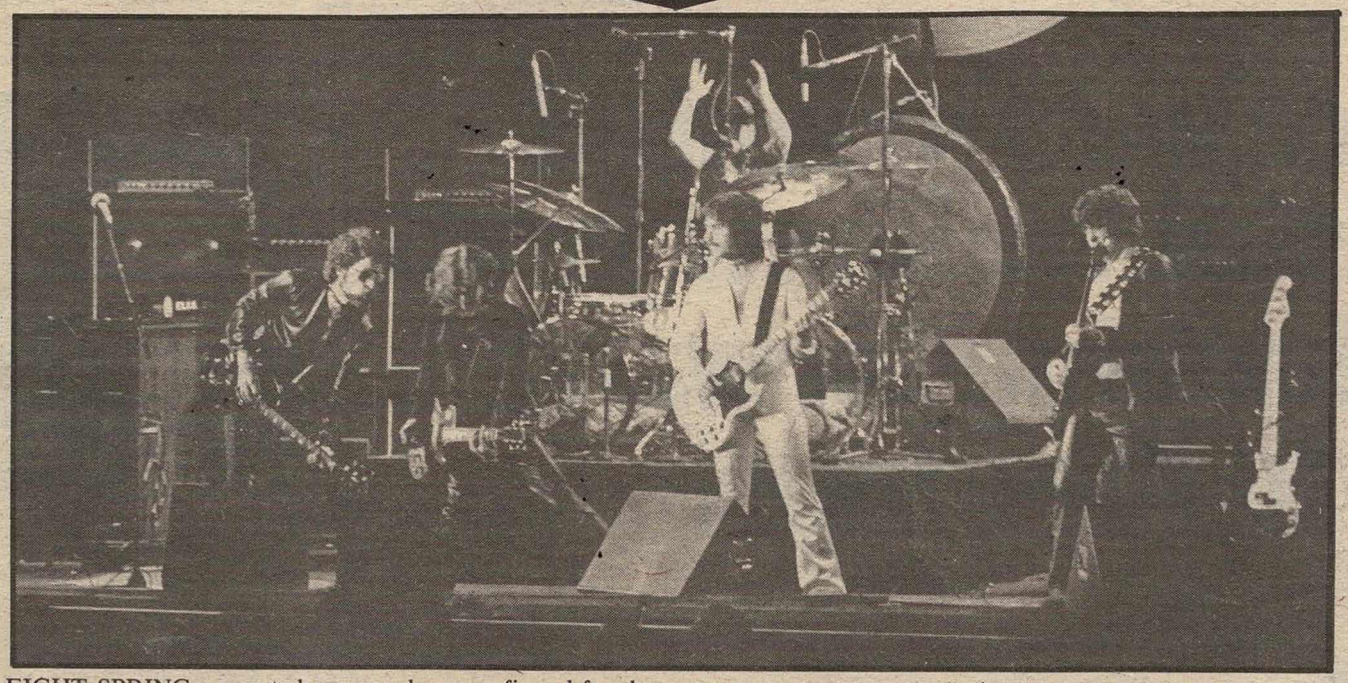
This Last Week			
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
3	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
4	(6)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
5	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(4)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
7	(7)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
8	(9)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
9	(8)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
10	(10)	DRAW THE LINE	Aerosmith
11	(13)	AJA	Steely Dan
12	(12)	ALIVE II	Kiss
13	(16)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
14	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
15	(15)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
16	(17)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Original Soundtrack
17	(18)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond
18	(—)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel
19	(20)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs
20	(24)	FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME	Parliament
21	(21)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
22	(23)	GALAXY	War
23	(26)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman
24	(27)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill
25	(25)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
26	(11)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy
27	(19)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton
28	(—)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
29	(22)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
30	(—)	LIVE AT THE BIJOU	Grover Washington Jr.

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

OYSTER CULT VENUES



EIGHT SPRING concerts have now been confirmed for the British tour by Blue Oyster Cult, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME 11 weeks ago. The band are bringing over their full U.S. production, complete with what they claim to be the biggest laser show ever.

Box-offices have been bombarded with enquiries since NME's original announcement, so it looks like being a sell-out tour.

Dates are Leicester De Montfort Hall (April 26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Manchester Free Trade Hall (28), Glasgow Apollo (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Birmingham Odeon (May 1) and London Hammersmith Odeon (3 and 4).

It's virtually certain that Cult will play other dates in this country. They spend most of May in Europe, but a spokesman for promoters Straight Music said: "If demand is as heavy as we anticipate, Cult will be coming back here for another five concerts in late May and early June. We're also holding another couple of nights for them at Hammersmith."

Tickets for the above gigs are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all venues, except Leicester where there are no £1.50 seats. For the Leicester and Bristol concerts they are at present available by post only, though tickets will go on sale at the box-offices when they become available — probably some time next week. Elsewhere, tickets are on sale now.

Cult's spectacular show features four main lasers as well as several other items, including a laser worn on the wrist by one of their members! They also have the only quad sound system currently being used on tour.

Besides earlier material, they will be highlighting material from their latest album "Spectres", released last month by CBS. A new single "Going Thru The Motions" was also issued in January, and another is expected before the tour starts.

Costello's tour set

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions return from their current U.S. visit early next month, and almost immediately launch into a 28-date British tour from mid-March to mid-April.

It ties in with the March 3 release of their new Radar single "(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea". Tour dates are:

Dublin Stella Cinema (March 16, £2.50/£2); St. Patrick's Day gig at Belfast Ulster Hall (17, £2.50/£2); Cardiff Top Rank (19, £1.90/£1.70); Canterbury Odeon (20, £1.75/£1.50); Leicester De Montfort Hall (21, £2.50/£2/£1.50); Newcastle City Hall (22, £2.50/£2/£1.50); Liverpool Eric's (24 and 25, £1.50); Bristol Locarno (26, £1.90/£1.70); Malvern Winter Gardens (27, £2.50/£2); Bournemouth Village Bowl (28, prices undecided); Brighton Top Rank (29, £1.90/£1.70); and Cambridge Corn Exchange (31, £1.80).

April dates are Bracknell Sports Centre (1. £1.80); Middlesbrough Town Hall (2, £1.50); Edinburgh Tiffany's (3, £1.80); Glasgow Satellite City (4, £1.70); Sheffield Top Rank (5, £1.90/£1.70); Manchester Rafters (6 and 7, £1.50); April 8 gig still to be confirmed; Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (9, £1.90/£1.70); Penzance The Garden (11, £1.50); Portsmouth Guildhall (12, £2.50/£2/£1.50); Birmingham Barbarella's (13 and 14, £1.50) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (15 and 16, £2).

Dury gigs next week

IAN DURY and the Blockheads make three British concert appearances at the end of next week, as a prelude to their European and U.S. tours.

Under the banner of "Three For All", they play Plymouth Fiesta Suite (February 23), Exeter University (24) and Oxford New Theatre (25). The following day they leave for the Continent for gigs in France, Sweden, Germany, Holland and Belgium, before flying out to the States for eight weeks of club dates.

Dury and the band have just fixed a fourth show next week, a charity gig at London Camden Dingwalls on Wednesday (22), in aid of the National Council for One-Parent Families. Also on the bill are Warsaw Pakt and Muppets writer Chris Langham performing his own half-hour show. The show starts at 8 pm and tickets are on sale now at Dingwalls, priced £3.

THE DAMNED will be touring Europe during April, and a major British tour is being lined up for May. The band are currently negotiating a recording contract with a leading label.

Betts Band due

DICKEY BETTS, former Allman Brothers stalwart, comes to London later this month with his re-shaped band — now named the Great Southerners. He's flying in for just two major engagements — a BBC-2 "Old Grey Whistle Test" in-concert special next Tuesday (21) and a concert at London Rainbow on Sunday, February 26. No other dates are planned.

Dickey (that's the way he's spelling it now) has a new album issued by Arista on February 24 titled "Atlanta's Blowing Down" — it comprises eight tracks, seven of them Betts originals, including a duet with Bonnie Bramlett in "Mr. Bluesman".

Line-up of the band is now Betts (lead vocals and guitar), 'Dangerous' Dan Toler (lead guitar and vocals) and Doni Sharbono (drums), plus new members David Goldflies (bass), David Toler (second drummer) and Michael Workman (keyboards).

● Other upcoming "Whistle Test" specials include Billy Joel on March 14 (see story on page 4) and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers on April 11. Details of Petty's spring tour of Britain will be annouced shortly.

● Also set for British tours in the early spring are Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge, and Hot Tuna. See pages 4 and 5.

New-Wave round-up

THE VIBRATORS announce that their free London gig this Sunday (19), plans for which were reported last week, will take place at the Nashville in Kensington. An equal number of free entry passes will be distributed at the venue's box-office at 6 pm on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, on a first-come first-served basis.

999 HAVE added another three dates to their British tour itinerary, reported last week — at Ulverston Penny Farthing (March 3), Newport Stowaway (15) and Margate Dreamland (24). Their gig at Norwich Peoples Club is switched from March 14 to 21. And their show at Colchester Essex University on Marsh 23 is a benefit in aid of the Prisoners Rights Organisation.

THE BUZZCOCKS last week presented a cheque for £750 to Manchester Hospital, to help towards the cost of a body scanner. The money was raised at the Electric Circus punk festival in October, when the band were supported by Magazine, Fall, Slaughter & The Dogs, Worst and John Cooper Clark, among others.

SHAM 69 have been signed to Sire Records in America, and the deal means their first album "Tell Us The Truth" will be issued there in mid-spring, followed by a major Stateside tour. The LP is released in this country by Polydor tomorrow (Friday).

SID VICIOUS and his lady Nancy Spungen were appearing in court yesterday (Wednesday) on a charge of possessing the drug methylamphetamine. This is the outcome of the police raid on their room at the Ambassador Hotel in Paddington, where they were staying before Christmas. They originally appeared at Marylebone Court last week but, after electing to face trial by judge and jury, were released on bail.

THE CLASH have been forced to interrupt recording sessions for their new CBS album, due out in the spring, because of guitarist Joe Strummer's illness. He's been in hospital suffering from a recurrence of the glandular fever which has affected him periodically, but he was discharged at the weekend.

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KRIS 'N' RITA —five shows

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON and his wife Rita Coolidge co-headline a string of five major British concerts in April, and the special guest on all the dates is Billy Swan. They play Glasgow Apollo (April 13), Birmingham Hippodrome (15), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (16) and London Royal Albert Hall (18 and 19). It's likely they'll also be filming a TV special during their visit.

Albert Hall tickets are priced £10, £8.50, £6.50, £3.50, £2.25 and £2, and they are obtainable by post only from M.A.M. Box-Office, 24-25 New Bond Street, London W.1 (make cheques and POs payable to "M.A.M." and enclose s.a.e.). Elsewhere it's also mail order only with a top price of £7.50, but readers should contact individual box-offices for exact details of prices.

Kristofferson, currently the film industry's most sought after superstud, takes time off from his movie career to visit Europe. His new album "Easter Island" is released by Monument on April 7, containing ten tracks and featuring Rita and Billy Swan as back-up vocalists. A single will be lifted from it for late March release.

There will also be a Kris and Rita duo album, as well as a Rita solo LP, both issued by A & M at the time of the tour — and of course, Rita's current single "Words" is in line for hit status. A & M have also signed Billy Swan and release his album "You're Okay, I'm Okay" on March 17.

BILLY JOEL DUE

BILLY JOEL, whose recently released CBS single "Just The Way You Are" is a current hit, flies into Britain next month to star in a BBC-2 "Old Grey Whistle Test" special for screening on Tuesday, March 14. He will be playing only one concert during his visit — together with his regular backing band, he headlines at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on March 19. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.

RECORD NEWS

25 No. 1 hits are reissued

CBS are reissuing 25 singles, on their own and affiliated labels, all of which reached the No. 1 spot during the 20-year period from 1957 to 1976. They are available as a collection or separately and, in all cases, the original B-side couplings have been changed. The singles are:

Paul Anka "Diana", **Roy Orbison** "Only The Lonely" and "Oh Pretty Woman", **Andy Williams** "Can't Get Used To Losing You", **Byrds** "Mr. Tambourine Man", **Tremeloes** "Silence Is Golden", **Scott Mackenzie** "San Francisco", **Georgie Fame** "Bonnie And Clyde", **Love Affair** "Everlasting Love", **Union Gap** "Young Girl", **Marmalade** "Ob-La-Di-Ob-La-Da", **Fleetwood Mac** "Albatross", **Simon & Garfunkel** "Bridge Over Troubled Water", **Christie** "Yellow River", **Charlie Rich** "Most Beautiful Girl", **Abba** "Waterloo" and "Fernando", **Three Degrees** "When Will I See You Again", **David Essex** "Gonna Make You A Star", **Tammy Wynette** "Stand By Your Man", **Johnny Nash** "Tears On My Pillow", **Art Garfunkel** "I Only Have Eyes For You", **David Essex** "Hold Me Close", **Tina Charles** "I Love To Love" and **Chicago** "If You Leave Me Now"

● Stiff have now set March 3 as the release date of **"The Wreckless Eric Album"**. It's available as either a ten-inch or a 12-inch, both retailing at £3.49. The ten-inch contains two fewer tracks, but has the advantage (?) of being pressed in brown vinyl resembling, say Stiff, compressed buffalo dung!

● A new single by **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow** titled "Long Live Rock And Roll" is issued by Polydor next week. It's the title track from their upcoming album.

● **The Pirates'** new 12-inch single is "All In It Together", issued by Warners on March 3. It's taken from their album "Skull Wars", due out on May 5.

● "No Hard Feelings" is the new **John Miles** single, out on Decca this weekend and lifted from his "Zaragon" LP.

● A series of golden oldies is being issued on Lightning Records' subsidiary label Old Gold, among the first being "Wild Thing" by the **Troggs** and "Groovin' With Mr. Bloe" by **Mr. Bloe**. Some 4,000 titles are available in the Lightning catalogue, and the Wild Wax Show will be touring discos around the country to promote the Old Gold series.

● **Gil Scott-Heron's** new single "Hello Sunday! Hello Road!", taken from his latest album "Bridges", is issued by Arista on February 24. It's coupled with a live 13-minute version of his classic "The Bottle", and Arista are claiming a world record B-side timing for this track!

● **Donna Summer's** official new single is "Rumour Has It", taken from her "Once Upon A Time" album and issued by Casablance tomorrow (Friday). Then on February 24 her previous label GTO release a three-track single, with the first 20,000 copies in 12-inch form. A-side is "Back In Love Again" from her LP "I Remember Yesterday" and the other titles — from her "Greatest Hits" album — are "Try Me I Know We Can Make It" and "Wasted".

● **Catherine Howe** has been signed by Ariola, and her first single for the label is released on March 17 — titled "Sit Down And Think Again", it was produced by Mike Batt.

● The long-awaited live double album by **The Outlaws**, "Bring 'Em Back Alive", is finally set for February 24 release by Arista.

● **Noel Murphy** is recording a live album at Chappells Studio in London's New Bond Street on Friday, March 10. Anyone wanting tickets should write to Sean Greenfield at RCA Records, 50 Curzon Street, London W1.

● **Carl Douglas** follows his "Run Back" hit with "Keep On Pleasing Me", issued by Pye on March 3. It's taken from his new album, out this week.

● **Gloria Mundi**, newly signed by RCA, have their first single for the label released this weekend titled "Fight Back.

● **Wire's** single "I Am The Fly" is released by Harvest on February 24, the same day as "Breakdown" by **David Coverdale** (Purple) and "If You Can't Give Me Love" by **Suzi Quartro** (Rak). And at the same time, Motown reissue the former No. 1 hit "My Guy" by **Mary Wells**.

Jam single

THE JAM's new single is a three-track maxi, released by Polydor on February 24 to coincide with their "London Blitz" dates, announced last week. Marketed in a picture bag and selling at the normal price of 80p, the A-side is a Bruce Foxton song called "New Of The World". The other tracks are Foxton's "Innocent Man" and Paul Weller's "Aunties And Unlces (Impulsive Youths)".

ELTON & ROD AGREE MOVIE PLANS

ROD STEWART and ELTON JOHN have now agreed upon the basic format of the film in which they plan to co-star. They will play themselves in the movie, which is titled "Jet Lag". It will have a strong comedy element, as well as the expected music content. So far they've only formulated the outline of the story, and the next step is to commission a script-writer.

It will be a joint production by their two managers, Gaff Management and John Reid Management, with some location work in Rio de Janeiro. It's not yet clear when work will begin on the film — much depends upon their individual commitments, but the end of this year or early 1979 seems the most probable time.

It now seems unlikely that Rod's summer tour of Britain will be confined to football stadia. A spokesman explained: "He'll spend most of March, April and May recording and mixing the new album, and at the end of May he leaves for the World Cup in Argentina. By the time he gets back, football clubs will be preparing grounds for the new season, so it looks as though his tour will now be in the late summer and confined to conventional big indoor venues."

KANSAS EXTRA

KANSAS, whose major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 25 was exclusively revealed by NME last week, will be playing only one other British date during their debut visit — it's at Manchester Ardwick Apollo on March 24 (tickets from £1.75 to £2.80).

Support act at Manchester is U.S. powerpop band Cheap Trick, who are already set for their own headlining show at London Roundhouse on April 2, but the London support has not yet been fixed by promoter Harvey Goldsmith. The six-piece Kansas outfit, whose hit U.S. album "Point Of Know Return" has just been issued in Britain, start a European tour on March 6 before coming to this country.

Supercharge extend tour

SUPERCHARGE continue their current tour with extra gigs at Hatfield Polytechnic (this Friday), London's Regent's Park Bedford College (Saturday), London Camden Dingwalls (February 23), Birmingham Mason Hall (24), Hitchin College of Education (25), Reading Bridges Hall (March 3), Dudley J.B.'s (4), Workington Rendezvous (8), Nottingham University (10), Oxford Colege of Further Education (11), Manchester Rafters (13), Cheltenham Technical College (15), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (17), Warrington Red Lion (18), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (20), Southport Tiffany's (21), London Marquee (23), London Camden Music Machine (25), Port Talbot Troubadour (30) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (31).

Harry's new men

WARREN HARRY has dismissed three of the members of his band, and the new line-up is now Harry (guitar and vocals) and John Kayne (keyboards) plus newcomers Josh Gale (bass), Paul Hemmings (guitar) and Jean-Pierre Bouchard Rees (drums).

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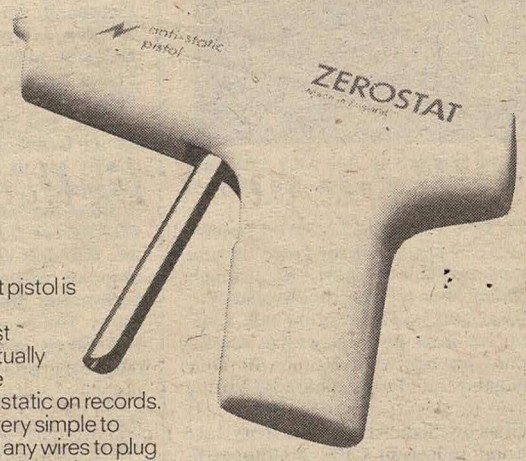

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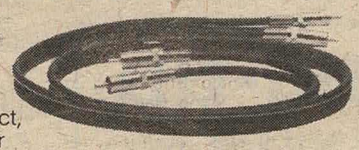

They're available in 1 and 2 metre 2 phono-to-2 phono, 1 metre DIN-to-4 phono lengths and female-to-female connector plugs.
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Manfred's tour

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND headline a rare British concert tour in April, playing 15 major dates throughout Britain. These are their first gigs in this country since their 1976 Christmas shows, and they introduce the band's new bassist Pat King, who replaced Colin Pattenden last year.

Dates are Newcastle City Hall (April 7), Edinburgh Usher Hall (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Sheffield City Hall (11), Bradford St. George's Hall (12), Ipswich Gaumont (13), London Rainbow (14), Brighton Dome (15), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Manchester Free Trade Hall (21), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (April 23).

An unusual aspect of the tour is that tickets will have one fixed price at all venues — £3 at the Rainbow, and £2.50 elsewhere — though they won't be available for about three weeks. Promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments who have still to name the support act.

Manfred's long-awaited new album "Watch", eight months in the making, is rushed out by Bronze this weekend — it contains seven tracks, including live versions of "Davey's On The Road Again" and the classic "Mighty Quinn". And an edited single version of "Mighty Quinn" comes out on March 10, to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the original version reaching No. 1 in Britain and America. After their British dates, the Earth Band begin an eight-week coast-to-coast tour of the States.

NEWS BRIEFS

THE FILM "Abba — The Movie", which has its London West End premiere this week, plays special pre-release seasons at seven Granada cinemas. It opens this Sunday (19) at Clapham, Welling, Chichester and Maidstone; at Slough on February 26; Shrewsbury on March 12; and Bedford on March 26.

THE FIRST Sanyo Jazz Festival is being held at Chichester Festival Theatre for five days from October 11. Acceptances so far include Oscar Peterson, Stephane Grappelli, Diz Disley Trio, Ronnie Scott Quintet, Stan Tracey Quartet, Bud Freeman and Eberhard Weber's Colours. Negotiations are in hand for Woody Herman, Sarah Vaughan and Brand X, among others.

RHODE ISLAND RED are a new four-piece outfit currently being produced by Denny Laine of Wings. They comprise Mungo Jerry founder member Paul King (lead vocals, guitar, harmonica), ex-Manfred Mann bassist Colin Pattenden, ex-Merlin and Paper Lace member Jamie Moses (guitar, piano and vocals) and former Hellraisers drummer John Hollywood. They play London Marquee tonight (Thursday) and other gigs are being set.

OZO, whose album "Museum Of Mankind" has just been issued by DJM, are about to stage a major comeback after several months of relative inactivity. They've acquired a new guitarist in John Mizerollo, a Greek who's been working for the past four years with Little Richard, Big Joe Turner and Canned Heat. And they've signed with the Nems Agency, who are currently lining up a tour for them.

KRAZY KAT were forced to find a replacement for their long-serving drummer Roger Bradley-Willis, who left the band on the eve of their current 40-date tour. The split was amicable and had been expected for some time, as he wants to concentrate on songwriting in future. He's been replaced on tour by session drummer John Shearer, who has worked with the Sutherlands and Moon.

URIAH HEEP, just back from Germany where they played to 60,000 people over 12 shows, return there at Easter for a major seven-date stadium tour. They are currently Germany's top selling rock act, with two singles and two albums in the charts. In the spring and early summer they tour America, Japan and Australia, before returning to Britain in July to record a new album.

ACCORDING TO recent reports in the national Press, the Electric Light Orchestra will now be playing seven successive nights at Wembley Empire Pool, from June 9 to 15 inclusive. This would mean they have added another two shows to the five originally planned.

ZAL DEBUT GIGS

ZAL, the outfit which has risen from the ashes of the old Sensational Alex Harvey Band, begin their debut British tour this weekend. And this week they announced the name of the fifth and last member of their line-up — he's American Leroi Jones, a former actor who more recently has spent 2½ years with The Tubes as singer and dancer. He comes into the band as vocalist, joinging ex-SAHB members Zal Cleminson, Chris Glen and Ted McKenna, plus new guitarist Billy Rankin. The band have just returned from warm-up gigs in Sweden, and their British tour dates are:

Bolton Institute of Technology (tomorrow, Friday), Sheffield Polytechnic (Saturday), Plymouth Fiesta (February 20), Reading Bulmershe College (22), Cranfield Technical College (23), Harrow Technical College (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (27), Derby Technical College (March 3), Huddersfield Polytechnic (4), Doncaster Outlook (6), Keighley Victoria Hall (7), Nottingham Tiffany's (9), Wolverhampton Lafayette (10), Ewell Technical College (11), Slough Langley College (17) and Dudley J. B.'s (18). More gigs are being set.

ZAL playing a warm-up gig in Sweden last week

STUDIO 54 DISCO AT NEW VICTORIA

LONDON's New Victoria Theatre, which closed as a concert venue last summer after the company running it went into liquidation, will re-open in a few months time — after it has been converted into Britain's most exclusive disco. The venue has been acquired on lease from the owners, the Rank Organisation, by the bosses of New York's celebrated Studio 54 — situated on 8th Avenue and the regular haunt of the likes of Rod Stewart and Mick Jagger.

Hardwicke Companies Incorporated of New York have been negotiating with Ranks for some time, and the deal was finally concluded last week. After conversion, the New Vic will open in the summer as Studio 54, London. This is obviously some compensation for its loss as a concert venue. But it seems likely that its exclusivity will price it out of the range of the general public.

ON THE ROAD

NO DICE have dates in March at **Watford** Well Hall College (11), **Plymouth** Metro (14), **Dundee** Technical College (17), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (18), **Hull** Tiffany's (21), **Bristol** Granary (23), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (24) and **St. Albans** City Hall (25).

THE PIRATES have had to cancel all their gigs this week, mainly in Scotland, because drummer Frank Farley sprained an arm and shoulder in a fall. They are now being re-scheduled for early March in what was to have been the band's rest period.

SUBWAY SECT go on the road with French all-girl band The Lous in a package billed as "The Great Unknowns Tour". Dates so far set are **Nottingham** Katie's (February 23), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (24), **Liverpool** Eric's (26), **Barrow** Maxim's (27), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (March 1), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (2), **Leeds** Polytechnic (3), **Dunstable** California (4), **London Kensington** Nashville (5), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (6), **Bristol** Tiffany's (7), **Plymouth** Woods (8), **Oldham** Tower Club (9), **Manchester** Mayflower (10), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (12), **Halesowen** Tiffany's (13), **Leicester** University (14) and **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (18).

GLORIA MUNDI are to tour to promote their new single (see Record News) playing **London** Marquee (February 22, March 3, 15 and 31), **London Camden** Dingwalls (February 28), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (March 9), **Dudley** J.B.'s (10), **Manchester** Rafters (11), **Bradford** Royal Standard (12), **Plymouth** Castaways (13), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (18), **Liverpool** Eric's (19), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (22), **Doncaster** Outlook (23), **Sheffield** The Limit (24), **Scarborough** Ollie's (25) and **Leeds** Roots Club (April 6).

DOCTORS OF MADNESS are confirmed for four dates in April — at **London** Marquee (2, 10 and 16) and **St. Albans** City Hall (15). Meanwhile they support Deaf School (this Sunday) and The Vibrators (next Sunday, 26) both at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse.

DEAF SCHOOL top the bill in this Sunday's rock concert at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (19). Also appearing are The Doctors, Radiators From Space and Johnny Moped.

JENNY HAAN'S LION have added another four dates to their previously-reported tour. They are at **Southport** Norbrick Castle (February 25), **Scunthorpe** Baths Hall (March 4), **Southampton** University (11) and **London Bellingham** Saxon Tavern (17).

MUD, whose British tour next month was reported last week, have added **Grimsby** WMC Hall (March 8) to their itinerary.

COCK SPARRER are on tour at **London Stoke Newington** Pegasus (March 2), **Manchester** Rafters (4), **Swindon** Affair (6), **Newport** Stowaway (7), **Haywards Heath** Claire Hall (8), **Wellington** Town House (9), **London Fulham** Greyhound (10), **Bristol** Barton Hill Centre (11), **Bury** Crystal Ballroom (13), **Gt. Yarmouth** Star & Garter (15), **Margate** Dreamland (17), **London Canning Town** Bridge House (19), **Brentwood** Hermit Club (20), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (23), **Basildon** Double Six (24), **Rotherham** Windmill (30), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (April 1) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (5). Scottish gigs will follow and these are still being finalised.

SURPRISE SISTERS play March dates at **Brighton** Art College (4), **Southampton** University (11), **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (16), **Caernarvon** Trinity College (17), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (18), **Reading** University (21) and **London Kensington** Nashville (25).

THE STRAWBS have added another five dates to their British tour, which opens in **Liverpool** next Wednesday (22). They are at **Nottingham** University (February 25), **Plymouth** Fiesta Suite (28), **Eastbourne** Congress Theatre (March 1), **Edinburgh** University (3) and **Hatfield** The Forum (9).

JOE PASS, the noted U.S. guitarist, headlines his first major British concert tour this spring. Dates are **Bristol** Colston Hall (May 22), **Glasgow** Theatre Royal (23), **Aldershot** Princes Hall (24), **Nottingham** Albert Hall (25), **Lancaster** Nuffield Theatre (26), **Newcastle** Gosforth Park Hotel (27), **Hatfield** The Forum (28), **Swansea** Townsman (29), **Leicester** Braunstone Hotel (30), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (31), **Swansea** Centre Hotel (June 1) and **London** Ronnie Scott's Club (June 5 for two weeks).

THE ENID extend their current tour into March with gigs at **Bristol** University (3), **Swansea** Nutz Club (9), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (10), **Farnborough** Technical College (11), **Scarborough** Penthouse (17), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (19) and **Blackpool** Jenkinson's Bar (20).

GEORGE MELLY and John Chilton's Feetwarmers play **Loughborough** Town Hall (tonight, Thursday), **Leicester** Polytechnic (Friday), **London Lewisham** Riverdale Hall (Sunday), **Eastbourne** Grand Hotel (February 20), **Bradford** University (22), **Knutsford** La Belle Epoque (23-24), **Cwmbran** Congress Theatre (25), **Swindon** Wyvern(26), **Liverpool** Playhouse (March 3), **Newcastle** Refectory (4), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (10), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (12), **Exeter** University (13), **Plymouth** Hoe Theatre (14), **London** Birkbeck College (17), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (19), **Malvern** Festival Theatre (21), **Camberley** Civic Hall (22), **Canterbury** Marlowe Theatre (25), **Chichester** Festival Theatre (26) and **London Camden** St. Pancras Town Hall (31).

Tuna visit

HOT TUNA have at last been confirmed for concert appearances in this country in the early spring, their first visit to Britain for several years. They will be playing three or four dates here during the period March 31 — April 3, as part of a full European tour. Promoter Frederick Bannister is at present finalising venues, which are expected to include Bristol, Birmingham and London Hammersmith Odeon.

Provincial Elkie

PROVINCIAL CONCERTS have now been set for Elkie Brooks, slotting in on either side of her week at the London Palladium (May 15-20), announced by NME last month. She plays Manchester Palace (April 30), Liverpool Empire (May 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Hull New Theatre (3), Aberdeen Capitol (5), Edinburgh Usher Hall (6 and 7), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10), Blackpool Opera House (11), Coventry Theatre (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), Oxford New Theatre (23 and 24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), Bristol Hippodrome (27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (30), Brighton Dome (31) and Ipswich Gaumont (June 1). Elkie will be supported by a completely new backing band which she is now putting together. She has just started work on a new album, but it won't be issued until after the tour.

MILES, JUDAS ADD

JOHN MILES has added another four dates to his British tour, reported last week — at Bury St. Edmunds Focus Cinema (March 15), Oxford New Theatre (24), Birmingham Hippodrome (25) and Bradford St. George's Hall (26) . . . and JUDAS PRIEST have now set a further eight dates, due to the success of their British tour, originally scheduled to end last weekend — they are Liverpool Empire (February 23), Derby Kings Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (25), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27). Oxford New Theatre (28), Southampton Top Rank (March 1), Guildford Civic Hall (2) and Malvern Winter Gardens (3).

Brass Construction

BRASS CONSTRUCTION fly into Britain in early May for a three-week tour, when they will be supported by British band Rokotto. Their schedule includes a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 17, and other confirmed dates are at Northampton Salon (May 10), London Southgate Royalty (13), Bournemouth Village Bowl (15), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Southend Talk Of The South (23), Dunstable California (27) and Blackpool Tiffany's (29). Several other gigs are still being finalised for the band, whose latest album "Brass Construction III" was issued by U-A recently.

ALBERTOS TREK

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias set out on tour at the end of this month, with a series of provincial dates built around their previously-reported concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on March 12. The Smirks are the support act, and gigs so far confirmed are Lancaster University (February 27), Plymouth Castaways (March 2), Bristol University (3), Leicester University (4), York University (7), Sheffield Polytechnic (8), Preston Polytechnic (9), Birmingham Aston University (10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11) and Slough College (14).

Bill-topping Bethnal

BETHNAL, who complete their eight-week Tuesday-night residency at London Marquee on February 28, set out the next day on their major headlining tour. It ties in with the February 24 release of their first Vertigo single, a revival of "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place," taken from their upcoming March album "Dangerous Times". They play Sheffield Polytechnic (March 1), Swansea Nutz Club (2), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (3), Northampton Nene College (4), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Aberdeen University (9), Edinburgh University (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (11), Loughborough Town Hall (14), London Regent's Park Bedford College (17), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (21) Plymouth Woods (22), Margate Dreamland (24), Stafford Top Of The World (27), Coventry Locarno (28) and Newcastle Mayfair (31).

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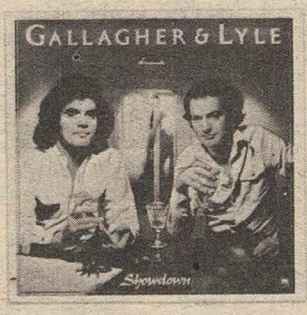

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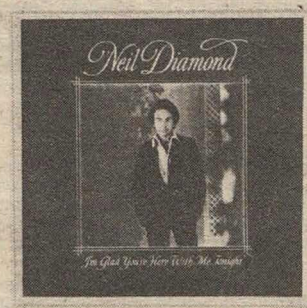

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WHSMITH

Very good news

XTC

experience with addiction accessible youth

interview PHIL McNEILL

photos PENNIE SMITH

L to r: Terry Chambers, Barry Andrews, Colin Moulding (obscured), Andy Partridge.

energy weird sharp ROCK modest offensive sociable

(THE FAMOUS Al Clark, the only man who could be press officer for both The Sex Pistols and Avant Gardener and *still* get more press than all his acts put together, is a happy man. What makes him happy? Well, it's not Johnny Rotten, and it's not Howard Devoto, and it's not even Mike Oldfield.

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☑ 2. Experience. XTC, or at least three of them, have been together as a band for five years now. This makes for both mature music and good internal relationships. But it doesn't lessen their ...

☑ 3. Energy. XTC can get up, travel a couple of hundred miles, do a radio interview, go to the soundcheck, booze the next four hours away, play a storming gig, meet the fanzines, straggle back to the hotel, and still be fresh to do a very funny interview for *NME*. Which also requires ...

☑ 4. Wit. I tell you, I've rarely met people so relentless in their smart-ass one-liners, so immersed in mutual joke scenarios — the macho-rock-guitarist-eating-buffalo joke, the pop-star-smothering-Ann-Margret-with-baked-beans-while-leaping-over-a-Central-Park-fountain joke, the Richard-Branson-has-enormous-teeth-and-they're-all-Buddhists-at-the- Manor joke, and so on. These things go on all the time, staving off the boredom and hysteria of constant touring, but whenever they get in front of a microphone XTC positively explode with ridiculous extemporaneous humour. To do this you have to be ...

☑ 5. Professional, not in any derogatory sense, but simply determined to 'give good interviews', as the phrase goes, and extremely ...

☑ 6. Sharp. Undoubtedly, XTC are one of the cleverest bands in the country. Initially you may react to this with irritation at their apparent too-too cleverness, but give them half a chance and you'll realise what a rare commodity unselfconscious intelligence is. They don't indulge in any solemn playing for posterity, but they have a total dedication to perpetual invention and mental games. This means their music is ...

☑ 7. Weird. What's so good about that? Don't ask the tricky questions when we've only just started, bub. Just accept: weirdness is great, right? C'mon, what else do you want from a good rock song except an alluring veil of strange blips, false signposts, 'wrong' endings and all that sort of stuff, especially if it's also disgustingly ...

☑ 8. Accessible. I challenge you to go see XTC twice and not be singing along — or at least winding up to pogo at all the right points — second time around. Every song features moments of nigh unrivalled exhilaration to hook you, catchline and sinker. What's more, they're even better onstage than on record, which makes the live show positively ...

☑ 9. Addictive. You couldn't hope to work with a better band than one whose every performance leaves you itching for the next, could you? Oh, and on top of all these other virtues, XTC are ...

☑ 10. Sociable. Plus ...

☑ 11. Modest. And ...

☒ 12. Generous to a fault. (Actually, I made this one up. Come to think of it, they *didn't* spend our time together forcing drinks upon me — but then the PR has to earn his bread in some way, doesn't he?)

Now believe me, I didn't always feel this way about XTC. For a start, without having seen them live, I found their records not a little irritating. And as for them being witty, friendly, energetic and all that, well ...

You see, I read a piece not long ago in *Sounds* about XTC. According to that writer, when it came to being Good Blokes the sun shone out of XTC's bum. Consequently, I went up to Edinburgh the weekend before last determined absolutely to loath this bunch of clever dicks.

This is the story of my failure.

WHEN I FIRST meet XTC in the bar of their Edinburgh hotel, it's the second time they've visited Scotland in a week. In between times, they've had one day off, been right down to Cardiff, and come back via Yorkshire. The jokes, inevitably, concern the method by which the tour route was chosen; the conclusion is that a map of the country was pinned to the wall and used as a dartboard.

Last week's visit was quite an ordeal. It fell right in the middle of that blizzard that killed off stranded motorists in the lonely highlands, and amidst that lot XTC had to motor from Doncaster to Dundee. They came off the road three times, pushed several dead vehicles out of their path, slogged for nearly 12 hours, and when they finally arrived frozen and shaken just ten minutes before they were due onstage at 11 o'clock, they were pelted with cans on the way to the dressing room.

By comparison, they declare, the following night's gig in Glasgow was tame. "They threw their knitting at us," asserts Andy Partridge.

Partridge is the band's main writer and singer, the guitarist, and the principal comedian — though organist / pianist Barry Andrews and drummer Terry Chambers run him close. Bassist Colin Moulding, who also writes and sings, keeps himself to himself much of the time, which is just as well, as the other three spend the whole time constantly trying to cap and complement each other's running gags.

Having been on the road for a fortnight in Britain, preceded by a European tour supporting Talking Heads, they are well into that state of mind where they react to directions like freighted cattle. Thus Virgin, who are obviously putting a lot of time into XTC, have their day all mapped out for them, and the band just tag along.

First the press officer takes them eating and acquaints them with the visiting journalist. The eaterie turns out to be a vegetarian restaurant, which gives rise to numerous jokes at Terry Chambers' expense. They're all very conscious of wimp / macho leanings — indeed, they're all pretty lean — and Chambers is supposedly the macho among them.

"He recently met a real live mercenary," Andy recounts. "It was like introducing a schoolgirl to Marc Bolan."

While we eat, the Virgin TV / radio person arrives, and two volunteers are pressed into a visit to Edinburgh's Radio Fourth. Andy and Barry volunteer — it's a job they all hate because the DJs have a tendency to ask things like "How did you get your name?" (Terry, at an Oxford station: "It was something to do with my parents ...") — and when we arrive at the radio station the vibes are distinctly resigned and weary.

So I'm quite astounded when the two musicians drag themselves into the minute studio and immediately switch into a kind of manic high gear, giving the DJ 40 minutes of hilarious gibberish in return for his nicely judged handling of the band — neither attempting to match their wit nor getting irritated when they insist on talking about buddhists and buffalo eaters and how the Virgin offices are constructed out of old Mike Oldfield boxed sets.

It rapidly transpires that they aren't the smart alecs I'd been led to believe.

continues over

☐ Select the qualities you think are most important in a modern pop band

XTC ROK

from over page

Their humour consists of stream of consciousness nonsense rather than put-downs of people by returning their serious questions with disdainful 'funny' replies.

You can't get much more uncool than inviting your aunties — three of 'em — to the Croydon Greyhound, as Barry Andrews did. If they noticed the hordes of self-mutilation freaks around them, he says, they were too polite to comment upon it.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY Health Centre, 9.00 pm on a wet Friday night, a queue literally a couple of hundred long at the bar, a truly horrible band called The Secret onstage (whoever was responsible for taking Arista's money to stick such an incongruous plastic punk band on the XTC tour should be sent to sign on forthwith) ... things look bleak.

Until XTC come on, that is. It's miraculous how a good band can transform an audience from surly gobbing to enthusiastic pogoing. The hall is hardly designed to provide its inhabitants with an ideal view, but XTC grab the front of the crowd straight away, and by the end of the scenes are quite unprededented, as the kids clamber onto the upturned tables designed to keep them away, and Andy Partridge finds himself actually looking *up* to the front row.

If you're already familiar with XTC, you'll know that their staple music comes in single-length, catchy pop form embellished with endlessly inventive weirdness from Barry Andrews' clapped out electric piano and organ. You'll also know that the more you listen the more you discover hidden away in their immaculately sculpted arrangements, their half buried words, the rock hard bass and drums, the scratchy rhythm guitar, the detailed care and attention of every song.

The first impression is clever-clever, the second just plain clever, the third enjoyable, and the fourth pure addiction.

Onstage they demonstrate such an exciting proficiency, such committed high energy, so many humorous subtleties, that the "White Music" album actually sounds tame by comparison.

They take a few numbers to adjust themselves and the audience: "Radios In Motion" kicks in at their most contagious extreme, "X Wires" at their most disorientating (in fact, Colin Moulding's posey vocal on that is the only thing that grates in the whole set).

Then comes their extraordinary reading of "All Along The Watch Tower", which I hated until I saw it live.

Partridge is like a man transfixed. Backed just by Chambers and Moulding for most of the number, he coughs out the most bizarre splintered vocal in his power, retching into a harmonica as he gasps for breath, bending each word and masquerading every gesture as the lyrics suggest (growling the word "growl" and so on). It's long, with Andrews floating in to tear the song apart towards the end, and it's irresistible.

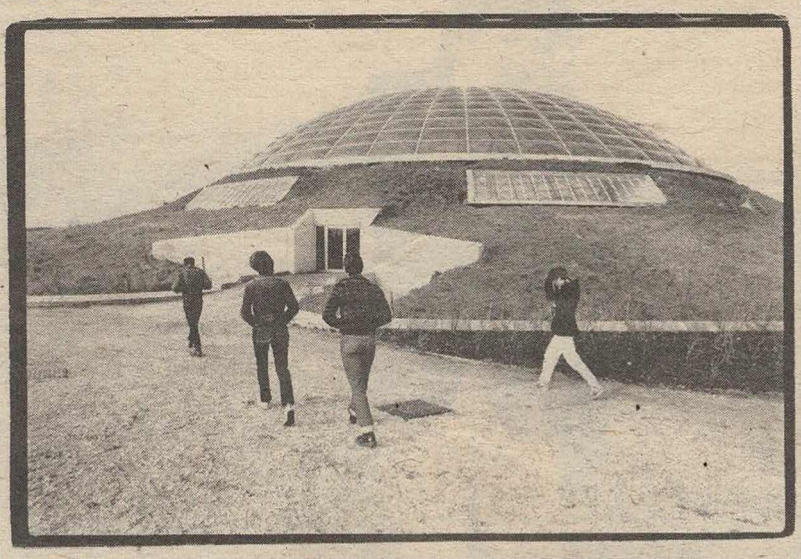
The audience recognises the touch of genius, and from here on in XTC are flying.

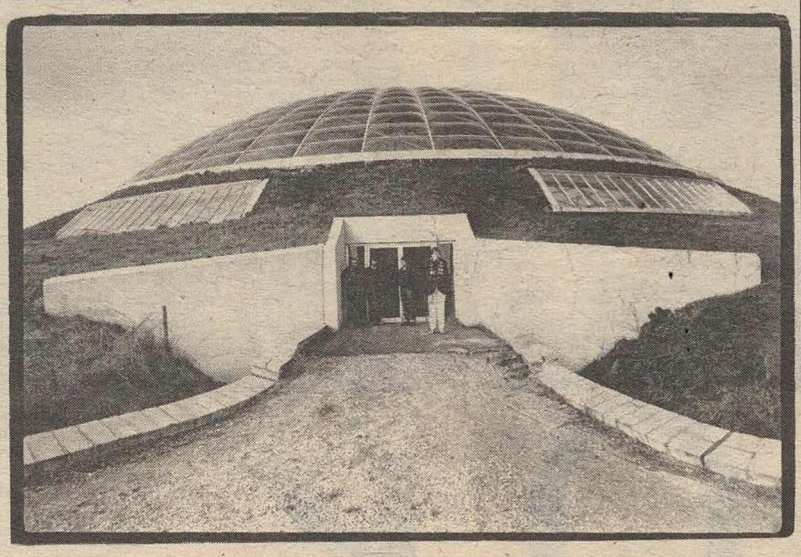
With immaculate timing, they hit straight into the storming pogo track off their "3D" EP, "She's So Square", and race on through one gem after another: the gadget-crazy "Atom Age", the claustrophobic "New Town Animal" *("It's gone eleven and the bar is shut ... There's nothing happening on the TV page / Like a new town animal in a gilded cage")*, the helter skelter of "Neon Shuffle", the quirky "Dance Band" and the dizzy "Science Friction", all topped off by the clever puns and punter appeal of "Statue Of Liberty".

There's no 'message', no crowd manipulation, no gimmicks: just four skinny kids playing intelligent, inventive rock'n'roll. They don't play down to the audience, and the audience sure appreciates that.

The potential is massive; the present show the most enjoyable I've seen for weeks.

EDINBURGH IONA Hotel, 2.00 am on a painfully tired Saturday morning, Messrs Partridge and Andrews slumped dutifully in front of me, and nothing in my head except some tenuous





connection I've drawn with Be Bop Deluxe.

Be Bop Deluxe? Well, they both share the crisp production of John Leckie; there is an extremely Bill Nelsonoid lick in "She's So Square"; and one guy out of Edinburgh's local punk/psychedelic/etc band The Skids mentioned to me tonight that he reckoned "Statue Of Liberty" was just like Be Bop's "Kiss Of Light".

So after a period of inane questions, with the interviewees gradually winding up to peak performance, I pose this dumb statement about Bill Nelson.

"What he's doing," Barry informs Andy, "is being provocative, so you'll go: 'What?!! They're not Bill Nelson rip-offs!' . . ."

"Well," confesses Andy, "I did think of wearing an eyepatch at one time and having me arm removed, but I couldn't do the tremelo action so well . . ."

" 'Statue Of Liberty'," Andy explains, "is just an observation on a girl . . ."

Barry: "He's talking about music."

"Yeah, well I'm just saying that the lyric content is an observation on a girl who is reminiscent in her *grandeur* to the Statue Of Liberty, and it's a double play on a lady who is very big and a lady who is big in your life."

I understand it's been banned.

"Yeah, because of *'I sailed beneath her skirt'."*

Who's banned it?

Barry: "Three television programmes . . . one of which I wouldn't be surprised is produced by Muriel Young . . ."

Andy: "Who doesn't have anybody sailing beneath *her* skirt."

Quick-fire repartee about Muriel Young, Ollie Beak, Fred Barker and Bert Weedon sets Partridge off into talking about his influences.

"I tell you what got me playing guitar: The Monkees. I used to have a haircut like Peter Tork, and the kids at school used to say: 'Hey, you look like Peter Tork'.

"And my old man always used to have a guitar hanging around the house, 'cause he used to be the local sort of clown on boa·d ship in the navy. When The Monkees came on I used to get the old dear out in the kitchen . . ."

"You *commanded* your mother into the kitchen?" asks Barry, aghast.

"Yes, 'Mum, I can't 'alf do with something to eat,' just as 'Hey hey we're The Monkees' came on — and I knew that she'd be hustling for ten minutes in the kitchen. And I'd get in front of the telly with the old man's Egmond semi-acoustic guitar, and I could just play the first few notes of 'Last Train To Clarksville' — and that started me off."

All this, you must realise, is spoken in some dumb goonish variant upon Partridge's normal quaint Wiltshire accent. The thought of him miming in front of the TV starts them on one of their joke fantasies.

Barry: "Watch out for the scene in the new Ken Russell film."

Andy: "The bit where this enormous monkey, this enormous gorilla with a Peter Tork haircut, sends Anne Hamilton — is that her name? — out into this enormous Kubrick kitchen, where she gets covered in beans . . ."

Barry: "Oh, Ann Margret!"

Andy: ". . . while I'm stood in front of this gynormous television shaped like a pinball thing, and The Monkees come on and I stand there with this enormous guitar shaped like a penis . . ."

Barry: "And you're thrown through the television . . ."

Andy: "Where we all go into a skiing scene . . ."

Barry: "Skiing through a massive replica of Raquel Welch's cervix . . ."

And so on.

I asked what "the local clown in the navy" might be, and Andy reveals that his father was a "bunting tosser" (Chief Signalman), much to Barry's amazement: *his* father was a Chief Petty Officer. "I'll bet they crossed shipping channels at one time or another," he observes. "I bet they abused one another at some point."

It seems Partridge's dad was also in a naval rock'n'roll band(!) and used to wear make-up (in the band, that is).

However, what I'm interested in is finding out how Partridge got from Monkee imitations to the band he'd described to me earlier in the day, which sounded remarkably like a Jobriath situation: four blokes dressed in boiler suits backing a Gary Glitter lookalike. Although he admits to owning and liking two Jobriath albums, Partridge denies there was ever any influence.

"At one point," Andy recalls, "we were a five-piece — which was myself, Terry, Colin, and a guy called Johnny Perkins on keyboards."

Actually, that's only four. The date is somewhere around 1973/4. Partridge recounts how they came by this singer who happened to be mending a window in the *pad* where Andy's girlfriend was *crashing* in London. He sang as he worked, she was impressed, he duly became the band's singer.

"We went under the name of The Snakes. We were the white boiler suits and the short cropped hair — the pre-Devo Devo look — and this character, this singer we had, used to come onstage in a Marc Bolan cut satin jacket with no shirt and a big piece of metal round his neck, and these satin loons and enormous stack heels with lightning flashes down the side.

"He insisted on calling himself Steve Zee — the American pronunication of Zed . . . which is much more clumsy and sounds like Bed.

"But this guy — Steve brackets Zee brackets Hutchins — he wasn't for us. He was the kind of George Hatcher figure at the front going 'Woah woah hey yeah' and eating his buffalo daily and being Mr Fur Chest, and we were at the back experimenting gently, and it didn't go on.

"So then we were a four-piece: guitar, bass and drums and this keyboard player. And I used to suggest to him that he play a little stronger, because he was one of Emerson's kind of minions . . ."

"Fittipaldi, that is," yells Barry. "A fast little pianist . . ."

"We had a particular number, I remember," Andy goes on, "called 'Garden Of Sleep' — which was a cross between Blue Oyster Cultish references with 'Riders On The Storm' underdone macho tones and a kind of disturbing 'Sister Midnight' crunching rhythm — and he was putting these enormous ice cream castles in the sky in on his synthesizer . . ."

So Partridge got himself a really severe crewcut, donned his leather jacket, and, feeling "like a member of Skrewdriver", went round and threatened the unfortunate keyboard player to get weird *or else*, you wimp.

"When Partridge calls you a wimp," laughs Barry, "you got problems!"

So the keyboard player departed, leaving them as a three-piece. By this time, however, the group — who had changed names first from The Snakes to The Helium Kids and, by now, to XTC — had interested CBS, who sent down a rep to Swindon to take a look.

"They sent down their rep. The amazing, red-anoraked, hair-blowing-in-the-wind, violently important — what was his name? Er, Brian Hatred. No, Les Penis. No, er . . . Dicky Graham! He came down to see the aforementioned XTC, thinking they were still a four-piece, and we played in front of him as a, er . . . power trio, which meant we turned up a lot."

"Oddly impressed," the CBS man fixed up a date for XTC to record a demo at their London Studios — as a four-piece, the band having lied to him that their departed pianist was actually on holiday. Panic-stricken, they hunted feverishly around Swindon until they discovered Barry Andrews through a mutual friend.

The demo they cut for CBS didn't get them a contract at Soho Square, but XTC nicked the tape and began touting it elsewhere, interesting Beserkley, United Artists, Harvest and Island *en route*.

"And then all of a sudden these cretins with big teeth and long hair and cheesecloth shirts started turning up at our gigs." These people were from Virgin Records, with whom, for reasons which now escape them, XTC signed a deal last year.

Since then, they reckon, Virgin boss Richard Branson has spent his time casting the runes to decide whether they should be a power pop combo, or Thamesbeat, or punk, or . . .

"Throwing the bones up in his office," Andy laughs. "He's sort of writing words like *savage* and *pop* and *Gaelic* and *Aztec folk music*, and coming up with combinations like Savage Operatic Aztec Folk Music Underwater Style . . .

"Can I say today as well that Richard Branson's got ridiculously enormous teeth?"

"We've laid it on the radio," drawls Barry. "Now we're gonna lay it on you, *NME* readers."

"Do you *NME* readers," Andy says solicitously into the mike, "do you really enjoy reading *NME*? Don't you just read it for a *laugh*? Don't you just read it because you see how silly their big inflated egos are?

"One of these days I'm gonna write a letter to them. I'm gonna get enough cliquey words together to write a *stunning* Nick Kent type letter to Nick Kent, and I'm gonna write it so *savagely* that they won't be *able* to have a last word in thicker darker print at the bottom . . ."

"I know people who are even more *obscure* than the people Nick Kent knows . . ."

"And I've lived with them and they beat me up! I've got advance tapes of Captain Beefheart's *mother* jamming with Dana's relations — and follow that in darker print!

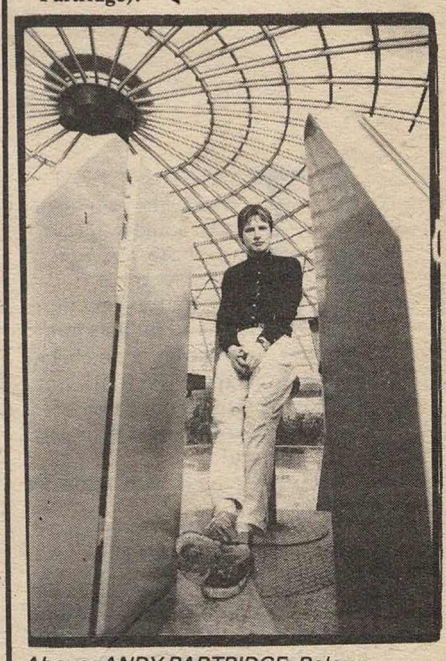
" 'Yes, I sure will — Ed'."

"We want this whole article," Barry adds, "to start with a bracket, and end with *'—Ed'* bracket."

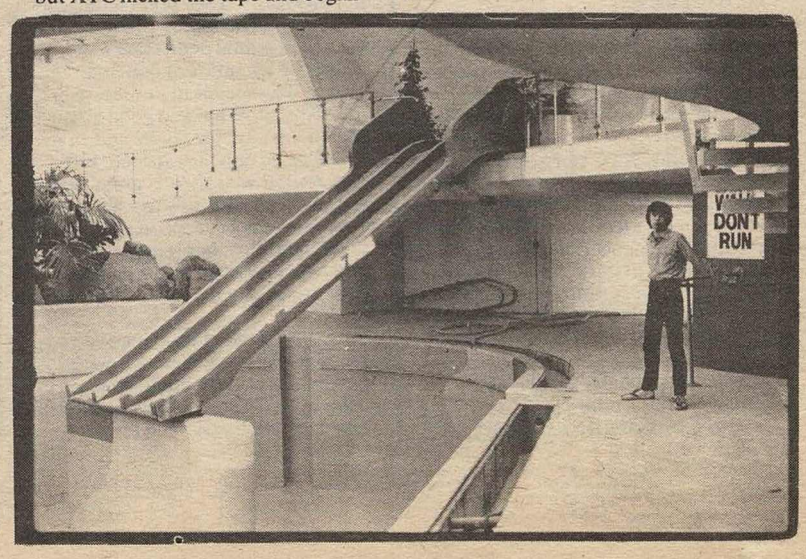
GOOD GIMMICK, boys. Must do it. Before I do, though, let me just draw the readers' attention to your London gig at the Lyceum on February 22. Not only does it feature your good selves in your role as the epitome of adventurous, accessible rock'n'roll, but it also co-stars the only other band whose performances I look forward to with as much eagerness as your own: Wire.

If that double-bill doesn't send you home mesmerised, nothing will. In fact, if you ask me *(Oh, shut up — Ed)*. — P.McN.

(Who is this Ed? He seems to hold a lot of sway in your camp. Is he bigger than the rest of you? — A Partridge).



Above: ANDY PARTRIDGE. Below: COLIN MOULDING. Photographed at the Oasis Pleasure Dome, Swindon.



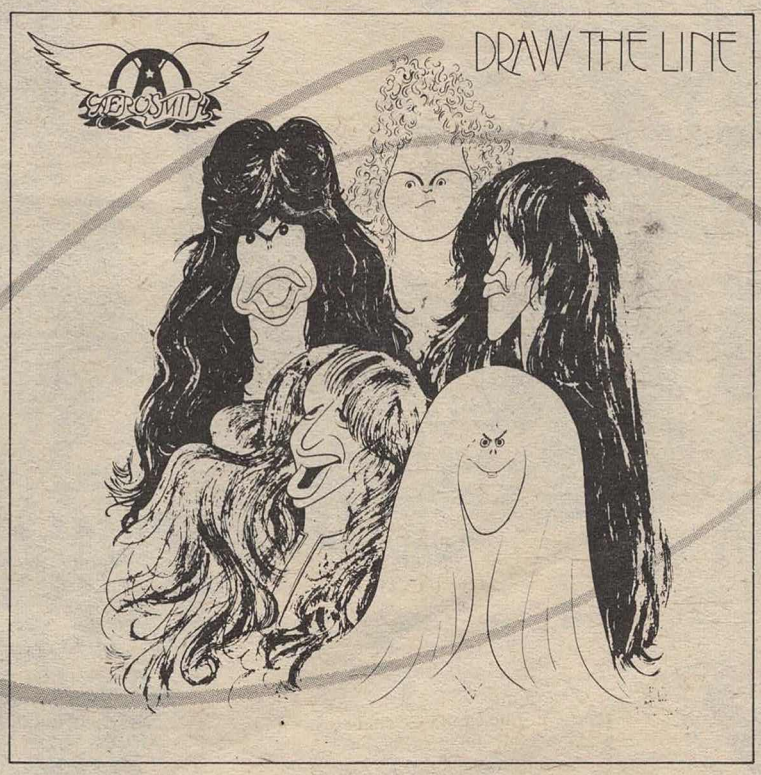
You could miss out on one of the great rock albums of '78 but it depends where you draw the line...

A succession of Great British rock acts have emerged ever since the mid '60s to achieve world wide success. More recently though, the influence of British hard rock has spawned several equally dynamic bands in America, who are challenging the big established tradition: British is best.

Among the most successful of these acts is Aerosmith, who have proved during the last few years that their appeal to American audiences is at least equal to that of their British counterparts.
Aerosmith's new album, 'Draw The Line', produced by Jack Douglas, invites you to experience at first hand the music with which America has challenged British rock dominance.

You can draw the line at the established British names, but in doing so you'll be ignoring some of the best American hard rock you're ever likely to hear.

Draw the line around Aerosmith



AEROSMITH

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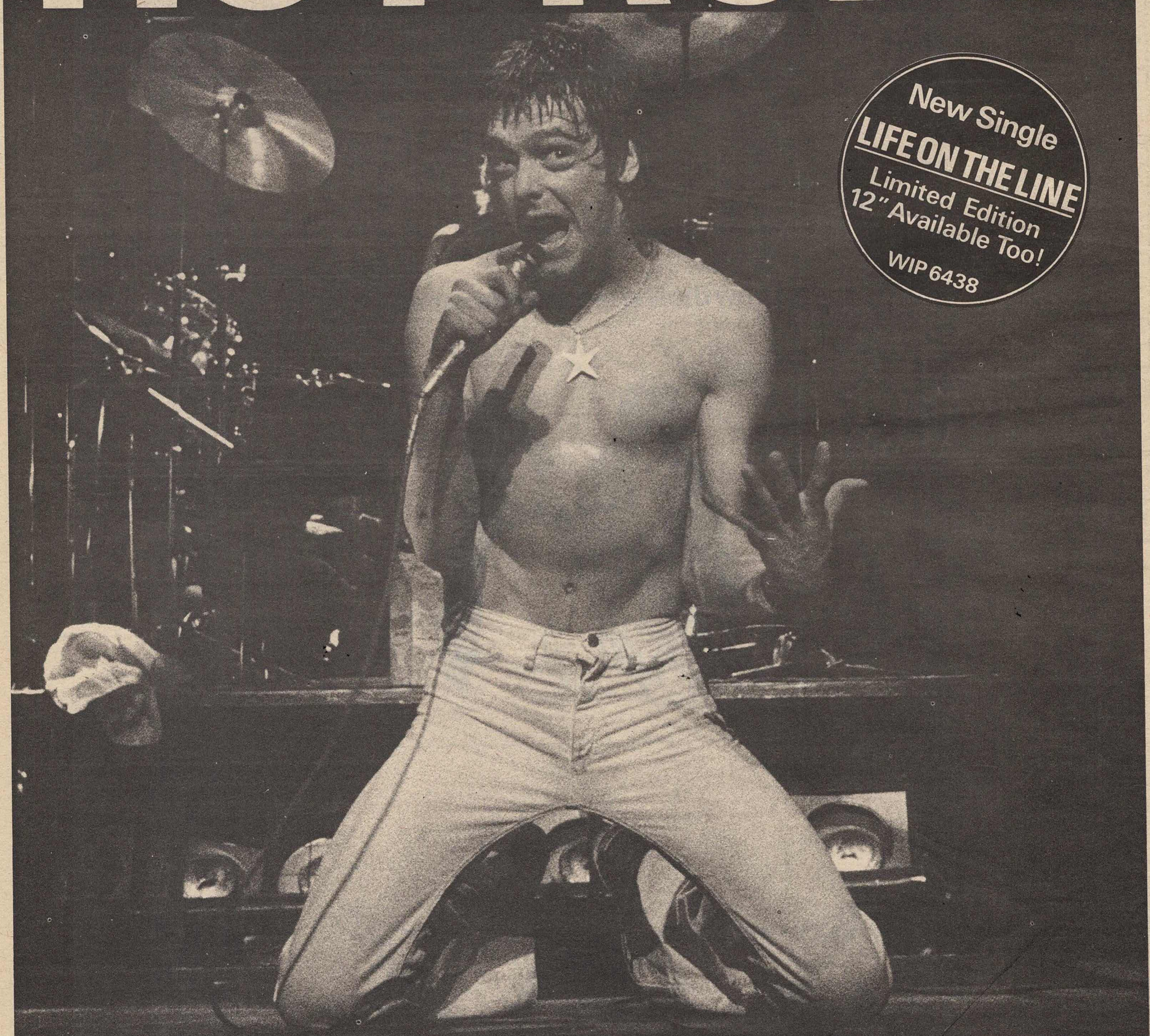
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS



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	22nd	TOP RANK	SWANSEA
	24th	UNIVERSITY	SALFORD
	25th	UNIVERSITY	LEEDS
	26th	TOWN HALL	MIDDLESBROUGH
	27th	BOROUGH TOWN HALL	HARTLEPOOL
MARCH	1st	CITY HALL	NEWCASTLE
	2nd	CAIRD HALL	DUNDEE
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	4th	APOLLO	GLASGOW
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	10th	VICTORIA HALL	HANLEY
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	12th	DE MONTFORT	LEICESTER
	13th	POLYTECHNIC	OXFORD
MARCH	15th	TOP RANK	SOUTHAMPTON
	16th	LYCEUM	LONDON
	17th	LYCEUM	LONDON
	18th	PIER PAVILION	HASTINGS
	19th	TOP RANK	READING
	20th	PAVILION	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
	21st	LOCARNO	COVENTRY
	22nd	TOWN HALL	BIRMINGHAM
	25th	OASIS	SWINDON
	26th	GUILDHALL	PORTSMOUTH
	30th	ULSTER HALL	BELFAST
	31st	ARCADIA	CORK
APRIL	1st	STADIUM	DUBLIN

ISLAND

THRILLS

KNIFING THREATS FOR 'WOGGY' DJs

LONDON'S Capital Radio received a telephone call last week threatening disc jockeys with knifings unless they stopped broadcasting reggae and other forms of black music.

This was the latest of five similar calls made over a two week period to London's most popular radio station. The caller claimed he was speaking on behalf of the National Front. However, when contacted about it by *Thrills*, a National Front spokesman commented: "It's obviously a hoax."

So did the Front deny that the call was made on their behalf?

"That's like asking, 'Have you stopped beating your wife?'" said the well-spoken voice at the other end of the phone.

Asked to be more specific, the Front person became somewhat shirty. "You know exactly what I mean," he said. "You're a moron."

And he promptly slammed down the phone.

Nevertheless, all five threatening callers have said they were speaking on behalf of the National Front. The Capital Radio DJ secretary says the station is convinced that more than one person is responsible for the threats — which until last Wednesday hadn't threatened violence.

Only one call was made direct to a DJ while on-the-air — by a listener ostensibly wanting to take part in Michael Aspel's *Swap Shop*. When Aspel asked what the caller wanted to swap, he replied: "Will you stop playing all that 'woggy' music?"

The other calls have been received by the DJ secretary, a security man and DJ Dave Cash. who has recently returned from a holiday in the West Indies and is a fervent supporter of black music.

Cash was telephoned just ten minutes before commencing his mid-day show. His on-the-air response was to say he refused to be intimidated by such calls — and to play Timmy Thomas's "Why Can't We Live Together".

National Front supremo Martin Webster last year said in a conversation with *Black Music* reporter Chris May that he thought reggae music was for "degenerates and monkeys".

STEVE CLARKE THRILLS

TRB AT GAY DEMO

SEEN ABOVE PERFORMING their chartbound sound on a freezing Sunday afternoon in London's gayly decorated Trafalgar Square — yes, it's the Tom Robinson Band, 1978's answer to Joan Baez and her Nelson's Columnists.

The 5,000 people who demonstrated on behalf of Gay News could hardly have picked a colder day if they'd tried (not that it was their choice — the demo was in support of GN's blasphemous libel appeal, which begins this week). Nevertheless, they all tramped happily all across the West End en route for T. Square, where they were entertained by half-a-dozen speakers and the stripped-down TRB.

To start his performance, Robinson whipped out a copy of the latest Gay News and proceeded to tear a strip off W. H. Smiths, who have exercised their democratic right to restrict free speech by stopping selling the paper as from last week.

Then, the band plugged into the little socket at the base of Nelson's Column (really!), and hit into their latest fab waxing, "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay", with Mark Amb(l)er on bass, Danny Kustow on acoustic guitar, Brian Taylor on handclaps, GN editor Denis Lemon on the left in the sheepskin jacket, and Ms Baez herself on vocals.

Your NME observer admits to having felt a lump in his throat.

All in all, it was a very peaceful, genuinely moving demonstration.

To celebrate their solidarity, a bunch of demonstrators topped off the afternoon by belting down to W. H. Smug's on Charing Cross Station and scaring the hell out of staff and police alike with a few harmless chants and by scattering a little newsprint across the floor. This the News Of The World managed to interpret as a "pitched battle" with the fuzz (with no mention of the earlier events) at the foot of a front-page scandal probe witch-hunt of a gay dating service.

Whitehall up against the wall and all that — and good luck, Denis.

MARY WITLESS THRILLS

THRILLS

Pix: CHALKIE 'Frost-on-the-lens' DAVIES

RONSON SNUBS BOWIE?

THIS SUMMER David Bowie is to tour again, including major British dates in June, and according to a 'usually reliable' source the Duke has invited former Spiders guitarist Mick Ronson to join him.

It's now nearly four years since the lads played together, and with Ronno currently involved only in production work for the Rich Kids and Dead Fingers Talk, it seemed like a promising arrangement.

However, our reports also indicated that the normally gregarious Ronson had declined to share his old buddy's company. Tracked down to the phone in his London penthouse, the Hull Hurricane was reluctant to discuss the matter.

Asked pointblank by your fearless reporter if it was true that Bowie had popped the question, Ronno replied cryptically, "I don't know. . . I don't think he did."

Explain yourself, we instructed him, but all he would mutter was that he and Bowie do still talk to one another. "Even if he did (ask me) I wouldn't want to say. It's just, like, personal; between him and me."

A more devious line of questioning was employed, like inquiring when Ronson would get his tail back on stage.

"I'm not sure what I want to do," he responded, just as deviously. "I'm just 'anging about, keeping my eyes open."

Presumably looking for a gig where he doesn't have to play in German.

FRANK BANK

THRILLS

M. RONSON, reluctant Spider.

TONIGHT — are they the new Kenny? L-R: Dave Cook, Chris Turner, Gary Thompson, Phil Chambon, Russ Strothard

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

YES, IT'S ANOTHER BRIGHT, NEW, YOUNG, ZESTY, PEPPY, ZAPPY, CLEAN, BORING, BAY CITY ROLLERY, STANDARD ISSUE POWER PUKE GROUP!

THEY MIGHT be on the verge of having a hit single with their first release, but Tonight, currently scorching up the chart with "Drummerman", reckon they've had to put up with their share of frustration along the way.

Even now they can't get a gig in their own town, Southend. A date at the local tech was nixed — because the band were "too commercial". The local rag won't give them a solitary inch. No, Tonight certainly aren't the darlings of the Sarfend music biz establishment.

"There's a lot of shit in Southend — a lot of promoters who don't like it 'cause we won't do it their way. They hate us," mouths off Tonight's focal point, singer/composer Chris Turner.

He's a sharp lad. With his Scottish ancestry and love of the turf — in Southend he hangs out with footballers, not rock musicians — sooner or later he's bound to be compared with Rod Stewart.

However, save for Tonight's 'lad' vibe, onstage there are no similarities between him and the Rich One — of whom Turner opines: "He was the guvnor, but he's cruisin' now. When I was 16 he was a working class hero for people of my age. He had all the flash birds, the cars — everything you aimed at.

"I'd give me life savings to get the guy in here just to sing 'Handbags And Gladrags'."

All in their late teens or early 20s, Tonight are neither punks nor, so they say, part of this Thamesbeat craze. "Drummerman", with its hyper-banality, was written as a reaction to the ramalamadolequeue brigade's obsession with making 'social comment'.

"If you hear 'Something Better Change' on the radio every day for two weeks," reckons Tonight's rhythm guitarist and composer Phillip Chambon, "you might as well be hearing 'Three Blind Mice'."

Tonight's songs are, according to the group, about something closer to the teenage heart. Fancying birds. For instance, "Check Out Girl" deals with the plight of some poor geezer who has the hots for the chick at the cash-out desk at a supermarket, and has to keep making inane sorties into the shop in the hope that he might pluck up courage to do something to placate his lust.

Just in case you're thinking that these parables of teen anguish must come from the pen of a couple of whiter than whiter wimps, Turner's

● Go to page 15

CATCH KRAZY KAT.

Feb 16th Golden Lion, London
Feb 17th Peterborough Tech.
Feb 18th King Alfred College, Winchester
Feb 19th Top Rank, Sheffield
Feb 20th Bradford "Standard"
Feb 22nd Glamorgan Polytechnic
Feb 23rd Circle Club, Swansea
Feb 24th 76 Club, Burton-on-Trent
Feb 25th Bedford College
Feb 26th Newbridge Institute
Feb 27th Village Bowl, Bournemouth
Mar 1st Marquee, London
Mar 2nd Blackwood Institute, Blackwood, Pontypool
Mar 3rd Kirk Levington Country Club
Mar 4th Harrogate P.G. Club
Mar 5th Leeds, Ford Green Hotel
Mar 8th Barbarella's, Birmingham
Mar 11th Reading Tech.
Mar 13th Brentwood Country Club
Mar 15th Castaways, Plymouth
Mar 16th 400 Club Torquay
Mar 17th Bradford University
Mar 18th Wigan Casino

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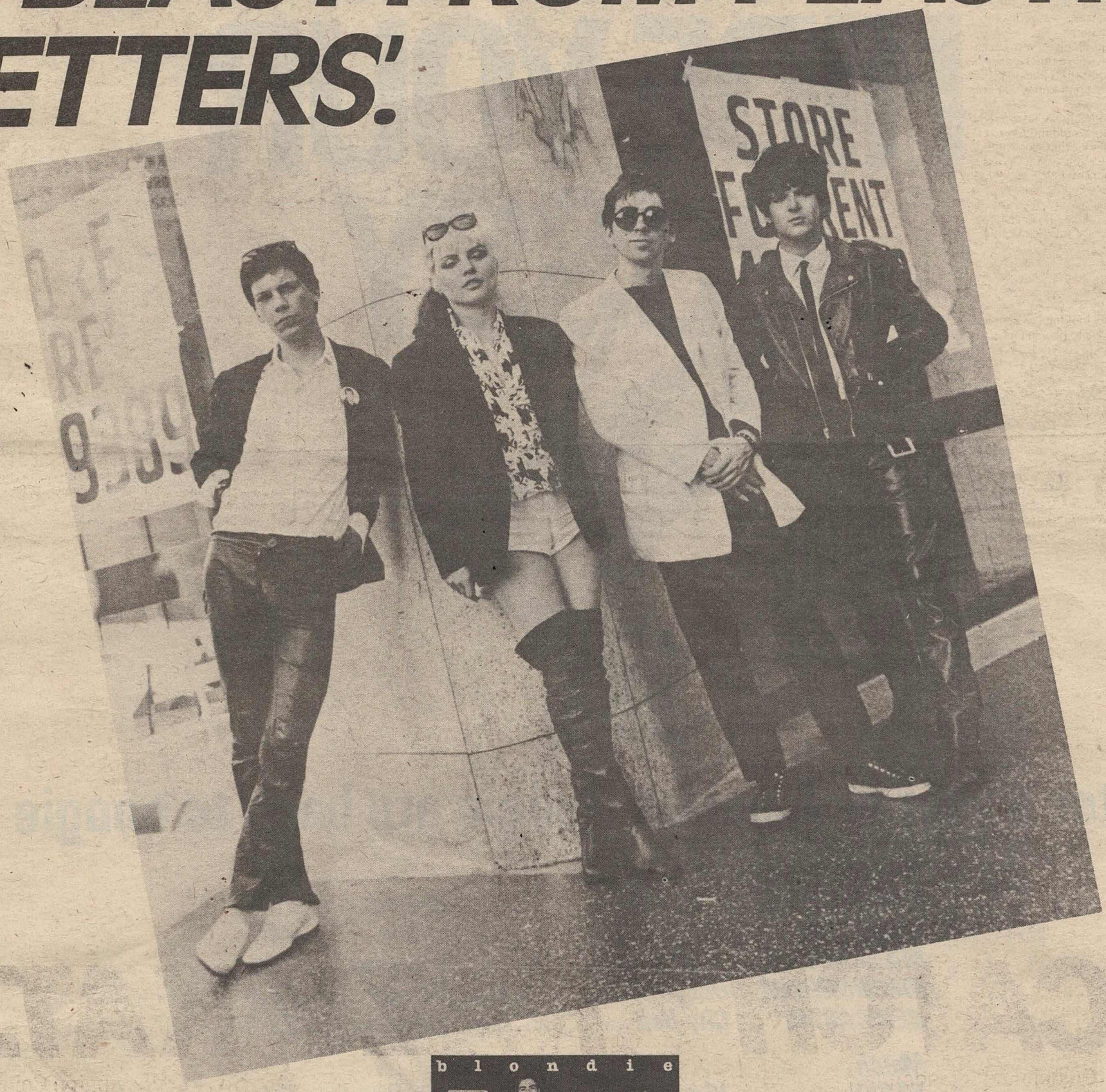

'Plastic Letters.' Blondie's second album. Thirteen tracks of unadulterated magic from New York's hottest and classiest new wave band.

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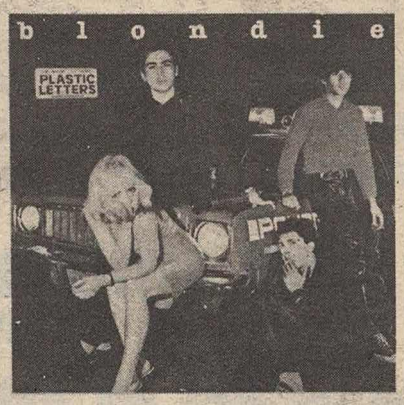

CHR 1166. Also available on cassette.

UK TOUR DATES
February: 23rd St. George's Hall, Blackburn. 24th Sheffield University. 25th Strathclyde University, Glasgow. 27th Lancaster University. 28th Barbarellas, Birmingham.
March: 2nd Civic Hall, Dunstable. 3rd Salford University, Manchester. 5th Round House, London. 6th Kent University. Canterbury.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

BUDGIE ARE BACK HIDE YOUR PUSSY

After a year in America Budgie are back to boogie

February			
SHEFFIELD	*City Hall*	*Thursday*	*23rd*
LIVERPOOL	*Empire*	*Friday*	*24th*
MANCHESTER	*Apollo*	*Saturday*	*25th*
BIRMINGHAM	*Odeon*	*Sunday*	*26th*
NEWCASTLE	*City Hall*	*Tuesday*	*28th*
March			
STOKE	*Victoria Hall, Hanley*	*Wednesday*	*1st*
DERBY	*King's Hall*	*Thursday*	*2nd*
LONDON	*Hammersmith Odeon*	*Friday*	*3rd*

Their new album is

Impeckable

AMLH/CAM 64675
On A&M Records and Tapes

A&M RECORDS

TONIGHT

● From page 12

past is far from spotless. It includes one period when, as a skinhead, he was ejected regularly from Chelsea football ground *(Gosh! — Ed)*. But the skinhead lifestyle quickly lost its attraction after he and a friend were savagely beaten up in a train on the way home from a match. "The romanticism of being a skinhead just faded there and then."

Formed in summer '77, Tonight didn't find London rock promoters breaking a leg in their zeal to book the group. They got their first gigs in the capital only after last-minute cancellations. With their new wave leanings (their sense of dynamics is similar to The Jam's), but garbed in "suits" (actually mis-matched jackets and trousers), promoters thought Tonight were watered-down punk.

Later, after becoming kind of teacher's pets at WEA Records, there were accusations that Tonight had been manufactured by the company. "They should have seen us sweatin' around the Southend pubs in the summer," counters Turner.

In fact, they signed with one of WEA's licensed labels, Target Records, who then proceeded to form a new label solely for Tonight, in order to avoid identification with the rest of Target's pop acts. The group themselves plumped for the name TDS Records — a pun on tedious. They also designed the label's logo. Complete control, what. *(Steve, you put us on, what? — Ed.)*

They're keen to stress that their image isn't an attempt to cash in on Thamesbeat. Says Phil, "I don't think beat music will mean much to a lot of kids 'cause it's too superficial." He claims they played last week's Power Pop Package at the Nashville against their better judgement, though they think the Power Pop tag suits them.

"It's got the power of the new wave," explains Turner, "but it's pop in so much as there's decent harmonies and melodies. Our songs have middle eights and tuneful solos.

"As labels go, it's pretty apt for us."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

When we originally dug out this 1974 picture of former glam rock aficionado Malcolm McLaren looking like a refugee from Roxy Music, the caption was going to run something like: "You're so sheer, you're so chic, teenage rebel of the week." However, in the light of this week's news/rumour that, with Johnny in JA, Malcolm is Brazil-bound to join Steve and Paul, what else could it be but . . .

WE ARE FLYING DOWN TO RIO

Incidentally, PENNIE SMITH took the pic for a fashion feature by Nick Kent entitled "The Politics Of Flash" (NME 6.4.74). Remember where you saw him first! (And last?)

FAMOUS FOLK IN PRINT !!

Syd joins chain gang

How are the mighty fallen! Spotted in the Barnsley Star by Bob Watson. Quite a scoop. . .

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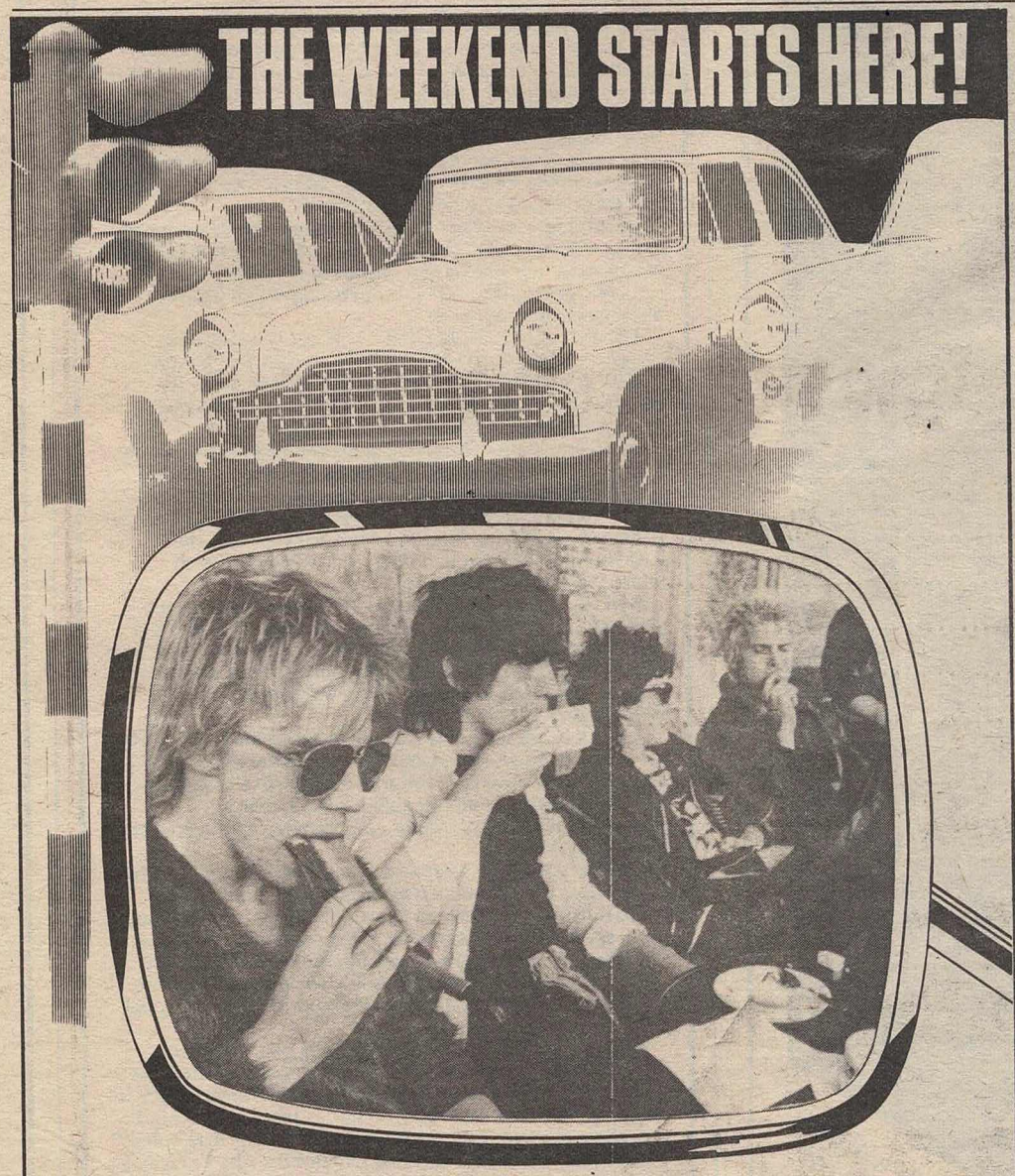
Dredged from the mists of time — International Times, 1974 — by Nasty Nev of Ashton-under-Lyne. He wasn't kidding. . .

IF ART PEPPER ~~had turned police informant as suggested by the Los Angeles Narc Squad when he was first busted in 1953, then undoubtedly life might~~

And finally — Roy Carr confesses in last week's NME. That's what comes of using that soppy pink bog paper!

THRILLS

THE WEEKEND STARTS HERE!



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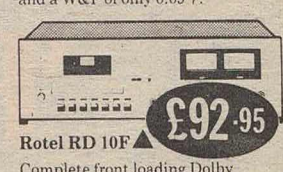

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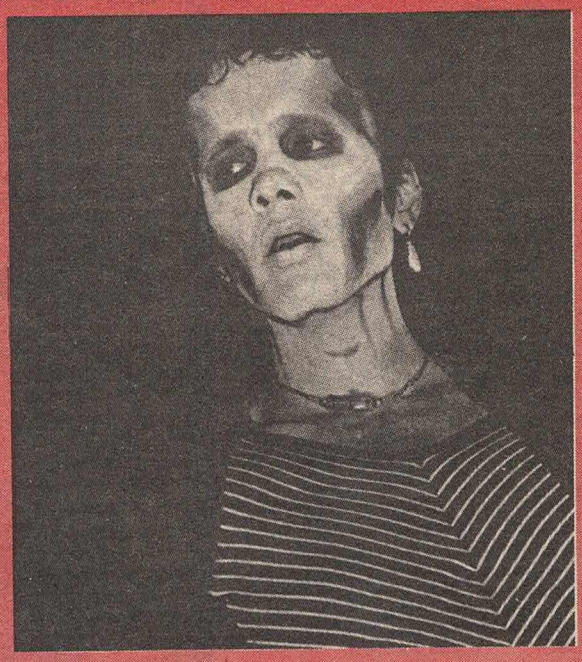
"French Kiss" is worth knickin' for the sleeve and buying for the contents." NME JAN '78

Capitol Records

STONER of The Doctors (sorry, Kid, he's more photogenic).



DOCTORS VETO URBAN RENEWAL

"I'VE GOT TO WRITE a hit single. That's my next job."

Kid Strange, now looking relatively normal — hair merely hennaed instead of lurid blue — sprawls on a Polydor sette and considers the future of The Doctors (of Madness) with confident assurance.

"I've got to write one because we've been where we are on the ladder for too long. We've been in the same place for nine months and I think we deserve better."

His optimism is apparently undiminished by the recent departure of Urban Blitz, whose anguished guitar and violin gave The Doctors' music its sharp neurotic edge.

There are no immediate plans to replace him. Encouraged by the success of their recent German visit without Blitz, the band intends to work as a three-piece at least until the summer.

"It was a bit unnerving to realise two days before you go away that you're going to be doing the tour as a three-piece," Kid recalls. "But the response was just outrageously good — far in excess of anything we've got in Germany before. And it was obvious why: the energy level and the intensity level and the commitment level didn't just go up 25 per cent because we were 25 per cent down. It went up 150 per cent, because there were three of us really bouncing off each other, and knowing that everything we did had to be that intense or people would say, there should be a violin solo there."

Kid Strange, drummer Peter Di Lemma and bass guitarist Stoner will make their first trip to the USA later this month, returning to tour Britain and Europe in the spring. They'll complete promotion of their forthcoming album before bringing in any new players.

The new album, "Sons Of Survival", to be released in March, contains Urban Blitz's last work with The Doctors.

Kid explains the split: "What happened was, when we recorded the album, he started to freak out on a personal level, he became unmanageable on a one-to-one, or three-to-one, basis. The saving grace about all that was, as it happened he was playing the best he's ever played. So that with the disintegration of him as a quarter part of the band, the nervous energy he was putting in has made what I think is a stupendous record. As soon as he'd done his bits, the backing tracks and any overdubs, that was it, he wasn't interested in mixing or cutting."

So it was a three-piece Doctors of Madness who saw the album through to completion. "I'm just happy that the split came after rather than before he'd done his greatest work with us. I think it's perfect that the band changes after this album, because this album crystallised what we've been working towards for 2½ years anyway."

A quick preview of an acetate of "Sons Of Survival" shows the album to be a lot more immediate than the previous two, generally more uptempo, and with a fairly "live" sound and feel. Apart from a couple of guitar solos, Urban's contributions are mostly violin — as nagging, raw-nerved and neurotic as always.

"We've never been a particularly close band socially," Kid informs me, "but there's always been a tacit relationship which is based on a common focus. That focus went for him, and it got so he was just turning up for gigs and going home after them. The three of us really developed in that period."

But clearly his presence will be missed onstage, and there are plans to fill some of the musical gaps with electronics and recorded tapes.

"I'm really excited by the idea of doing that. It's been explored so little, and it's something I've always wanted The Doctors of Madness to get more into. I think what we'll use is sound, sound effects, and electronics . . . just use sound in a very abstract way, where the fourth instrument is demanded."

That might seem like replacing Urban Blitz with a machine. But Kid is dead against getting in a new member just now.

"It's like stepping into a dead man's shoe — what is the point of getting a new guy in, and before you can let him develop at all, you say, right, this is what the old guy did. I just want to see this album through, and then say time for another change. If three people can get the spirit of what's on the album over, that's much more important than the notes."

PETE SUTTON

THRILLS

STRAWBS ON TOUR

FEBRUARY

Liverpool
Wed 22 Liverpool University
Cardiff
Fri 24 Cardiff University
Nottingham
Sat 25 Nottingham University
Croydon
Sun 26 Fairfield Halls
Wolverhampton
Mon 27 Civic Hall
Plymouth
Tue 28 Fiesta

MARCH

Eastbourne
Wed 1 Congress Theatre
Edinburgh
Fri 3 Edinburgh University
Glasgow
Sat 4 Strathclyde University
Sheffield
Sun 5 Top Rank
Reading
Wed 8 Reading University
Hatfield
Thur 9 Forum
Salford
Fri 10 Salford University
Bradford
Sat 11 Bradford University
London
Sun 12 Hammersmith Odeon

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CLASH
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DOORS
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The Lone Groover

BENYON

HEY MAN, I HEAR YOR PAPER'S LOOKIN' FOR A NEW EDITOR....
THATS RIGHT, FIGMENTO.
ANY IDEA WHO'LL GET TH' GIG?
NOPE.
GUESS WHO EVER GETS IT WILL HAVE T'BE RILLY TOUGH.....
I MEAN THAT MACHO BUNCH OF LOSER STAFF LIKE T'PUSH HOW HARD AN' RUTHLESS THEY ARE, EH?
GASPO! ONE OF THEM MAY EVEN GET IT..... ERK! THEY MUST BE AT EACH OTHERS THROAT.
WELL THATS IT, TH' PENDIN' APPOINTMENT.....
...IS PRODUCIN' A LITTLE UNCERTAINTY.....
I RILLY DIG YOR LATEST PIECE. TH' WAY YOU RESEARCH YOR ONE LINERS IS TOO MUCH...
Y'RE RILLY INTERESTIN' T' TALK TO. I ALWAYS THOUGHT Y'WERE DEAD.
ITS JUST A POSE. CAN I KISS YA!?
HEY, LET ME GET YOU A COFFE.
YOU SNORE GREAT.
THANKS 2222!
ONLY IF I CAN ROLL UP FOR YA!
COME AN' HAVE A MEAL ONE NIGHT.
FAB, I DIG CAT FOOD.
YOR IMPRESSION OF A HUMAN BEING IS RILLY GREAT.
D'YA GET TH' FEELIN' THAT EVERYONES BEIN' TOO NICE?
DON'T FLATTER ME, MAN, I DON'T WORK HERE.
EVERYONE BUT YOU, MAN, Y'RES
I LOVE YOR HAIRCUT - IT MATCHES YOR SUBBING.
WELL PISS OFF LIGGER!

POP GROUP MANIA!

(ONLY BUDDING INTELLECTUALS, ONE-LEGGED DANCERS AND CHURCH WARDENS NEED APPLY)

THE ANSON ROOMS, Bristol University's vast high-ceilinged entertainments hall, is packed to its 1100 person capacity. The reason? It's Saturday night and The Pop Group are playing a benefit gig to raise money for Friends of the Earth (who says kids today got no ecological conscience?).

Mark (vocals), Simon (bass), Gareth and John (guitars) and Bruce (drums) have been together as a band for no longer than the eight months or so that they have been playing their instruments, but the enthusiastic — dare I say rapturous — applause here tonight would seem to signify that, at least as far as their hometown is concerned, The Pop Group have made it.

If you're reading this in the hope that The Pop Group are 'Bristol's answer to Thamesbeat', then forget it. The name is a neat touch of irony. There is, after all, another face to 'pop', one that offers a disquieting antidote to the bland assurance presented by the Rich Kids, etc.

Seeing The Pop Group live reminded me of Antonin Artaud's concept of theatre, that the performance of a play should be like "a visit to the dentist", *ie*, it doesn't kill you, but you will experience feelings of discomfort and anxiety (even if you only come away with the results of your own X-rays). If The Pop Group represent the experience of pain — stimulation — then 'Power Pop' is more like an anaesthetic. It's up to you to choose which you prefer . . .

"Only the intense can dance without moving . . ."

England's next dance craze after the 'pogo' just might lie in this line from "Colourblind" — one of The Pop Group's songs. Another of their songs deals with pre-destination.

"Please let me drive the steering wheel/of fate, chance/random romance/one-way mirror between me and the driver/I can't shout through the barrier."

"'Driver' is about fate, the feeling that everything you do has been pre-ordained. We want to attain control of our *own* destiny."

The Pop Group style themselves "individualists" in an age where, they believe, an increase in technology is forcing people into more uniform patterns of existence. Although they enthuse about anti-notes, Kirlian photographs and the frightening potential of psycho-acoustics, each of them expresses a profound mistrust of machines. "If anything we're anti-machines. Our stuff is intensely human and emotional."

"Science has no soul/science has no conscience/we are not fuel/we are not consequences."

"Do you know they have computers that are blue-printed to reproduce themselves?" Mark informs me darkly.

Even in the face of rampant technology, they still envisage hope for human beings in songs like "A Sense Of Purpose".

"Paint a new sound/strike a new colour/catch catch a thought/tears of dust/swallowed by the air."

Their aim, they say, is to inspire people, to provide some form of re-orientation, to be catalyctic in a reaction that releases the child in man. "We want to create something that is capable of being good and evil at the same time."

They describe their approach to the creative process as aleatoric, disruptive.

"We tend to adopt a lateral viewpoint . . . come at things from tangents as opposed to thinking in conventional, horizontal terms."

They go on, referring to themselves as "experimental primitives, intellects tempered by instinct," and citing influences like John Cage, bebop and beatniks in general.

"Yeah!" Mark yells excitedly. "We want to be the beatniks of tomorrow."

They maintain that for them song-writing is automatic, the end-result of "acute internal pressure" that needs a mode of release, as inevitable as the physical forms and functions by which they feel imprisoned. Songs like "Life Is A Chair/Death Why Don't You Come Out And Play?" display an urgent desire to escape the limitations of flesh and allegedly "false standards" like time.

"Snap my skin/scissors cut the seam/tear limb from limb/life's just a flash/skin constricts like a tomb . . ./only death will release you/from the chair of freedom."

Despite the abstract nature of much of their material, they are refreshingly straightforward when it comes to explaining themselves, continually at pains to point out the lack of anything contrived or calculated about what they do. Whereas their austere, grey-toned visual and stark, nerve-jarring sound had prompted me to suggest some underlying clinical pose, they merely claim to be "five personalities doing what comes naturally. Why should we have to explain ourselves? Art should be self-evident."

Of course.

As the name suggests, they *do* aspire to mass popularity — and their music is no less accessible for all its lack of compromise. The songs insinuate their way into the subconscious in the way that only the best 'pop' music can, as much about enjoyment as they are about elevation/re-orientation.

If 1978 means making a choice between the banal 'funtime' excesses of 'Power Pop' and something as genuinely aspiring as The Pop Group, then I know which camp I'll align myself with. After all, why bother about FUN when you can dance without moving to the beatniks of tomorrow?

STEVE WALSH

THRILLS

THE POP GROUP (L-R): Jon Waddington, Simon Underwood, Mark Stewart, Bruce Smith, Gareth Sager

Pic: JOHN SPINK

CHECK THE WEEK'S TOP 60 AT LONDON'S TOP VALUE RECORD STORES

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3	THE ALBUM ABBA	~~4.30~~	3.20	33	BLUE LIGHT IN THE BASEMENT ROBERTA FLACK	~~3.50~~	2.50
4	RUNNING ON EMPTY JACKSON BROWNE	~~3.50~~	2.50	34	SO FAR SO GOOD JOE WALSH	~~3.80~~	2.80
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6	GREATEST HITS DONNA SUMMER	~~3.99~~	2.99	36	KILL CITY IGGY POP	~~3.80~~	2.80
7	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER JONI MITCHELL	~~5.50~~	3.99	37	LEVEL HEADED SWEET	~~4.35~~	3.35
8	FLEETWOOD MAC	~~3.50~~	2.50	38	SLOWHAND ERIC CLAPTON	~~4.35~~	3.35
9	MOONFLOWER SANTANA	~~5.50~~	4.10	39	STAINED GLASS JUDAS PRIEST	~~3.99~~	2.99
10	MENAGERIE BILL WITHERS	~~3.99~~	2.99	40	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 ELTON JOHN	~~3.99~~	2.99
11	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE ROD STEWART	~~4.50~~	3.25	41	AJA STEELY DAN	~~3.80~~	2.40
12	SHOWDOWN GALLAGHER LYLE	~~3.80~~	2.80	42	GREATEST HITS EAGLES	~~3.99~~	2.99
13	TALKING HEADS '77	~~3.99~~	2.99	43	SHOW SOME EMOTION JOAN ARMATRADING	~~3.80~~	2.80
14	WATERMARK ART GARFUNKEL	~~4.30~~	3.30	44	SECONDS OUT GENESIS	~~5.75~~	4.25
*15	LIVE 2 LP TUBES	~~4.50~~	3.30	45	NO MORE HEROES THE STRANGLERS	~~3.75~~	2.75
16	IN FULL BLOOM ROSE ROYCE	~~3.50~~	2.50	46	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER SOUNDTRACK	~~6.30~~	4.75
17	ALL N' ALL EARTH, WIND AND FIRE	~~4.30~~	3.30	47	WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP GRATEFUL DEAD	~~5.50~~	3.99
18	WHITE MUSIC XTC	~~4.10~~	3.10	48	ARRIVAL ABBA	~~4.30~~	3.30
19	PASTICHE MANHATTEN TRANSFER	~~3.50~~	2.50	49	GREATEST HITS ROXY MUSIC	~~4.35~~	3.35
20	THE STRANGER BILLY JOEL	~~3.99~~	2.99	50	GREATEST HITS ABBA	~~4.30~~	3.30
21	PLASTIC LETTERS BLONDIE	~~3.80~~	2.80	51	RATTUS NORVEGICUS THE STRANGLERS	~~3.75~~	2.75
22	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS SEX PISTOLS	~~4.10~~	3.10	52	BEFORE AND AFTER SCIENCE ENO	~~4.35~~	3.35
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FEEL LIKE QUEEN TINA AH-CID

AS ENY DISSURNING FULE KNO, the blur of pure S-E-X captured (left) by the lens of PENNIE SMITH can only signify the return of Tina Turner to the world stage. Lucky patrons of her British concerts last week will testify that her lungs are in great shape too.

But what of her career, so far remarkable merely for its plunge into obscurity since her divorce from Ike? It is, she was happy to tell *Thrills,* sneaking back out from the shadows.

"It's been like starting all over again. Once all of the divorce proceedings were out of the way I hired a rehearsal studio in L.A. and went through this crazy time of auditioning musicians. I don't read or write music, so it was kind difficult until I found my piano player Kenny Moore to help me. Now we've got a good band: still the same eight guys who were with me when I went back on the road last February."

In the last year Tina has been playing relatively modest venues all over America, gradually building her act up to the all-action spectacle seen in London. The basis of the show has been worked out by herself, with additional help from a West Coast choreographer, her dress designer and the ubiquitous Jack Good, who advised on some of the songs and costumes.

In the last couple of months she secured a new recording contract — appropriately enough with Roadshow (home of B.T. Express, Brass Construction and others) — and is due in the studio to cut an album on her return to America.

"As yet, nothing has been finally decided. I've spoken with several producers, but I haven't found one I'd be really comfortable working with. However," she says confidently, "I'm sure I'll have an album out by the summer."

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

DON McLEAN — the same today as when PENNIE SMITH took this shot in '74

THE UNCHANGING FACE OF DON McLEAN

THE LEVEL OF CONSPICUOUS success enjoyed by Don McLean has fallen sharply in recent years. Currently it seems possible to acquire his entire catalogue from a swift perusal of the discount bins.

No doubt the soured relationship with his former record company, United Artists, is at least partly responsible for that. McLean considered that his fifth album, "Homeless Brother", had filled his contractual obligations, but U.A. announced that he was suspended until he had delivered another album of fresh material. "Solo", the double-live one he was prepared to offer to calm troubled waters, didn't fill the bill. "So I basically just waited about a year and a half until they decided they would take the album and end my contract."

That wasn't the only problem. McLean was simultaneously involved in a separate legal wrangle with the company over royalties, which finally he won. "It was one of those marvellous situations that you get into at the end of deals."

He was over in this country because he had agreed to headline a World Wildlife Foundation benefit gala in Amsterdam ("I don't do a lot of benefits though; I think people who've become cause-orientated are a bore"), and he stopped here en route to fit in a couple of television shows and then, on the way home, two Palladium performances.

Relaxing in his hotel room, and dressed, as ever, in denim (it was pointless for *NME* to send a photographer; his appeaeance had changed barely at all since Pennie Smith's photo-session with im in 1974), he was at his most affable and articulate. On the table in front of him rested his current reading-matter — *They Went Thataway* by James Horowitz, a novel of radical leanings, and *Royal Heritage* by J. H. Plumb and Huw Weldon, a cofee-table tome of distinctly traditional overtones.

If his reading points to a man of catholic tastes, then so does his music. "Prime Time", his new album, covers wide tracts of stylistic ground, and is moreover lacking in any overt commerciality — which is strange considering that he's now signed with Clive Davis' Arista records. (A separate deal was worked out for the UK with EMI.)

Since it seems that Davis had managed to point such independently-minded bands as The Kinks and The Grateful Dead in particular directions on "Sleepwalker" and "Terrapin Station" respectively, hadn't he tried to do the same with McLean?

"Sure, Clive tried to push me towards recording songs that he thinks are commercial, but I pushed back equally as hard by telling him that I'd record my own songs, thank you.

"He doesn't have the power to push me. He has the power to *bury* me, and he may well do that, but I don't really care. I'll just do my best, and I have a feeling that it'll come through. That's the way I've always operated. I don't give the record company credit for my success, and I don't blame them for my failures."

Davis also attempted to team McLean with a 'name' producer — Richard Perry and David Kershenbaum being two of the names mentioned. McLean was equally intransigent in this respect. "I guess that if you want fame at any cost, then you can be sure of it by working with certain producers, but they're making the records and not the artists. I prefer to make my own." (Production credits on "Prime Time" go to John Peters, McLean's former road manager — "I promoted him").

● *Mosey over page*

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RUBINOOS SUPER FAB COLOUR COMP: ALL THE WINNERS

By Carole Pascoe

WHEN WE RAN The Rubinoos Super Fab Colouring Competition last November we didn't realise just how many aspiring artists read *NME* each week.

The overall standard of entries proved superior to any similar competition we've ever instigated — so much so that many runners-up should seriously consider submitting more of their work to record companies, design houses and periodicals.

It's because of the high standard that it's taken so long to select the winners.

Anyway, here at last is who copped what!

The first prize of £200 and the distinction of having her entry used as the picture sleeve of the next Rubinoos single on Beserkley Records goes to: Carole Pascoe (aged 19) of Dormansland, Surrey.

The second outright winner is Christopher Paul Weston (aged 24) of Mosborough, Sheffield, Yorks. His prize of a night out with The Rubinoos, free tickets to their show, the opportunity of watching them record, and an album, will be forthcoming when Beserkley's Beat Boys visit Britain very shortly.

As for the 25 runners-up, The Home Of The Hits will be mailing out copies of the Rubinoos album to:

Gerrard A Lindley, Wakefield, West Yorkshire; Brian Gibson, Wigan, Lancashire; Peter Knipe, London; Gary Mason, Crewe, Cheshire; Nigel Mynheer, London; Ann Horwood, Thames Ditton, Surrey; Neil Cooper, Blandford, Dorset; John Horne, Dover, Kent; Paul Ridout, Lower Weston-Bath, Avon.

Phil Parker, Ollerton, Notts; Gram John, London; Andy Waite, Worthing, Sussex; Jonathan Williams, Summertown, Oxford; Robin McClure, Edinburgh, Scotland; Anne Fletcher, C Durham; S J Smith, Havant, Hampshire; Alex Machin, Dartford, Kent; Deborah Marsh, Oldham, Lancashire.

Robert Eden, Middleton, Leics; Ian Jones, Norwich, Norfolk; Stephen Howell, London; Rosalyn Harris, Bideford, Devon; Claire Wrathall, London; Phil Chalmers, Glasgow, Scotland; J Paul, Stevenage, Herts.

DIRTY DON McLEAN

● *From page 20, y'all*

"At the bottom of everything, what I'm interested in is craft in music writing. Good songs get rarer as we rely more on production and technological gimmicks to sell records, since the nature of the songwriting is no longer important; but this has been fundamental to The Beatles, Dylan, the Stones and lesser individuals like myself."

"Prime Time" contains two songs — the title-track and "Color TV Blues" — that examine the insidious and pervasive evils of television. Naturally, McLean deemed it only fitting to perform both these on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Does he then watch television much of the time?

"No more or less than anybody else, but it just got to me after a while. Like, I was watching the news when they mentioned that strontium thing in Pennsylvania, and I thought, 'God, they're just glossing over that'. Don't they realise? We've never even had a nuclear war and we're getting fall-out!

"I saw *Network* but I wasn't impressed. That didn't influence the song; what did was an article I read which suggested that the ultimate TV game-show was one where you lost your life. Those shows point up a basic sickness, wince they bring out the most vulgar and obscene aspects of humanity. So the idea of going all the way like that was, I thought, quite intelligent."

Though the album isn't the stuff that company accountants' dreams are made of, that obviously doesn't negate its many qualities. In any case, even if McLean were able to make a more commercial album without adverse affect on his own standards, it's doubtful that he would. Conspicuous success is something he isn't interested in securing. After all, the fruits of his gigantic world success turned sour very quickly as McLean was harrassed by media-men eager to learn the true identity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and no doubt resolve other queries as well.

"It took me about four years to dig out from under my last success. I think next time something a little less successful would suit me."

BOB WOFFINDEN

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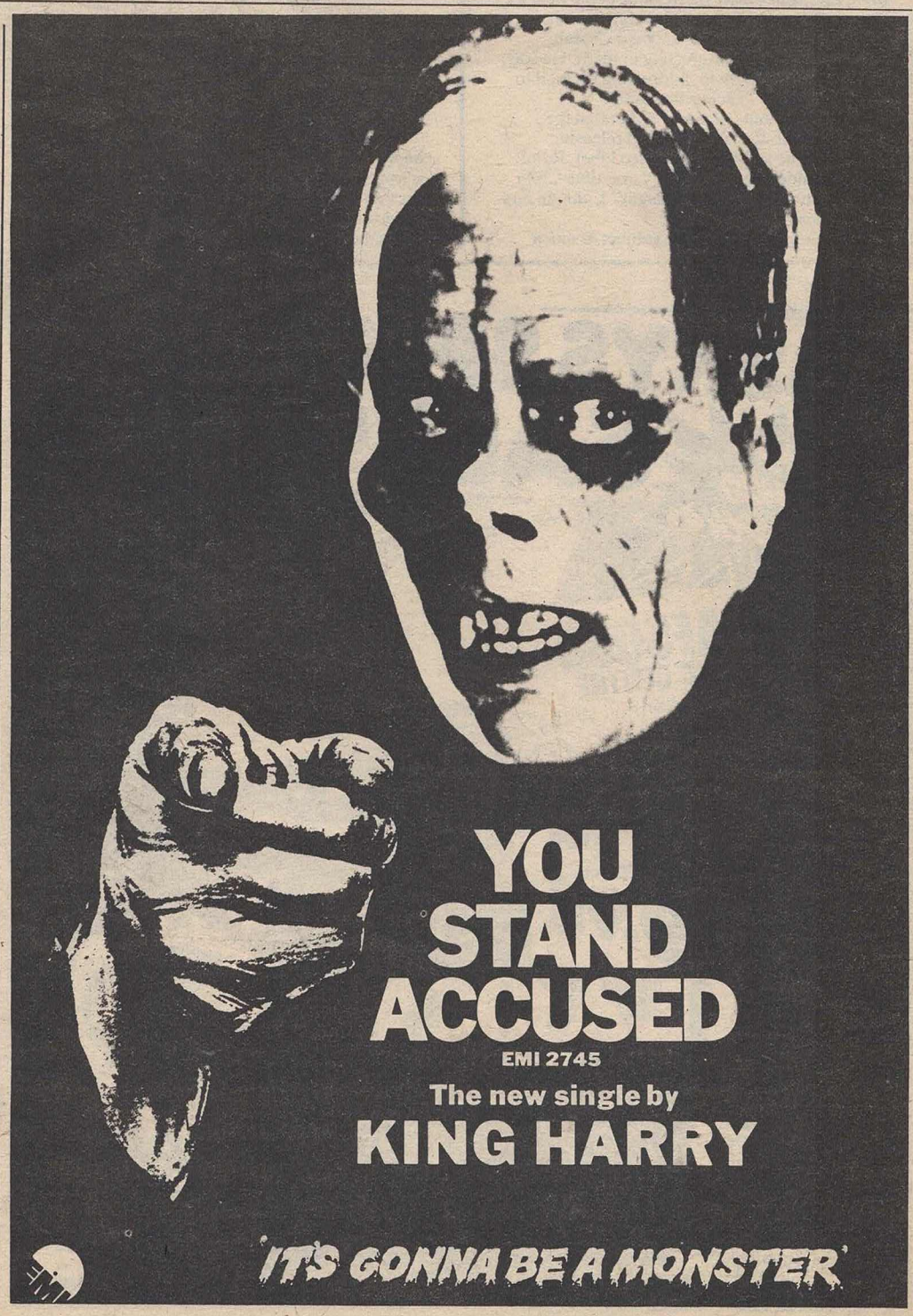

MEET THE LEGENDARY RESIDENTS

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. . . alias Pore-No-Graphics, alias Pale Pachyderm Publishing, alias Ralph Records. Maybe. Or maybe not. Some people think they're The Beatles. Hell, anybody who makes Ku Klux Klan hoods out of old newspapers is okay by me, says ANDY GILL.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE not to be intrigued by The Residents.

I mean, just who *are* these strange people who produce such challenging music and litter their liner notes with things like: "Then there was the second album. Produced in total secrecy, the album is reportedly a conceptualisation on the Theory of Obscurity, as applied to phonetic organisation, as originally put forth by the Bavarian avant-gardist, N. Senada . . . According to the Theory of Obscurity, the LP cannot be released until its makers literally forget it exists."

So far, they've released three albums, only available here on import ("Meet The Residents", "The Third Reich'n'Roll" and "Fingerprince"), and a batch of singles/EPs — one of which, a particularly desperate rendition of the Stones' "Satisfaction", ranks as probably my favourite 45 or all time.

Trying to describe their music is impossible: comparisons spring to mind, only to be demolished within the space of a single song. The only valid, lasting comparison I can arrive at is for the second side of "Fingerprince", a fifteen-minute ballet based on the phrase "chew gum", called "Six Things To A Cycle", which betrays, I feel, the influence of 1930s American monophonist Harry Partch. *(Oh yes, of course! — Ed.)*

In their own words (from an LP sleeve note), they "combine a genuine love of Top 40 with a genuine hatred of the culture that surrounds it."

The Residents' story begins in summer 1970, when they sent off an anonymous demo tape to Warner Brothers director Hal Halverstadt, hoping that the man who'd signed Captain Beefheart might be interesting in them. He was, and wrote back to them, addressing his mail to "The Residents". Hence the name.

As it turned out, Warners *didn't* sign the band, and The Residents started releasing albums on the small San Fancisco label, Ralph Records, aided and abetted by one-time Chilli Willi frontman Phil "Snakefinger" Lithman and the mysterious N. Senada.

The results have been the subject of much speculation and controversy, mostly concerned with identity. One Australian even holds that The Residents *are* The Beatles. . .

But there are more problems aroused by The Residents than merely the mundanities of identity. Many, *many* more.

The only way to really find out is to go to the horse's mouth. The trouble is, the horse's mouth is smothered in several layers of bureaucracy, to such an extent that it's impossible to get to the musicians themselves. (Perhaps — though there exists the strong likelihood that the organisations credited with the production, packaging, etcetera of their albums — Ralph Records, The Cryptic Corporation, Pore-No-Graphics and Pale Pachyderm Publishing — may, in fact, be The Residents themselves).

EVEN PEOPLE who have visited their Grove Street, San Francisco offices have drawn a complete blank. Their individual names remain unknown, even as aliases.

So when I make with the transatlantic telephone, the only figure I get to talk to is one "Jay Clem" of Ralph Records.

What about influences?

"Well, The Residents' musical influences are too numerous to mention; they also have influences outside the sphere of music."

Such as?

"The Light Across Louisiana."

Huh?

"It's a light seen in Louisiana at a railroad crossing. A man swings a light, and shortly afterwards, strange accidents happen in the area. It's a kind of mystical light, very weird, and it influenced The Residents a lot when they were down in Louisiana."

Oh. And what kind of process is denoted by "Phonetic Organisation"?

"Well, it's an abstract concept, rather than lateral. It's like a 'phonetic spelling' approach to music; not so much a notation, more a method of playing. If you can't read music, you don't know what it's supposed to sound like, so you re-structure it according to how you *feel* it should sound. It's a more natural way of playing music."

Have you heard from the mysterious Bavarian avant-gardist N. Senada recently?

"The mysterious N. Senada disappeared some time round about 1971, presumable to go to Greenland, where he believed some musical 'missing link' could be found among the Eskimos. The next The Residents heard from him was a postcard he sent from somewhere in North Greenland, followed by some tapes of Eskimo rites and Eskimo culture, which The Residents have been studying. In fact, their forthcoming album, which has been two years in the making and has no title yet, is referred to by The Residents as 'The Eskimo Album'."

Pretty strange, eh? Actually, while we're on the subject of the mysterious N. Senada, there is actually a *place* called Ensenada about fifty miles south of Tijuana on the west coast of Mexico. . .

However, let's try to get down to something a little more basic. There's this little message from Ralph on the cover of "The Third Reich'n'Roll", which runs something like: "We, as the parent company, support The Residents in their tribute to the thousands of little power-mad minds of the music industry who have helped to make us what we are today, with an open eye on what we can make them tomorrow."

Bearing in mind the album's substance (bizarre, mutated, lacerated versions of hits of the '60s — their other albums are all their own work), and the Nazified Dick Clark that adorns the front cover, the implications are obvious. A vitriolic attack is being made on "the fraudulent dream of teenage appetites", to use Thomas Pynchon's all-too-apposite phrase: that mythological teen ideal sold to kids by the rock machine, fan mags and big business.

But are The Residents adopting any overt political stance?

"There's no *specific* overt political message, but anyone can read anything into it they want," says Jay Clem.

What about the erection of this bureaucracy around the band? Is this a symbolic spoof of the record business?

"The bureaucracy is there because it's necessary in the music business at present — which is not to say it doesn't have some symbolic significance. . ."

Okay. So what about finance? Judging by their albums, The Residents appear to have a vast array of instruments, and their own recording studio. How do they finance their projects?

"They're financed by Ralph Records."

But Ralph doesn't seem to deal with anyone besides The Residents. . . .

ALIAS THE CRYPTIC CORPORATION

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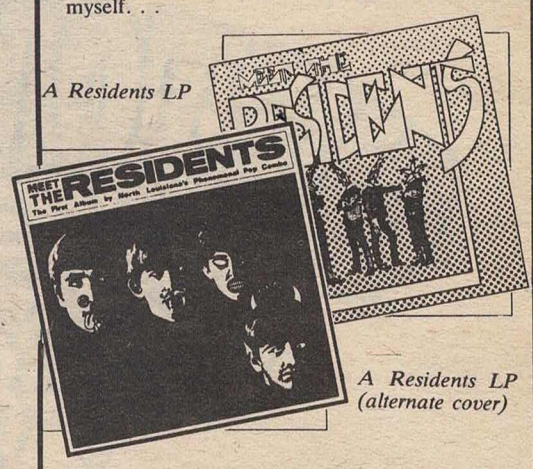
What???

"This is John Kennedy of the Cryptic Corporation. . ."

No relation?

". . . No . . . Ralph Records gets its money from real estate."

But of course! How else could an American business be funded in these times, I ask myself. . .



A Residents LP

A Residents LP (alternate cover)

What about The Residents' feature film, *Vileness Fats,* which is mentioned on the sleeve of one of The Residents albums?

"The Residents spent four and a half years working on *Vileness Fats,* but unfortunately it was never completed, due to certain technological difficulties. It was recorded on half-inch videotape, and problems arose when it came to transferring it to 35mm film."

What's it about?

"Aah . . . It's a kind of musical comedy romance tragedy adventure epic. There's lots of one-armed midgets in it. They're not *real* midgets, you understand; they're fantasy characters who squatted down behind midget clothes with one arm-hole in the front. These one-arm midgets are the inhabitants of Vileness Fats. Vileness Fats is a place, you see. . ."

I see. Eat you heart out, David Bowie.

In fact, strong rumour has it that The Residents are actually four film set designers. The house they are said to share in the Hollywood Hills is supposedly decorated according to their personal film set fantasies — one floor apiece.

However, there are no safe and simple questions to The Residents' answers; no quick and easy catchphrase to describe them by. Their dazzling, divergent musical approaches defy categorisation, their evasiveness defies investigation, their bureaucracy defies the record business, and their general weirdness and offbeat humour defy the straight face.

Perhaps it'll take another seven or eight years before The Residents are at one with the world of rock music. But that's not necessarily their fault. For, as the Cryptic Corporation claims, they are dealing in "the music and ideas of the present for a world living in the past."

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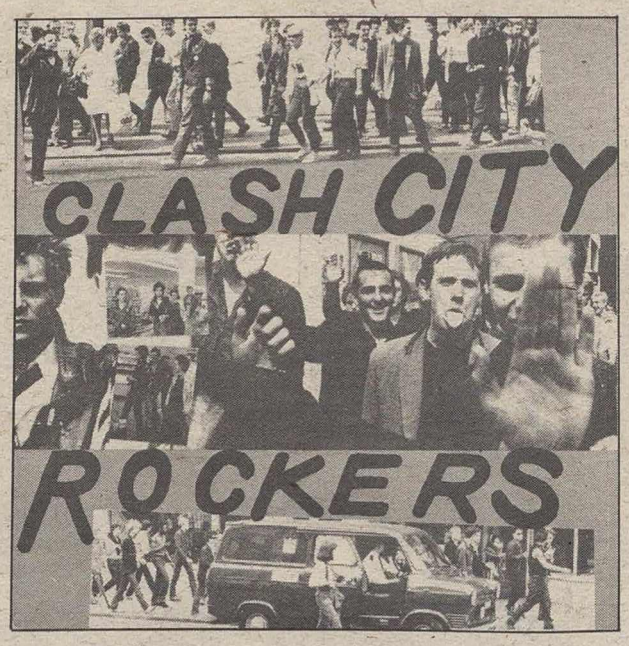

NO LESS than four Singles of the Week: Nick Lowe, The Clash, Bob Marley and The Wailers, and Roy and Jackie Toaduff.

NICK LOWE: I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass (Radar). Basher may not have helped poor Graham Parker's last shot at stardom with his bombastic production, but there is no lack of finesse when it comes to his own product. This sounds remarkably like the song to transform his cult reputation into ready cash. Essentially it's a re-write of the old "Not Fade Away" riff, with the Bo Diddley beat allowed to slide languidly towards reggae. A very unusual mutant indeed. But there's also one of those choruses that strongarm their way into your memory and fight off all attempts to be bounced. In their way, too, the words are more effectively anarchistic than you get with more strident chaps. Oddly enough the B-side, "They Called It Rock", is even more formidable. But then the same thing happened with the "Bowi" EP and the "Halfway To Paradise" single. For all his sound commercial instincts, Lowe is evidently a touch perverse.

THE CLASH: Clash City Rockers (CBS). Having spent many months being gobbed upon in all parts of these islands, The Human Spittoons deserve some kind of reward for their sacrifice. As with Basher, their latest offering could be the one to do it. But at what expense? Sure, they've retained their punksh mannerisms, but there appear to be harmonies in among the braying that owe not a little to The Beatles. Pretty weird, right. Not only that, but you can actually hear — if not perhaps understand — a large proportion of the lyrics. All this is very surprising. New Wave music — as we used to call it — has pretty strict rules, and these guys could be reported to an international commission. But obviously something had to be done. The Clash couldn't continue to regard themselves as the most populist band in the universe if their records failed to get through. It's no good speaking up for the common man if the common man isn't putting his hand in his wallet. Watch for this act on *Top Of The Pops*. They're gonna be bigger than Darts.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Is This Love? (Island). Marley's least ethnic, least political, least mystical song since "Stir It Up". Depending on your point of view it's either a big sell-out or an exquisite hybrid. From here, it sounds like a classic love song. If Marley was Dylan, this would be a cut from "Nashville Skyline". The question posed by the title is made to seem rhetorical, as Marley sings a simple, honest passion. *"I wanna love you and treat you right / I wanna love you every day and every night."* It's hard to find lyrics more simple than those. With a songwriter of less stature, you might think he'd rapidly reached his creative limit. But with Marley it's plain language for a plain, uncluttered message. A good omen for the forthcoming album "Kaya" from which it's taken. A pity, though, that Marley looks and dances like Max Wall when he's on *Top Of The Pops*.

ROY AND JACKIE TOADUFF: Thanks For Everything (Flare Records). After Power Pop, Power Schmaltz. The Torrid Toaduffs may sound like a couple of old wheezers off the Northern club circuit, but the latest update from the Research Institute for New Wave Dialectics and Shit Like That reveals that this is inevitably the Big Thing After Next. The point is that loud guitar music plays into the Establishment's hands. It dissipates your energy, see. And that means you've got less left over for truly revolutionary activities. Like building barricades. Or selling radical newspapers to yourself. Or organising a Young Stalinists' rummage sale. If on the other hand you stick with groaning out a few limp ballads backed by a ham Hammond, you've got more puff left for storming the Winter Palace. Or even the Chinese revisionist takeaway at chucking out time. The question is, though, if Toaduff is their stage name, what did they change it *from*?

PEZBAND: Two Old Two Soon (Passport). I always thought Power Pop meant Led Zeppelin, but maybe this is more what the labellers had in mind. Imagine Ted Nugent playing Merseybeat standards and you get the gist. Thunderous versions of "Not Fade Away", "Hippy Hippy Shake", and a couple of sharp-witted originals. These guys really believe in themselves. A 12-inch do-it-yourself EP with a picture sleeve. Still, they've got cause.

LITTLE ACRE: The Perfect Crime (Birds Nest). Ambitious but peculiar offering from a Worcester punk band whose singer sounds like Jim Dandy. All sinister chuckles and pantomime flourishes. The hook is performed by one of those twisted girlie choirs that Frank Zappa reserved for his strongest satire. Either the perfect crime *wasn't* revealed in the lyrics or I stopped listening. Apart from that, an interesting attempt.

THE BALLOONS: Calling All Human Beings (Earwacks Records). Nice title, but otherwise not much to recommend. Sounds a bit like Ray Davies on a filler track from one of his latter-day verbose half-conceived concept albums. Recorded on a home tape recorder, according to the handout. Pity the band weren't at home at the time.

REVIEWED By BOB EDMANDS

THE STUKAS: I Like Sport (Sonet). The Stukas appear to be a beat group roughly in the style of Freddie and The Dreamers. For people who profess to like *"running and jumping of a physical sort"* this is a pretty lethargic offering, even if the lyrics possess a certain class. There's no chance, though, of these guys getting in through the locker room, never mind reaching the field of play. Strictly musical scampi.

THE ALTERNATORS: No Answers (NRG Records). Good knees-up rock act with a song that gets a bit lost halfway through. Nice keyboards, though, from a Stranglers devotee. No questions.

TUBEWAY ARMY: That's Too Bad (Beggars Banquet). Too true, too true. Feeble Johnny Rotten imitator gabbles indistinctly over "Day Tripper" riff. Should never have got past the ticket collector.

GOBBLINZ: London (Pinnacle). Sounds more like the Gnomez. Riff recalls Steppenwolf's "Born To Be Wild". Or, in this case, "Born To Be Mild". Chorus goes: *"La-la-la-la-London, La-la-la-la-London."* This is not unlike a Jam chorus that goes: *"La-la-la-la-London girl, La-la-la-la-London girl"*. Why leave out the girls, lads? They can be fun.

THE EXILE: The Real People (Charly). Clash disciples who appear to be boasting that they're "the real people", but this takes some believing. Like Napoleon, these exiles deserve the big Elba.

WRECKLESS ERIC: Reconnez Cherie (Stiff). Wreckless Eric hasn't quite got them witty Cockney mannerisms off as well as Ian

Dury. Maybe he should listen to a few more Brut adverts. However, there is a chorus you can remember, though why it should be in pidgin French is anyone's guess. And since no one much bought his last one, there's no obvious reason why they should get too excited about this.

BULLET: Don't Go (Pennine Records). This is the sort of thing that used to turn up on Island sampler albums circa 1968. Cramped guitar riff, significant lyrics, ponderous melody. Perhaps they spent the last 10 years in a remote Pennine cottage cut off from the rest of the world.

THE SAINTS: Know Your Product (Harvest). Good advice, but not followed here. The addition of a brass section is a diverting change from the familiar formula, but not quite diverting enough. From the Saints, it's more likely to be goodbye than halo.

ATTRIX: Hard Times (Aterix). Could be The Byrds without their 12-string. Could be The Motors with a flat. Could be Bob Dylan on a poor transatlantic line. Could be Archie Andrews without Peter Brough.

METAL URBAIN: Paris Maquis (Rough Trade). Les punks Francais, ils disent: *"Assassine l'etat dans la poche/ Je ne juge l'etat contre moi/ Fasciste!"* Qu'est que c'est? Est il un menu? Eh bien, je desire les escargots, les butties chip, et le custard oeuf. Ce n'est pas un menu? Eh bien, nous allons a MacDonalds. Merde.

DUGGIE BRIGGS BAND: I'm A Flasher; MIDNIGHT CRUISER: Striker (It Records). This label has adopted the logo of *International Times*, the '60s magazine that was the hippies' answer to *Woman And Home*. This will probably do the bands involved no good at all. Both are snappy New Wave outfits. Duggie Briggs brags about his number one exhibit, though Midnite Cruiser fail to make it clear whether they're singing about football or industry. It would be a pity, however, if either band was found guilty by association.

KISS: Rocket Ride (Casablanca). According to the unsubtle chorus: *"Baby wants a rocket ride, she wants a rocket ride, and she's ready to please"*. Frankly, this rocket sounds like it exploded before it got off the launching pad, a common problem among sexist pigs.

JOHNNIE ALLAN: Promised Land (Oval Stiff). A magic re-issued version of the Chuck Berry classic that substitutes an accordion for the guitar breaks. It was almost a hit the first time round. Should do no worse this time.

ROY WOOD WIZZO BAND: Dancin' At The Rainbow's End (Warner Bros). The time is ripe for Roy Wood to get a haircut and a shave and put together a hard-nosed pop group on the lines of the original Move. He'd surely succeed on a grand scale, given the prevailing mood. Instead, here's another twee kiddies' anthem from Wizzo. Shame.

EARTHQUAKE: Chartbusters (Beserkley EP). Just what the world needs. Another Californian wimp-rock band. But you're bound to admire their gimmick. They're not millionaires yet. Their name, by the way, is obviously intended ironically. Maybe they could wobble a jelly over loaded with Dream Topping, but nothing else is in much danger.

DEAF SCHOOL: Thunder And Lightning (Warner Bros). Despite a rescue bid by the bankable producer Robert John Lange, a picture sleeve, and red vinyl, this college revue will still have trouble avoiding oblivion. This attempt at a dance-hall stomper flounders rapidly.

STORMER: My Home Town (Ring O'Records). Mike Brassington and John Hughes used to lead a cute pop group called Method who put out an ace little album on UK a couple of years ago. Here they've opted for a broader approach, with the sort of singalong that panders to working class conservatism. No doubt Ringo loves it. Him and Albert Tatlock.

GERRY RAFFERTY: Baker Street (UA). Almost 10 years after The Humblebums, Gerry Rafferty still does the tastiest McCartney pastiche around. But despite its class this cut's unlikely to score. It's chiefly notable for a batch of de luxe sax solos that replace the hooks.

ANDREW LLOYD-WEBBER: Theme And Variations 1-4 (MCA). Techno-flash versions of the classics are okay, but it's a pity they didn't vary it a bit.

CLAUDJA BARRY: Johnny, Johnny (Lollipop Records). Claudja Barry makes Donna Summer look like Johnny Winter. But her variation on the German Disco masterplan is a good deal less entertaining. You can't help but want her for her mind, though.

PLANET GONG: Opium For The People (Affinity). Old hippies never die, they just turn up on a label affiliated to Pye Records. And while they express the views that *"rockanroll is opium for the people"*, they manage to bash out a heavy riff of their own. In fact, this boogies along so forcefully you'd never know they were wearing woolly hats.

BRITISH LIONS: One More Chance To Run (Vertigo). The remnants of Mott and Medicine Head try to come on like Status Quo. But they're so ungainly that British Hippos would be a better name. This one won't run and run.

FLASH: Up Town Top Ranking (Polydor). This send-up puts the J. Arthur in Ranking.

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PARACHUTE RECORDS GROUP

ALSO AVAILABLE ON TAPE

Ted progression, pictured 1976

Mid '50s specimen and girlfriend, favouring velvet collar

BACK AT the starting post, in the early '50s, when all History wore a Rose, myself and a few million other post-war teenagers were hanging about waiting for someone to throw a six. Socio-culturally speaking, we were the lot who were unfailingly underfoot in the front room, or outgrowing our strength down the caff, or boredly launching ourselves in Suicide Bombs off the top board at the baths. Back then, socio-culturally speaking, shit wasn't shakin'.

In no special order, we listened to Tennessee Ernie Ford, Guy Mitchell, Frankie Laine, Jo Stafford, Rosemary Clooney, Sinatra and Doris Day. There wasn't a fashion in anything. The only alternative to Junior Man — your old man's sports jacket baked smaller — was the Spiv, white tie, black shirt, hairline tash and an evaporating association with Black Market petrol coupons.

Then came the Teds. Textbooks have it that the Teddy Boys half-inched the style from Saville Row, perverting an Edwardian revival designed for the Guards Officer class. In the drab aftermath of ration-book tailoring — skimped margins, utility cloth — the Edwardian suit was intended as a pennant of privilege and defiance, one up the bum for Labour austerity by the Hon. Johnnie Rebs.

The plan misfired. The lads took it. Saint Paul on the Damascus Road had nothing like the flash I got by the Bricklayers' Arms Goods Depot, circa 1952, S.E.1. The First Ted hovers yet on memory's retina like embroidery on a cushion. Black suit with a waistcoat, watch-chain, striped shirt with a cutaway white

Early conservative chic-sters in discussion (with tailor . . .??)

You can do anything but lay offa my answer to the drab aftermath of ration book tailoring. . .

BRIAN CASE, who . . . err . . . has *heard* of those early days, recalls the pristine glory of Tedus Originalis. That's to say, the Real Thing — none of your uncouth revivalist excesses, luminous socks an' all that. Slim Jim and thumbknuckle drape is what we're talkin' about here.

detachable collar, grey tie with a stickpin, sort on his arm, muscling along the pavement.

Hot from the hijack, this lad, and hewing close to the sepia heyday of his grandfather. He looked like a godamned prince, a cockney hidalgo, and I legged it home to destroy the light-up bowtie I'd been auditioning in private.

In *Bomb Culture*, Jeff Nuttall writes: "No Teddy Boy, at that time, was sufficiently clear in his own mind to know what his deepest responses knew, that the established world was the emanation of a gigantic falsehood and he wanted out."

Maybe . . . All that I was clear about was the clothes and the cachet. Houndstooth, Prince Of Wales check, chalk stripe, turn-back cuffs, link buttons, cloth-covered buttons, three buttons, four buttons, jetted pockets, ticket pockets, flap pockets, vents, raised side-seams, hand-sewn lapels, hand-finished buttonholes, the Guards-back gab mack, the Burlington, the Chesterfield — my dreams were indistinguishable from a moth's.

"Gordon Bennett! Clock 'im, Del. Guvners. Houndish." It was a great spectator sport. The finer points were debated endlessly: fingertip drape versus thumbknuckle drape. The drape itself was never questioned, for the nattily waisted jacket never made it out of Saville Row: too ginger.

Also elbowed was the ettiquette of the fitting room. Down-market, there were no secrets between a chap and his tailor, as all visits were mobhanded. Opinions were canvassed at the drawing-board stage. "Rite — I want it cut like a counterblast ter Labour austerity wiv side-seams, no stintin' onna cloff — Arfur suggests a 'int of droop onna shoulder-pads, an' Johnno's gone for three of rock an' two fours of chips. Got that covered, Tosca? Get chalkin'."

ACCESSORIES WERE sombre in The Smoke. Stiff collars or the softer spearpoint which was lifted at the back to throw a roll into the wings. Ties — this is the era of the Slim Jim — were either black knitted or clubman stripe. No genuine guvner would be seen dead in the Western bow-tie with tails that the cartoonists of the period attributed. Socks, black or navy or grey; shoes, leather block-toes: none of the neons and crepes and parrot-house colours of the current revival.

Deportment was built into the clothes. The head was thrust forward, leaving enough space between the neck and the jacket collar to insert a regular coal-delivery. At rest, the shoes were arranged in a T, one heel fitting flush to the instep. The hands grasped the lapels.

Smoking followed the old lag's pattern, the fag cupped in the palm which hinted at nocturnal larcenies, and then promptly confused the reading with a glitter of identity chain. In motion, the Ted on a North-South course would roll his shoulders and punt his arms East and West in abbreviated jerks, not unlike a hitch-hiker with some rare elbow paralysis.

Barbershops rose to the occasion with a new portfolio of hairstyles. The Tony Curtis reigned supreme, ornate as a Roman Catholic funeral, the sides greased and swept back, the top a tumble of curls which descended in a prow on the forehead. The straight-hair variant was The Silver Dollar — same sides, crop on top. Ever mindful of those who come after, the Ted also styled the back of his head into The D.A. — a duck's arse effect with central gully — and The Boston, cut plumbline square across the nape.

All this would have been a bit overkill had social life still revolved around top board Suicide Bombs, and Ted Courtship, formal as Elizabethan flighting, took the field. Pursued in fairground bumper cars, across Palais floors, and from opposite pavements, the Teddy Girl grew chipper in her responses.

"Oy Oy Oy!" went the cry from The Lads, and back came an answering "Bollocks!" Not up to Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth maybe, but since any answer was a sign of encouragement, back would trip the reply, "Suck 'em!" The established counter, "If I 'ad a mouth as big as your'n, I would!" was clinched by the terse "Keep suckin'!"

A mate of mine once started on the wrong foot, or got confused during the sequence, and ended up with the girl's lines and no possible clincher. "Wimmin," he said, testily, "they gives me the froopennies."

Teddy Girls wore long jackets of men's suit material, black tight skirts with generous side-slits, white blouses with a cameo or string-tie, dark seamed nylons with butterfly clocking. For a brief summer, they wore little white pill-box hats with veils, pushing them up to get at the chips. Collars were up at the back, and one wrist was worn limp. Shoes alternated between velvet flatties and stiletto heels.

The Ted Heath dance tune, "The Creep", a low-metabolism deal — two slow forward steps and then a faint rock — crept into the dance halls, the Teds' first musical property. *Walking is a thing that no-one does, Everybody does The Creep'* went the opening, but it failed to supplant Doris Day.

In 1953, the Clapham Common Killing hit the headlines, and from an occasional press filler, the Teddy Boy became the national bubonic plague. The gang knifing at the bus stop, the first teenage killing, fixed the image forever. George Melly, in *Revolt Into Style*, writes: "On the whole, though, they were profoundly anti-social: the dark van of pop culture dedicated to 'the giggle' and 'kicks'."

In the same year, the cinema tried to catch up with *Cosh Boy*, a vehicle for James Kenney who was a laughing-stock on my local screen. Best at cornered cowardice, Kenney would shrill, "I never meant to cosh 'er — she butted it — yes, that's it, officer, 'onest — I'll do anything only don't get yer notebook out again." In fact, nowbody got it right until Karel Reisz with *We Are The Lambeth Boys* in 1958.

Caff owners chained the spoon to the tea urn, unilaterally. Dance hall management panicked and brought in a bunch of rules designed to keep the Teds out. 'No jiving or jitterbugging' signs greeted the reveller who got past the turn-up measuring ceremony at the door: anything under 16 inches was barred. "Bin inna rain, in I? You wanna cart your tape-measure over Grinnige, mate, 'ave it seen to."

Waves of violence hit the youth clubs and funfairs, nothing new, but with added circulation appeal after Clapham. Bundle and bovver entered the national vocabulary. Winston Churchill took sweets off the ration, but nobody hung up the gloves.

A contemporary of mine hit on a novel scheme for geeing up the Ghost Train at Blackheath Fair. Teamhanded, he shivved the tent and waited inside for the train. Squeaking at the cobwebs, the first carriage-load of thrill-seekers would rattle round the bend into a non-spectral bike chain or boot. The queue for tickets would melt away as the whey-faced and bloody survivors rattled out into the sunlight. "Ooo — fuck that! I'd rather 'ave anuvver go on the coconuts."

BOTTLE WAS respected above all things. Tales of pluck and valour were told and re-told round the caff. "Only bleedin' nutted 'im so 'is 'ead fell orf, dinee? Only shaved a cart'orse's legs an' sold it to the mounted police. Only steeps 'is cheesecutter in brine. Lad! — 'ang out wiv 'im, you gotta result!"

Fashionable reading dealt entirely in sex 'n' violence, but all pretty pastel by '70s standards. Hank Janson's books — *Slay Ride For Cutie* — were a clear nipple and silencer ahead of the competition which included the unlikely Darcy Glinto and James Hadley Chase. For a while, Janson covers were overprinted by the censors, but strategic viewing next to a light bulb would disclose the original Cutie, geometrical thrusters, peekaboo suspenders, smoking Thompson.

Preminger's film, *The Moon Is Blue*, was the first real challenge to the newly-established 'X' certificate category which supplanted the old 'H' for horror in 1951, but it would hardly bestir a fly-button today. Nudes in *Health & Efficiency* — the only nudes around — were efficiently air-brushed: "Wossis? Where's 'er grumble gorn? Frankly, I'd ravver be un'ealthy and inefficient." Contraceptives — johnnies, nodders — came in packets of three from the barber's; flickknives were banned.

That's the way it was until 1956 when Elvis, Bill Haley and Tommy Steele hit the charts, and commerce woke up to the youth goldmine. The original Teddy Boys missed the party, spending the golden years of the youth boom in gaiters doing National Service.

Unkind words have been written about the pioneers — "the dinosaurs of pop" (Melly) — "the stoicism for them was not a mask but a blank" (Nuttall) — but the unkindest cut of all pretends that they began with rock 'n roll.

They didn't. They were there first. They took the bomb-sites and pre-fabs, the corned-beef caffs and glitter-ball dance palaces, youth clubs, chip shops and dodgem cars, and somehow established a style. The Teddy Boys got the six out of the egg-cup.

A LICKLE LOVE AN' T'I

Interview CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY. Photos PENNIE SMITH. From the Court of the Ranking Dread.

ROBERT NESTA MARLEY resembles a Pharoah when he turns his head: that profile, simultaneously sensual and ascetic with its abrupt stab of goatee beard, looks like something you'd expect to see frescoed on one of the inner walls of a pyramid.

The woollen snakes of his dreadlocks are crammed into a massive beret of red, gold and green huge enough to hold a year's supply of ganja; he's wearing a pair of pyjamas and leather sandals.

The effect is superficially incongruous but it's nothing to get hung about; he's got a brimming glass of orange juice close to hand and an Eko acoustic guitar leans up against the other bed. He's sprawled out with the utter relaxation possible only to a man who's very fit and very stoned.

Bob Marley is holed up in a comfortable service apartment in Bayswater, London. From the outer room, "Exodus" plays at a comfortable volume and Marley's companions hold the fort while the ranking dread holds court in the bedroom.

Marley's been compared to everything from a "black Mick Jagger" (for his charisma, energy and revolutionary attitudes by American rock critics who should know better) to a "black Cliff Richard" (for his religious proselytising by a mouthy Irish new waver who should *definitely* know better — right, Modest Bob?). He's also survived an attempt at political assassination — made when his contributions to the election campaign of Prime Minister Michael Manley got too much for his opponents — an all-too-real manifestation of something that, at various times, the likes of Mick Jagger, Alice Cooper and David Bowie have morbidly fantasised about.

He is now an exile twice over: from both his native homeland of Jamaica — where he cannot return because of the danger of another attempt on his life — and from his spiritual homeland of Africa. Still, life and work go on: he's in Britain right now to complete work on his new album "Kaya", the follow-up to "Exodus", an album which spawned a mind-boggling triad of hit singles: "Exodus" itself, "Waiting In Vain" and "Jamming", the latter double-A-sided with "Punky Reggae Party", a New Wave/Reggae solidarity song co-written with and produced by Les Perry a.k.a. Scratch a.k.a. The Upsetter, the man who produced and sponsored The Wailers' work in the period before the original trio of Marley, Bunny (Wailer) O'Riley and Peter Tosh signed to Island.

"Punky Reggae Party" includes references to The Clash, The Jam, The Damned and Dr Feelgood (not groups who one would have thought made up a regular part of Marley's musical diet), as well as the (for Marley) unlikely line "No boring old farts will be there", so it seemed not unreasonable to open up the proceedings with an inquiry as to how "Punky Reggae Party" came into being.

"Well, y'know, the punks do a song called 'Police And Thieves' and so the man who produce the song — Lee Perry — him have the idea to do this."

Why does he think many punk rockers have made the reggae connection?

"Y'mean most musicians tend fe like to have a slight touch of reggae about the place? Reggae is a good music. . . *truly*, and musicians like it because you can listen to reggae and know that it is a good music, because if anything wrong with it, a musician supposed to know. The only thing can make it wrong is if someone make a mistake and the producer no cares and let it go on."

I'm not sure if he's misunderstood the question or if I've misunderstood the answer or both. For some reason we're both laughing. Listen, you mention The Clash, The Damned, The Jam *et al* on this record. Have you heard them, and what feeling do you get from *their* music?

Back comes the grin. "From their music? Well, Upsetter write it, y'know. Is 'im write it so is 'im really as have the feeling. 'Im like the punks and if 'im like them then me like 'em, y'know wh'mean? Me an' 'im work *close*."

Well, that would seem to be that for "Punky Reggae Party" and hey, I ain't gonna be the one to use a phrase like "Jah Punk" in this conversation. It seems (thankfully) that Marley isn't either, and that takes us to "Kaya", the new(est) album.

EARLIER IN the day, I'd been furnished with a cassette of the first four tracks from "Kaya" to be mastered and cut." "Sun Is Shining" and the title track are older songs first recorded by the original Wailers with Lee Perry, and the original versions can be located by the curious and discerning on Trojan's "African Herbsman" album. The other two tracks on the cassette were "Is It Love" (the new single) and "Easy Skanking".

In fact, I'd been told that most of "Kaya" was material originally laid down at the "Exodus" sessions.

"All of it was recorded during that time of

NG

'Exodus'. What really 'appen is we have all of these songs and to re'earse dem all the while we figure might as well jus' get them recorded. So we record them so we can get them off our heads and think about some other *new* songs, y'know?"

Yeah, but if Marley wants to get to the new songs, why re-record so many older ones? Such songs from the Island Wailers' catalogue as "Small Axe", "Duppy Conqueror", "Lively Up Yourself", "Trenchtown Rock", "400 Years", "Night Shift" and "Put It On" derive from the Trojan years and before. Is it because he hears them differently now?

"Some of them really mean a lot to me, y'know? But them never really get justice like in production, so if you don't do them over it them lost."

By the way, how's your foot? I ask. (Last year Marley had an operation on his right big toe for the removal of a cyst.)

"Yeah, I play some football and get into a hurting. They make a big t'ing 'bout it, but. . ." he giggles ". . .pure skank. Pure *SKANK*. This the year of the punk, y'know? The buoys have a t'ing in their ear and me have a toe. . .the year of the punk!"

What does "Kaya" mean, Bob?

" 'Erb. Man sometimes seh 'kaya' because he sell 'erb in the yard and people seh him can't come in because he sell 'erb so he seh 'kaya' or something else he call it. 'Kaya' is a favourite name for it."

Yeah, you have to keep coming up with new names for it so The Man don't know what you're talking about . . .

"Yeah mon. *Seen.*"

. . . 'cause everybody knows what 'ganja' means now.

"Seen."

MARLEY'S BEEN out of Jamaica for quite a while now, I wonder if he's getting homesick?

"Yeah, me can say me really misss the yout' 'cause me like to have plenty yout' round me, but me not get depressed because me like what I do when me not there. Me really dig it. Me been in Miami a lot, but the weather wasn't good for Miami. When I was there it went down to thirty, but the sun shine every day even when it get cool. Me make a wood fire and it nice. But Jamaica still the best."

So where's number two?

"Well, Jamaica number two still. My number one is Africa, with Jamaica number two."

Africa's something of a sore spot with Marley. Whispers have it that Jah Bob did try to visit East Africa at one point but was refused admittance to Ethiopia. He prefers to say that the time was not right for him to go there.

"I get the urge that the time is right when the yout' unite in Jamaica. *Then* the time is right for Africa. If you go to Africa when the yout' is not unite in a Jamaica then somethin' wrong somewhere. Need to have some kinda *proof* fe walk with. When the yout' is unite in Jamaica then is a nice time fe go to Africa, because then you can say there is example."

Marley has had to get clear of J.A. because of the astonishingly heavy situation that his unique position has created for him. It would be impossible, for example, to conceive of a situation wherein a British or American rock star would have to pack his leaving trunk due to fear of political assassination. Indeed, it is virtually unimaginable for any British or American rock and roller to get to a position where he and his work are considered that politically important. So obviously Bob Marley can't stay on the street — not because he's too precious to let his boots touch concrete, but because political guns are out for him.

It's in the light of that that one must ask him if he's changed — inside of himself — because of his success.

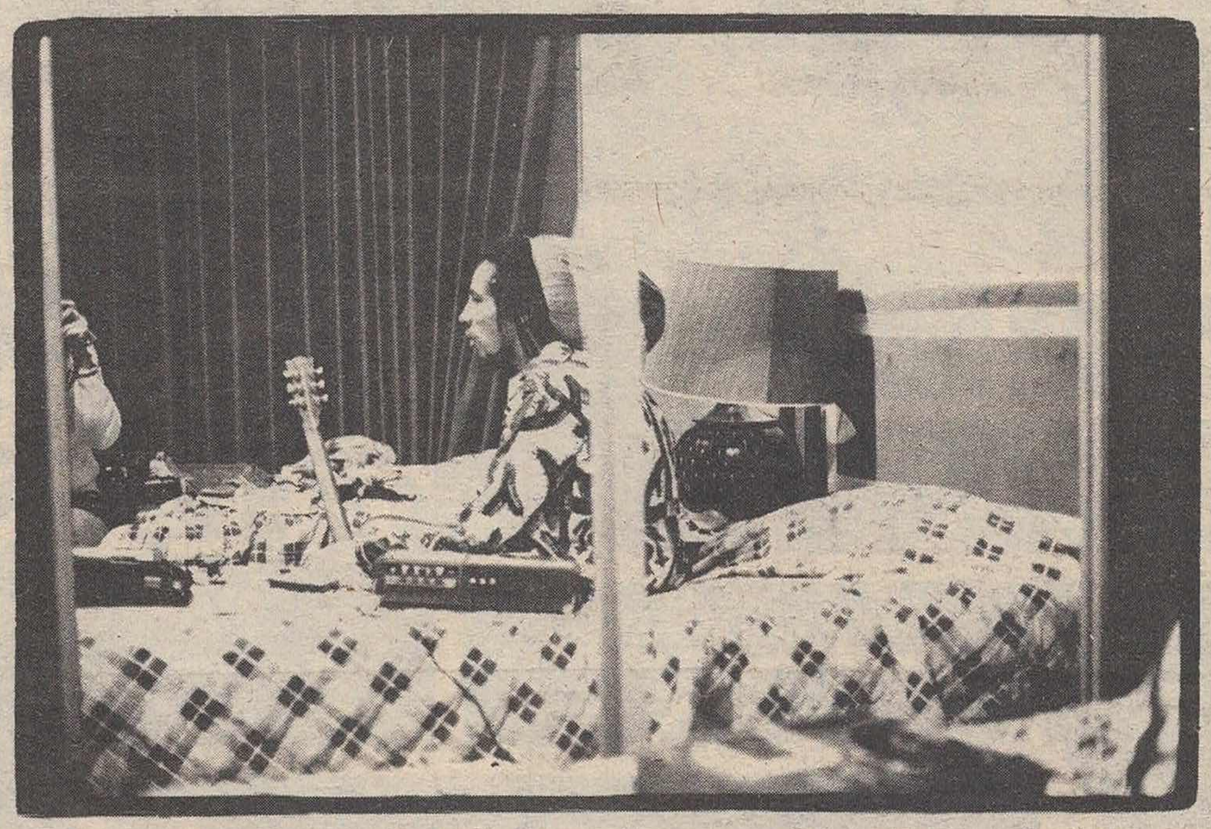
"Me change before me can change again. That mean that all of me changes me go through already. This is where me want to be . . . Rasta . . . y'know wh'mean. A yout' go in all directions. Them may change because — y'know — ideas are just ideas, but when y'have a commitment to somet'ing then you can't change just like that."

One of the entourage comes in with a proof of the "Kaya" album cover — "t'ank you, skippah!" — the front of which depicts a serene, smiling Marley fronded in leaves, and the back a mighty spliff — along the lines of Yggdrasil, the Tree Of Life from Norse mythology — with its roots deep in the earth and its blazing head in the clouds. Be seein' ya down Woolworths with *this* one, dreadee.

Marley seizes on the sleeve. "This is a spliff . . . a spliff, right? And this is the earth . . . the eart' a smoke the spliff and leaves a come out of the spliff same time . . . and the roots, yeah! Man who make this really 'ard . . . really 'ard worker."

Hey Bob, while we're on the subject of 'erb, how come you can put away such a colossal amount of the stuff and still amanage to stay upright, let alone play football, put on a dynamite show an' t'ing? Most people I know wander around in circles with their eyes crossed and then fall over if they smoke that much.

"T'ing is . . . you shouldn't smoke so much. You shouldn't smoke 'erb like me. You should smoke just a little bit when you feel like a draw. If it don't make you feel good. One shouldn't smoke more than . . . Smoking's a t'ing like . . . if you just start smoke, you smoke one draw an' it get you high, good? Tomorrow, you smoke one draw an' it don't get you as high as the first draw so you automatically take two draw. An' next day you



take three draw until you ready to smoke a spliff, but it shouldn't get to where you smoke 'til you drop on the ground. That na right."

He chuckles. "That na right."

Marley's albums show a clear continuity — or rather, they have done ever since he started making albums *as albums* at the beginning of the Island deal. This progression has become quite definite, and so — following the clear call-to-arms of "Exodus" — what kind of step in the journey does "Kaya" represent?

"It's like . . . you reach a certain spot, right? In your journey, it's like you're driving down the highway and you reach a rest-place and you go in and get a cup of coffee an' t'ing and this is that. Slow down and take it e-e-e-easy . . . 'Easy Skanking', y'know. Just take a lickle bit easy right now. You just can't go on hard all the time . . . got to take a lickle bit easy sometime.

"So this is like a rest . . . for some kaya . . ."

We both found ourselves saying, "Stop for a smoke" at the same time. Marley dissolves into a cloud of laughter and slaps palms, mutters, "Raaaaaaasclaat!"

He collapses in a seemingly endless fit of giggles.

"EVENTUALLY he regains his composure. "For the next one we go at it really 'ard 'cause we gotta make up the energy, make up the distance. Dem call that 'political' but no more. More like just *natural*, not the love song, more *pure* like 'Rastaman Vibration'. Me write them love song sometime but me can't write them songs all the time because I could just write them every day quick-quick!

"But a love song is really an easy song for us. Go ahead an' tell a girl seh, 'should I leave you or should I come with you?' or 'we had a nice t'ing going which we don't have any more' . . . *easy* t'ing to write."

Yeah, but *both* kinds of songs are important . . .

"*Yeh mon! Very important!* Album like this, now . . ." he gestures towards the "Kaya" sleeve over on the other bed, "you might have a young girl going to school or a young yout' going to school not knowing nothin' 'bout Rasta . . . they might like 'She's Gone' from this album, see? If them like 'She's Gone', automatically them might like somet'ing else becasue them have the album . . . and then from the word go they read the word and the word seh 'Jah'.

"It never leave." "It never leave any man who hear the word 'Rasta'. Dem tellya dem *never forgot* that word because y'just don't forgot it. But y'have fe invite. You can't just . . .

"It's not everyone that you could a tell. Men are the same — war. Men do the same — fighting. Men need the same — a lickle love an' t'ing, y'know?

"Because it is no great pleasure — y'know — to sing 'bout suffering because me no feel like people should a really suffer, and it is not a great thing to sing about suffering, but y'have to sing about it because it a go on.

"I think t'ings a gone improve this year because yout' a gonna be united. Too many things a go on. Too *scatter*. You need fe *unite*. It start a Jamaica, and once it start a Jamaica then it gonna be a full-scale unity all over. God, Jamaica's a hard place to get unity . . . really 'ard. But once it start and get serious . . .

"But Marcus Garvey tell 'em that the yout' gon' come together one day. The greatest t'ing that ever happen to me in my life a happen that I ever know about is that the yout' in a Jamaica seh that they gonna stop kill one another because of *politics*."

He virtually spits the last word, expelling it from his mouth as he would the taste of some awful evil.

The tak of unity is not mere wishful thinking; a few weeks ago the warring gunmen of rival Kingston ghettoes set aside their difference and called a truce to their political fighting.

"That me live to see the day when them seh that . . . Dem try to kill me before when I seh that. Plenty gunshot come after me because they no want me to see the day when the yout' am come together . . . the yout' in Jamaica say they no fight politics, because it got very *nasty* with machine gun . . . and it just be *yout' an' yout'* who suffer the same thing, so them seh *no more'a dat*. That will be a very great achievement and everybody gon' benefit from it because it gon' be an example."

Yeah, it's an old situation . . . like in the States, where The Man sends junk and exploitation into the ghetto to keep oppressed people fighting each other and ripping each other off, so that they never get to recognise and fight their real enemies . . .

Marley erupts. *"Seen! Seen! Seen! Seen!* That is what *really happen!* But somebody gon' get wise in the crowd and see it but when dem figure y'have me roun' you for seven years — seen? — and there was a time when they could sent me with the t'ings 'cause I no know. Figure me *right*. But me read in a newspaper seh *this* man gone to war with *that* country and in a next country political t'ings start; man shoot man so . . . it just happen in a Jamaica. Put a man in one place for seven years, he a see it.

"There will come a time when he will look upon it and seh 'What *is* this? This man a no try and help me. Him no care if someone a try and kill me or send me to try and shoot somebody'. And then the yout' are gon say *no more'a dat*.

"And then the guy uptown really gon' feel it. *Uptown feel it, mon!*" Y'know wh'mean?"

Seen, Bob.

I TELL MARLEY about Norman Mailer's famous proposal that disputes between countries — or, more accurately, disputes between *governments* — be settled by single combat between the leaders of those governments, thereby affecting no innocents whatsoever.

Marley is highly taken with this notion.

"Who seh dat?"

An American writer named Norman Mailer.

"If they follow that scale it would be better because the guy who lead a country he would have to be physically fit." Another explosion of laughter. "And if him physically fit then automatically him brains and everyt'ing work right, 'cause if him naw fit him brain naw work good. 'Im have to be the President because it gon' be a 'eavyweight world.

"Guy has a gun, and he got a bullet instead of a hit.

"It's really a great idea what 'Im (Mailer) seh, but them guys naw do that. Me myself t'ink more that the people can force them to do that if the people get the idea. So much people naw be dead if fe his idea. Naw send the innocent people get dead fe him. Really terrible . . ."

Further discussion of this topic was clouded by considering the consequences of a 15-round refereed bout between Jimmy Carter and Idi Amin. I wish I'd thought to ask Marley what *he* thinks of Idi Amin, because a lot of Jamaicans seem to dig Amin simply because he's black, holds power and has run a few rings round the bigshot Western countries. However, I'd've thought that it was a bit hard to groove on Big Daddy unless you're into genocide, torture and institutionalised terrorism. Still . . .

"Everybody wan' get rich," Marley says at length, after we've both recovered, "because politics is just people wan' get rich."

No, politics isn't so much the drive for wealth as the drive for power, for the ability to *control* . . .

"Yeah. That hurt. T'ing that *hurt*, mon. Really hurt. Seen. Too true. Once you wanna be a politician, man, you don't know what you want to be already."

"Politics is a weird situation. They never give me a chance to try and give some help. All they do is try to kill me, and it slow up the yout'. The plan I have . . . not a plan but — ideas me have to try and help yout'. *True* politics. Politicians naw t'ink clean of no-one, 'cause way them think, think everyone think same way, so when plenty you't come them try an' kill me."

Did anyone ever catch up with the guys who tried to kill you, I ask. A second later I get wise to myself. *Silly question.*

Marley looks at me pityingly. He shakes his head and laughs.

Yeah, but surely people must know who they are . . .

"Well, mon, you know . . . we know is who . . . but even them innocent . . ."

Seen, Bob. The men who pulled the triggers ain't as guilty as the men who pulled *their* triggers .

"That's why Jamaica become such a place, Cannot live in our country, y'have no *protection*. Is neither with Russia nor with America. Is with your own.

"Rasta. Rasta seh peace an' love an' life. If we ever get guns and rule people an' force an' do dem t'ing, all who have to do with us will seh, 'he's not Rasta.'

"We seen people who are not Rasta. We seen the terrible things that happen to them, an' we don't want to be one of them people. So when Rasta get strong them try kill the people who have some lickle potentials.

"But the yout' will come together, seen? Come together united. Make it much *easier* . . .

SUMMER WOULDN'T have been summer these last few years without the by now, almost statutory Marley concerts. From the Lyceum in '75 (the gig that produced the live album), Hammersmith Odeon in '76 and the Rainbow in '77, they've gotten steadily less enjoyable; not due to any deterioration on the part of Marley and The Wailers, but simply because of the constricting qualities of the latter two venues. Marley sees it the same way, but cites the high incidence of theft and intimidation at the Lyceum — by what one of our less salubrious national newspapers referred to as "a gang of Rastafarian youths" — as a reason why he didn't return there.

"If a yout' is weak, an he not have education, not have education of his *own* . . . education cause a lot of problem. Education is good, but they naw teach 'bout the history of their own. Me no come know about *Rasta*, know about *Africa*. Had to search for that *myself*, but they teach me 'bout Christopher Columbus and 'bout Marco Polo. It was hard to learn because that was the teaching that them give, instead of teaching about Africa, Christianity, Africa, Solomon an' David an' show them the way black people used to live, how black people *supposed* to live, how *all* people supposed to live.

"People out on the street them *ignorant*, man! None of them know how to live! Them should really know what is right and what is wrong because to teach them 'bout Marco Polo is not in their culture. Is just a brainwash.

"Alright. I don't say, 'Don't teach about Marco Polo.' Teach about Marco Polo, but teach 'em of Selassie I too, or Marcus Garvey or some a dem people too. Else people grow up on the street *Ignorant*, know nothing about themselves, think them *nothing*, because where dem teach 'im learn nothing about 'imself."

Still, it's good that these things can be taught through music, that people can sing about it . . .

"That is the t'ing now where the best thing happen in the music, that people are singing about it, and that is inspiration, because them people naw read naw *book* fe know 'bout Rasta . . ."

ROUND ABOUT this point, Bob's concentration (and mine) received an interruption by way of the last of what had been an endless series of peremptory 'phone calls. When we reconvened, I showed Marley the Stiff Records biro (yeah mon, one a dem bloodclaat promotional devices that record companies lay on Media Folk to make sure that we think of themand their fabulous Artistes and Wonderful Product as often as possible).

This particular doodad is a transparent little number containing a genuine US $2000 bill. "Deminted" has nothing to do with the flavour, it means that the US Mint — in their infinite wisdom — decided that for some technical reason these bills were unfit to mingle with the rest of their product. The bill has, of course, been shredded into confetti to prevent any embarassment to those of their customers who may not be so discriminating about the more obscure details of a $2000 bill that someone may be waving in their faces in proposed exchange for some goods or service.

Anyway, I haul this pen out and show it Marley, who is highly intrigued.

"Who the man who put this together??? Two t'ousand dollar bill? Genuine? Yeah mon, this a . . . *raaasclaaaaaaaat!!!*"

He explodes into laughter again.

"If you go to Jamaica, seh 'This a two t'ousand dollar bill in here', man put it together. Just seh, 'Got a lickle job for you, man, put it together . . .'"

Do you want to keep it, Bob?

"Keep it? T'ank you very much, man."

He rummages in the brown paper bag next to his glass of orange juice.

"Y'wan' some 'erb, mon?"

SERIOUS T'ING. It's difficult to feel that you've got anything like the measure of a man in a 90-minute meeting, and God knows that the rock and roll interview isn't necessarily the best framework for that, anyway.

Let's just say that I had these cloudy visions a little while later of me asking Marley exactly how he played his rydim on the guitar and he showed me this lick and the had me try it while he sang along and shook his red, gold and green woolly mushroom in time.

At one point I remember him saying, "T'ings so good on eart' we send men fe go to moon to see if anybody need any help up there." Another time he seemed to be delivering this sermon about how men trust doctors too much and God too little.

So Pharoah, so good.

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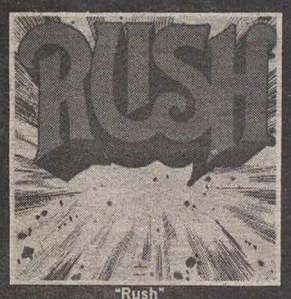

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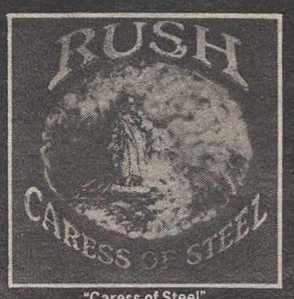

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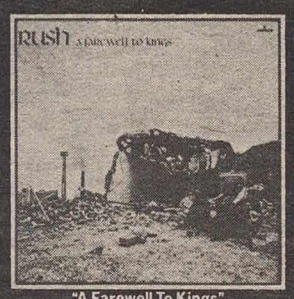

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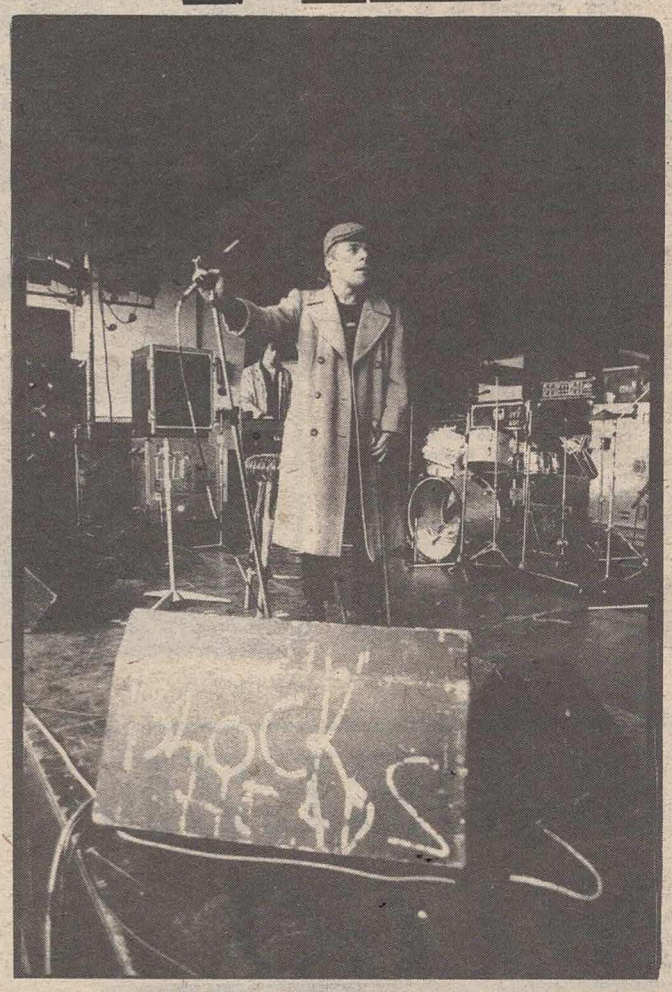

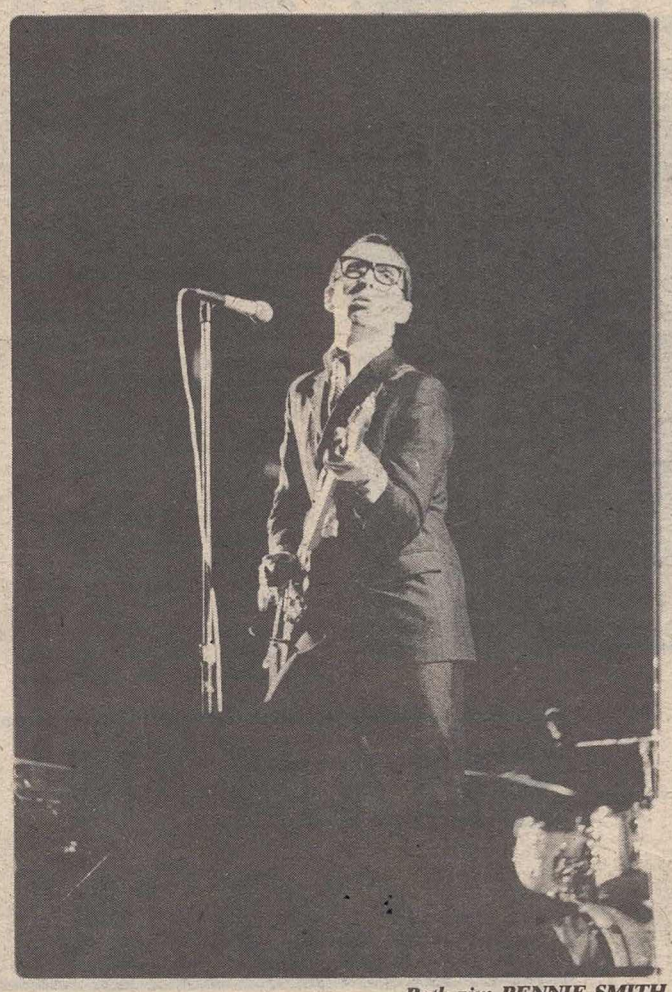

Both pix: PENNIE SMITH

IF IT'S A LIVE, IT'S A STIFF

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Live Stiffs" (Stiff)

AS THE Japanese fisherman exclaimed when he saw the prehistoric fish in his nets: "This is something else again."

A rare beast indeed ... certainly remote from the majority of the current glut of live albums that fashion, technology, and contract-filling tactics have unleashed on the great record-buying public.

No, this item harks back more to an era when oily promoters saw fit to parcel up a whole slew of currently flighty names into a rock bonanza with which to zap the nation's Locarno and Gaumont circuit for teenage loot. You know — The Beatles supporting Helen Shapiro, Gene Pitney with The Stones. . .

Not that the acts showcased on "Live Stiffs" represent gross culture clash of that order, but that's how long it's been since package tours like this were put together over here; in this context an honourable mention for the "Anarchy" tour — if only someone had got that down on tape for posterity. The Stiff package in any case suggests more of a zany British rock update on the great Stax / Volt and Motown Revues that the American soul labels organised in the '60s.

But to the origin of this epic recording of an historic and memorable moment in the great march of rock and roll tradition blah blah ... The "Live Stiffs" gig at London's Lyceum which furnished this recording was the best rock gig I witnessed last year, equalled for rather different reasons by Burning Spear at The Rainbow.

The scene — backstage, the finale of the UK Rolling Blunder Revue where a motley assortment of road-hardened (well, most of 'em) musical veterans lock fretboards and egos, share blood, beer, and women, the whole carnival held together by the fierce human chemistry that musicians living in the rough camraderie of the road drum up to keep themselves sane. Well, you know what musicians are like (You *don't??* I won't disillusion you).

Onstage, no less than three drum kits stride the stage. Gibsons and Fenders are stacked like rifles round a camp fire, amps littered like ammo boxes, a camera and sound crew maintain a ceaseless vigil, and a distant coyote calls from across the river at Lambeth ...

As the compere — one Kosmo Vinyl, a young artisan of London Town — barks out his introduction, the customers grog their foaming pints of fetid ale and the pretty oyster girls move through the gaslit throng selling their wares ... no, hang on, this is the modern world ... Nick Lowe and Dave Edmands *run* onstage (Betcha didn't know Nick Lowe could run, did you?) and slam straightway into "I Saw The Bride". Vox AC 30s swell with pride ...

Still, never mind the concert, here's the record. No visuals (though there is a film / video). What makes "Live Stiffs" such an odd record is firstly that there's five artists on it. In order, on side one you get two tracks from Nick Lowe (with Dave Edmands), two cuts from Wreckless Eric, and one from Larry Wallis. On side two there's two cuts from Elvis Costello and The Attractions, two from Ian Dury and The Blockheads, and the grand slam finale of "Sex and Drugs and Rock & Roll" sung football terrace style from everyone, which meant that stage was goddamn full.

The best stuff's on side two. The Lowe / Edmands tracks are not as good as they should be and probably were on other nights when they weren't opening. Here the spark never quite ignites the mixture; the choruses on "I Knew The Bride" fall flat and "Let's Eat" is too undistinguished a song to do much other than take the audience past the opening rush.

Wreckless Eric makes out better on disc than he did on the night. Ian Dury plays refuse collector drums as the diminutive one drums up an interesting version of his best song, "Semaphore Signals", a story of thwarted teen romance. "Reconnez Cherie" — a studio version of which is the man's new single — is too ragged, but any song that cops part of its melody from The Drifters "Save The Last Dance For Me" has to have something going for it.

Larry Wallis didn't take off his shades and "I'm A Police Car" stays likewise incommunicado; an interlude. Nice spot on the solo, mine's a pint, and I never did care much for fuzz wagons.

Dury and his Blockheads stole the show on the night but Elvis Costello and his Attractions steal the album with his poignant reading of Bacharach/ David's "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself", sung virtually acapella. A screaming intense version of "Miracle Man" will have Costello freaks panting for more, and is an almost arrogant affirmation that the man is one of the most compelling live performers we have, as well as one of the very best songwriters.

At the time I couldn't see how Ian Dury could follow El and come out on top but he did. His stage presence is uncannily hypnotic. He is a timeless perfomer, an unholy incarnation of mediaeval court jester, Max Miller music hall star, greasy '50s rock and roller and '70s roots hero. "Wake Up And Make Love To Me" and "Billericay Dickie" from the man's top ten (!!) album should need no introduction, and the versions here are fine, just fine. But of course, when yer can *see 'im* an all ...

Incidentally, the playing — on side two especially — is throwaway great. By which I mean that these guys make no big deal about the fact they're classy musicians. (None of that, Look Ma, it's my solo stuff) they just *get on wiv it!* After more years than I care to remember of pompous technical posturing (you know who I'm talking about), that alone is like a breath of fresh air. Like the whole Stiff operation really ...

Neil Spencer

IF IT'S DEAD, IT'S SIX FEAT UNDER

LITTLE FEAT
Waiting For Columbus (Warner Brothers)

FEATOPHILES are going to feel the soft irony in calling this "Waiting For Columbus". The promised land turned sour on him too, except he didn't have to hang around to watch.

Ladies and gentlemen, say aloha to Little Feat. We have every right to expect a live album from this bunch to be an unchained demolition derby. Ask anyone who owns the "Electrif Lycanthrope", "Live In Paris" or "Rampant Synchopatio" undercounter items for confirmation. When Feat hit their stride there isn't an entity that comes anywhere close to the high-tensile cakewalk strut and *dirty* rock'n'roll they kick up.

If you saw them at Hammersmith or on the Doobie Brothers tour, when they threw eggs all over the headliners, then you don't need to be told this. But if you were witness to the sorry debacle that was the recording of this album at the Rainbow, or indeed if your first encounter with the Feat live phenomenon is said album, then you'll probably wonder what I'm talking about.

"Waiting For Columbus" is a testament to a group in the throes of either short-circuit, or a serious creative impasse. It might even be a tombstone.

Time was when Little Feat could dump all over practically any band in captivity. Their repertory of pimps, truckers, street-walkers, housewives and hustlers nursing broken hearts and backseat fantasies was positive anathema to the endless gaggle of California highway cowboys. Feat's blacktop was aways two crumbling lanes baking under a hot desert, coming in on the Puerto Rican side of town, back of the tracks.

And like all real rock'n'roll bands they plundered a black legacy. Lowell George stole wryly from the blues — his *"she got one foot on the platform and the other one on the train"*, for example, is a play on the imagery of Robert Johnson's "Love In Vain" — while Feat did what all white boys do with black magic: they turned it up, powerhoused the rhythm via Ritchie Hayward's New Orleans backslide beat, and stomped on it.

Thus one of the saddest sights at the Rainbow last year was Ritchie Hayward falling asleep over his drum kit, whereas the year before he was bouncing like a mad cat on the hot seat.

But not half as sad as seeing Lowell George listlessly deliver as little as he could get away with, singing as though the only thing that meant anything to him anymore was churning out hits for Linda Ronstadt. As for his guitar playing — for a man who could once make lizards crawl up and down walls, it was pathetic.

Feat snoozing

All of which is captured in unfortunate confirmation and full detumescence here.

No surprises, no sign of lost Feat pearls like "Chevy 39", "High Roller"" "Eldorado Slim" or "Front Page News", and a shameful exclusion of the regular "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" barnstorm.

Just a runthrough of accustomed favourites and the enigmatic sleeve presence of Elliott Ingber (aka Winged Eel Fingerling), whose links with the Zappa/Beefheart and Fraternity Of Man — — remember "Don't Bogart That Joint" — axis from which Little Feat emanated, go only part of the way to explaining his photo credit. Maybe they had to get him in to dub the slide parts . . .

If you're interested in the proposition of Little Feat live, but aren't familiar with the bootlegs, then become so. Because after the bootlegs, which George himself recommends, there isn't much point in this.

Unless, that is, you really want hear "Dixie Chicken" murdered with mock Mardi Gras horn swinging from the toally gratuitous Tower Of Power, or you want to hear the band slip into a carnival time trot for Bill Payne's synthesiser solo on "Tripe Face Boogie".

If Payne wants to take the band into jazz-funk areas he's going to need more than the one lick he's worked up so far. Whatever happened to the harrowing electronic playground

Lowell George producing

he discovered on "Roll Um Easy" "Shit Hits The Fans" or the "Feats Don't Fail Me" version of "Tripe Face Boogie"?

Ignoring the cuts that can be found live-er elsewhere leaves "Time Loves A Hero", "Day Or Night", "Mercenery Territory" and "Rocket In My Pocket" to tempt the afficionado. The latter two, despite their high potential in terms of razor-edge performance and funk tension quotient, fall flat on their face in a lather of aimless horns. The former two are a non-event.

Really, I wish I hadn't had to listen to this album. Seeing my one time ace faves go flaccid in front of me was bad enough. Hearing them turn a hot biscuit like "Feats Don't Fail Me Now" into a sub-Delaney And Bonnie fishfry plain hurts.

"Time Loves A Hero" or — to use its original monicker — "Six Feat Under" evinced Bill Payne's growing control of the Feat helm — check the photo on the back here for symbolic proof. "Waiting For Columbus" is, like most live shots, merely treading water whilst everybody decides what to do now.

The plain fact is that if Little Feat become Bill Payne's group then they're not Little Feat anymore. So it all hangs on what Lowell George does next. We're still on tenterhooks.

Paul Rambali

Pic: JULIE MADDEN

Not Shammed . . .

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

But Squeezed.

SHAM 'N' SQUEEZE
GO 'N NO GO

SHAM 69
Tell Us The Truth (Polydor)

IF THE Berlin Wall in "Holidays In The Sun" really is the gap between the stage and the fans (as Rotten declared at the Uxbridge Pistols gig last year), then Sham 69 are currently closer than any other band to crossing it.

I had me doubts when I saw that there was a live side on this Sham debut. But that little worry wasn't worth it. "Tell Us The Truth" doesn't attempt to build any castles in the air.

It's live in the true sense of the word. The audience are there with the band all the way — on the same level. Sham 69 are one band who could never leave their fans feeling inadequate — even if Jimmy Pursey has to tell them not to invade the stage.

This is audience participation captured like nothing since the "Live at the Roxy" album.

"Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner . . . If you're praaaad to be a Cockney clap yer 'ands . . . Knees up muvva Braaaaaaan . . . Skeeenneeeeaad!!"

It's all there, including inevitably the pathetic All Boys Together gang mentality so prevalent in some sections of the Sham audience.

Sham 69 are derivative. This album could never have been made were it not for the all-pervading influence of The Clash and The Pistols. In fact most of the songs — with notable exceptions on the studio side like "Hey Little Rich Boy", "What About The Lonely", "It's Never Too Late" and the title track — are not particularly memorable. But Sham deliver with an intensity and conviction which sets them apart from the New Wave flotsam. They really *do* communicate.

Never mind the suits, ties and plastic ultrabrite smiles, here's the passion and anger of a kid with one hell of a chip on his shoulder.

Two of the tracks on the live side — "Ulster" and an immensely danceable twelve-bar song by the name of "Borstal Breakout" — have already appeared in single form, but nowhere near as raunchy as on the album.

The songs need little explanation and, if there is one needed, Jimmy "The Mouth" Pursey is on hand to tell the crowd just what he means, and then he lays it right on the line, no messing. There can be few songs more straightforward than the opening "We Got A Fight", a plea against mindless violence:

"I went out on a Saturday night/I got in a bleeding fight/ All the lads came down with me/I ended up in the bleedin' gutter".

On a completely different level there's the scary desperation of "They Don't Understand":

"Everyone keeps telling me I'm gonna be free/We all know we'll never be free/I wanna take a knife and end my life/Don't understand, No they don't understand."

Some hilarious amateur dramatics in the form of a playlet acted out by Jimmy and his mother open the studio side. Guitarist Dave Parsons — composer with Pursey of all but one of the songs — tries nothing fancy. He's a master of the ten second guitar break. The riff on "Hey Little Rich Boy" is thrilling in its simplicity, while there's more than a nod to Johnny Ramone on "Borstal Breakout". The playing is (dare I say it) minimal, and on a couple of occasions horribly out of tune, but the Shams are more about emotional than musical credibility.

It's "Never Too Late" proves that soul searching, self-centred lyrics aren't the sole concern of the Devotos of this world, the haunting repetition of *"Nobody really cares who you are, who you are . . ."* ramming home Jimmy's confusion and desperation. Shades of early Townshend in that song and a bit of '60's harmony in the vocal, too.

"Jimmy Pursey Is Innocent", chant the punters at one point. Innocent as in naive. Also bitter and sometimes bigoted, but still so much a man (or a boy?) of the street. It's easy to see why he gets up so many backs. He sings straight from the heart. Either that or he's a Grade A con merchant.

Final track on the album is the strangest. Penned by Pursey alone, "Whose Generation" is the Shams in Kraftwerk territory. A motorik workout over the "My Generation" riff with weird dub-like effects sifting in and out. And what about the doomy tolling bell at the end of the track? Is Jimmy having us all on?

But if that all seems a little too pretentious, you can always simply flick back to the more familiar territory of the live side — rock 'n' roll at its basic best.

I dunno, maybe it's because I'm a Londoner . . .

Adrian Thrills

SQUEEZE
Squeeze (A&M)

THERE'S NOT much future in a rock band which doesn't rock.

The trouble with this debut by Squeeze is that it's so nondescript. The songs don't bounce out of the grooves, they seem to crawl reluctantly off the turntable. John Cale's production doesn't appear to have done the band any real justice, unless it's all just too subtle for me.

Inside one of the ugliest covers I've ever seen you get 12 songs which sound like The Bonzo's "Mr Apollo" stretched to 40 minutes. Very butch little numbers about what girls and boys do. The vocals, by Chris Difford and Glen Tilbrook, are completely devoid of character or passion; the instrumental work lacks all the muscle the cover boasts.

From the opening plod of "Sex Master", the tracks seem to lope at an amiable medium pace towards no particular conclusion. Not enough tunes, too many squeaks and howls passing for technical mastery.

The two best tracks are "Bang Bang" and "Take Me I'm Yours", both produced by Squeeze. The first is a curious little cameo with distant backing vocals, an amusing novelty which works better than anything else on the record.

"Take Me I'm Yours" is the single, a distinctive rhythm with humorous Turkish Delight lyrics. Weak but clever, pleasant despite the dragging guitar solo.

"Strong In Reason" is painfully monotonous, "The Call" sounds like a blocked drain and "Out Of Control" is the mildest thing since Clark Kent.

The soft harmonies and general laidback feel could almost make this an MOR crossover, the last thing I expected from a band with Squeeze's reputation. The last track, "Get Smart", a lively but unremarkable excuse for raunch, almost salvages the exercise but is ruined by the intensely repetitive lyrics.

"There's evil in goodness and goodness in bad . . ." **is a fair sample of the group's lyrical proficiency. That line opens "The First Thing Wrong", a neatly paced track with a smooth bluesy feel — very nice but with the same absence of tune and direction that pervades the whole record.**

Squeeze are good musicians and probably wonderful human beings. I thought I'd enjoy the album and was as disappointed with it as Squeeze will be with this review. I just hope the gent on the cover doesn't read it.

Kim Davis

ERIC BURDON
Survivor (Polydor)

ERIC BURDON'S career stretches over 15 years — from the British R&B movement of the early '60s with The Animals, through his acid drenched days with The New Animals, to his chaotic lifestyle five years ago. A rock 'n' roll casualty, the victim of the worst excesses of the music industry, Burdon is undoubtedly a survivor.

There are few, if any, British singers who can come close to Burdon at his best. Musically he can be savage, his voice spurting out like boiling tar to lie imposingly thick over any backing band, no matter how gifted.

At his worst he's a tame croaker, devoid of genuine soul and adopting an artificially black voice. Ironically, he has often disclaimed his own gut talent to use 'politics' and 'social conscience' to feebly disguise his own artistic incapabilities.

He has been misguided, clubbed and robbed by business baddies, and he's been unable to hold a band together longer than an atishoo. His last solo album "Stop" comprised studio out-takes, whereas his previous set "Sun Secrets" had partly reaffirmed that his talent had not been amputated.

"Survivor" is an optimistic title, and there are moments when it's totally justified. But there are songs and music on the album which show that no matter how strongly determined he is, Burdon can still lose himself.

Thankfully the recording is free of heavy sessioneers, although all the musicians are familiar and respected names. The guitarists are Colin Pincott, Jeff Whitehorn, Ken Parry, Alexis Korner and Frank Dietz. Alvin Taylor's on drums; bass chores alternate between Dave Dover and Steffi Stephan. There are keyboards from Rabbit, Juergen Fritz and good ole Zoot Money, who wrote eight of the ten songs with Eric. P.P. Arnold, Maggie Bell and Vicky Brown contribute some very dubious background vocals.

It's a capable, sometimes powerful and occasionally sensitive studio rock 'n' roll band.

But only on the fourth track on side one, the superb lyrical scenario "Tomb Of The Unknown Singer", does Burdon emerge in his full glory. And by then the listener has had to suffer "Rocky", a blatantly commercial slab of disposable junk, "Woman Of The Rings" and "The Kid" both of which border on Dylan impersonations.

Side two follows a similar formula. Eric successfully but wrongly disguises his raw voice on "Hollywood Woman", sings superbly on the only non-original cut, the lazily acoustic "I Was Born To Sing The Blues". Later he works his way through material that is rarely anything but mediocre, with the exception of the rock 'n' roll of "P.O. Box 500".

In many ways the album is a disappointment, if only because Burdon is obviously committed, makes supreme efforts in his singing and writing, but eventually fails to channel all his hard work and dedication.

In many respects "Survivor" is the story of this Geordie's experiences: erratic, worthwhile and worthless, dull but sometimes exciting. Lyrically we're allowed glimpses into his character, with the recollection of Burdon's beastly beatitudes in Amsterdam with "Hook Of Holland" and his picaresque involvement with guns, hookers and hoods on "The Kid" and "Highway Dealer".

"Survivor" is not the album Eric Burdon's capable of making. Hopefully that's his next one.

Tony Stewart

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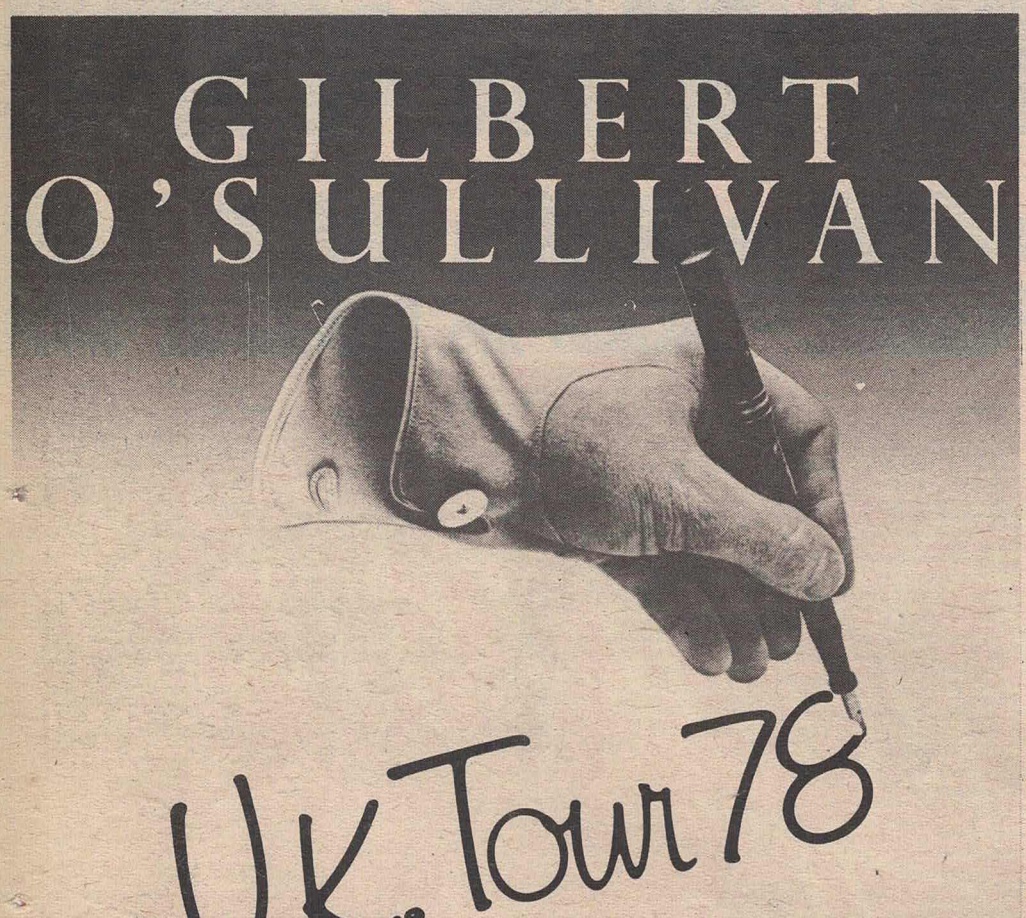

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THE TUBES
What More Could You Want From Live? (A&M)

THIS IS, quite frankly, a pretty miserable failure on almost any level. It isn't witty or abrasive even.

The humour is trite, obvious and leaden, shallow and often obnoxious. The music is too slick for its own good, all techno-flash frills and doodles that only end up consumating the specious superficiality of the whole undertaking.

Some opening lambast, huh! Laying my cards on the table, I should state that the Tubes gig I witnessed last November at the Hammersmith Odeon was arguably the most overrated and easily the most boring rock show I'd seen all year.

I was at first miserably disappointed and then quickly lulled into a state of extreme boredom by the sheer lack of substance supporting the onstage gallivanting and, frankly, feeble satire.

Back then I preferred to put the gig's shortcomings down to it just being an off night for The Tubes — their first gig here and all that. And yet here I am three months later, reviewing the goddam 'official' live album and it sounds exactly like the same miserably routine show I saw — note for note, line for line, the sketches alternating between the brash and the plain leaden.

So what exactly do you get out of these four sides? Well, side one kicks off with the obligatory "Overture". Mixed in with all the *not* unpleasant techno-flash is the promise of some possibly dynamic pacing through numbers like "Got Yourself A Deal" and "Show Me A Reason", both taken from previous albums and played dead straight. As it happens these two songs are so forgettable and lacking in any real character that they could appear on any Chicago album and you wouldn't know the difference.

"What Do You Want From Life?" is a step in the right direction even though it sounds exactly like a rejected skit from one of Zappa's albums when he was with Flo and Eddie.

This is the first fullblown example of The Tubes' penchant for supercilious slickness; frontman Fee Waybill's repartee as speedfreak quiz show host is nothing if not accomplished, but it's not actually funny whilst the all important pay-off line doesn't even work first time round.

Moving to side two, we find the instrumental "God Bird Change". This could come from any recent Jean-Luc Ponty, Billy Cobham or Jan Hammer jazzrock abortion. It's an excuse for some slick dancing in the show, as I recall, though not unmercifully long, thank God, and it does at least preface the album's highpoint of sorts, the slight but almost memorable '50s sex pastiche, "Don't Touch Me There".

"Mondo Bondage" follows, nicely bridged. It's a truncated version, but still as powerful as the first album's original, proving to be easily the best song The Tubes have conceived.

After that brief adrenalin surge the long down curve begins. "Smoke" from the last studio album ends the side without being either witty or musically adroit — just more soft-peddled and ill-conceived nonsense.

The drop is long and grievous though from there out, lasting a desperate two sides and taking in such lamebrain articles as the dire 'punk' pastiche. Here The Tubes' basic lack of inspiration on any level (this hidden only

JOCK SCHLOCK

'Must we throw this filth at our pop kids?' asks Festival of Light member NICK KENT

WARREN ZEVON
Excitable Boy (Asylum)
ANDREW GOLD
All This And Heaven Too (Asylum)

ONE COULD be forgiven for thinking Warren Zevon and Andrew Gold have a lot in common. They both record for Asylum, and each — Zevon as composer, Gold as arranger and musician — has played a part in furthering the career of Asylum's biggest selling female artist, Linda Rondstadt.

Not surprisingly, both Gold and Zevon draw musicians from the same pool of LA players. Drummers Russ Kunkel and Jeff Pocaro are common to both. So too are bassists Leland Sklar and Kenny Edwards, likewise guitarist Waddy Watchel.

Two more diametrically opposite singer-songwriters would, however, be hard to come by. Zevon's platter is almost entirely excellent while Gold's album is his least inspired to date.

It seems that Gold's ability as a songwriter is becoming more questionable with each successive release. His fine debut album — and to a lesser extent its follow-up "Watch This Picture" — evinced Gold's talent for writing songs which although they owed a great deal to '60s pop traditions weren't derivative.

These days Gold has largely forgotten such 'roots' and instead writes within a more conventional mould. He often falls victim of the mawkish sentimentality with the genre is synonymous. Here he's chosen not to decorate his material with the kind of Beatlesque guitar motifs predominant on his first album and, while he tries hard to employ as many keyboard tones as possible without cluttering the mix, such arrangements aren't as successful as those which graced his earlier work.

Occasionally, he succeeds. "Never Let Her Slip Away" features synthethiser work that's bordering on the innovative, although the song itself is more in line with Gold's pop sensibility.

Despite its immaculate production — "All This And Heaven Too" would do Steely Dan's producer Gary Katz proud — the elpee is full of material likely to get Gold labelled as Los Angeles' very own Gilbert O'Sullivan.

Two more reasons to sink California

Warren Zevon's muse is, however, on the ascendant. His first effort, largely an ironic statement on LA's rock lifestyle, became something of a cult album. "Excitable Boy", again produced by Jackson Browne, is likely to bring Zevon into the open.

Only three of the nine cuts are Zevon originals, but his numerous collaborations have resulted in a record a sight more eclectic than "Warren Zevon".

Tracks like side two's opener "Nighttime In The Switching Yard", an exemplary Kool & The Gang hyper-funk workout, and the Jackson Browne co-written "Tenderness On The Block" are new territory for Zevon.

At the other end of the spectrum there are Zevon's rumbustious "horror songs". Though the black humour of the title cut and "Roland The Headless Gunner" could have come from the pen of Randy Newman himself, their melodies adhere more to rock structures than Newman's work.

"Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner" echoes "Frank And Jessie James" from the first album, though the new song is better executed and an infinitely superior number. A wacky song about a Norwegian mercenary performed by a suitably nonchalant Zevon against mock-histrionic back-up, the headless Roland returns from the dead to avenge his killer — a member of the CIA. There's more international intrigue on "Lawyers Guns And Money", where the luckless protagonist pulls a waitress only to find she's a Russian agent. That'll teach him.

The only 'conventional love song' on "Excitable Boy" is Zevon's "Accidentally Like A Martyr". That too is a pithy and well-crafted song. Zevon only lets himself down on the humourless "Veracruz", a rather agonized vignette concerned with Zapata's Mexican uprising.

In his role as producer Jackson Browne has gone one better on his work for Zevon's debut. "Excitable Boy" has bags of presence infused with an abrasive hard rock edge.

Zevon is still developing as a writer. Whether he'll eventually emerge as a major talent is still uncertain. Zevon is original, and that helps.

Steve Clarke

by lightning fast changes of tempo) becomes apparent.

Waybill as Johnny Bugger of The Dirt Boxes is just stupid — all daft aggression whilst both Tubes as 'punks' shots ("I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk" and a lame version of "I Saw Her Standing There") are so off the mark as to be patently ridiculous.

Our own Albertos for God's sake do this stuff with infinitely more satirical suss. And after Johnny Bugger? Well, what else but the old, bedraggled "Quay Lewd" sketch? This lasts through all of side four with Waybill as some drugged-out Limey glamrock hasbeen — more heavy-handedness and absolute redundance. And anyway things have gotten so askew by this point that the band actually edit together the 'Bugger' and 'Lewd' segments with a four minute drum solo!

Above all "What More Do You Want Froms Live?" demonstrates all too obviously The Tubes current mood of commercial desperation. After a strong first album, the two subsequent studio efforts have been, to say the least, largely uninspired and now — with this live album released as the proverbial ace up the sleeve — the band is looking all too ominously like a totally spent force, intent on disguising a patent lack of strong ideas by stumbling through the old 'throw enough shit against the wall and some of it will stick' routine.

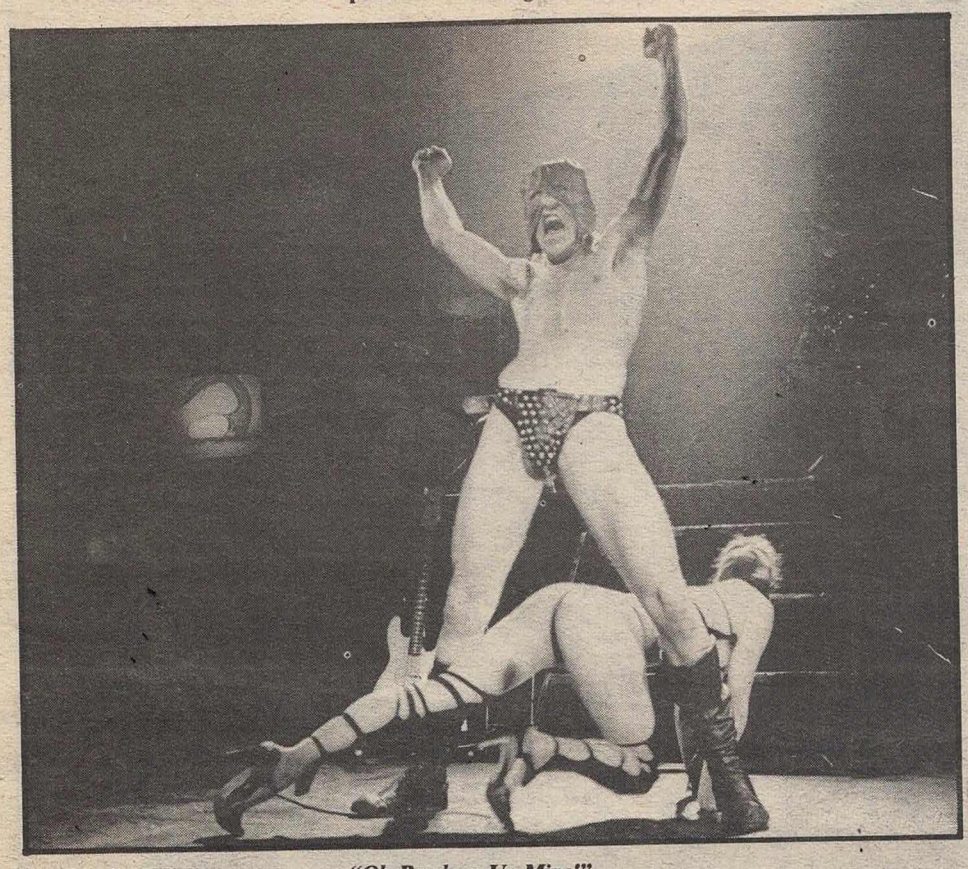
There's no, repeat no biting satire here, no penetrating wit or memorable rock or pop pastiches — nothing but gratuitous overkill and garishness.

Waybill's now infamous quote on the subject of success rings upleasantly true now — "I'll kiss their ass if only they buy our albums. Then when we've sold a million, I'll shit over everyone."

If you find that in itself incredibly funny, you may well like this album. If like me you can't see beyond the underlying emptiness of such a claim, then you'll be best advised to stay clear of this, yet another excrutiating double live album.

I can only hope that by the end of '78 the idea of releasing such efforts in order to stage a shortcut to big league mass acceptance will be rendered finally and irrevocably obsolete.

Nick Kent



"Oh Bondage Up Mine!"

CARLA BLEY
Dinner Music (Watt)

CARLA BLEY juggles with themes, styles and aggregations. She has a fondness for half-resigned absurdity, most directly apparent on the mammoth achievement "Escalator Over The Hill", which matched obscure self-contained myths to exquisitely merged and mixed cultural styles. Queasy, sleazy listening.

She's also concerned herself with such things as tender, high jazz compositions, dense musical depictions of claustrophic foliage, arched, deeply regimented orchestral pieces and has been known to profess a telling desire to join the Alex Harvey Band.

Her work has always seemed best when she is involved with performance, when the seriousness begins to question itself. Now, with "Dinner Music", Bley appears to set about creating pure and faultless '80s background music: light and collectable, a recognition of an apathetic idea of producing strong, complex, abstract music for an elitist, incestuous clique.

This is mood music, soft and swingy, calm and clingy. Great for eating too. Tomato stains on the cover. But a smart record, slick and the result of shrewdly channelled intellectual slumming. The most accessible and consistent piece of music from Bley yet.

Elsewhere critics have reacted horrified. Its easy fluid brass, electric guitar and organ interractions and shifting rythyms are not virtuoso trickery. They are almost — shudder — cliches. Disco tussles, but highly spiced. Intelligent arrangements, some stimulating passages from the able Stuff players. Condescending, perhaps.

Method (modern) music. Carla laughs on the cover as she places a meal in the oven, on the record she plays loving, simple sax. The absurdity of even bothering. Lovely.

Paul Morley

IMPORTS

IN THE wake of The Beatles Revival Band — Frankfurt comes another massive dose of ersatz Scotty Road rock in the form of "Beatlemania" (Arista), a double-helping that documents the music heard in Steven Leber and David Kreb's multi-media Broadway production of that name.

So once again, "Penny Lane", "Day Tripper", "Hey Jude" and "She Loves You" get the gold-plated soundalike treatment ("Not The Beatles but an incredible simulation", screams the sleeve) and some names of consequence who were involved along the way — Murray The K lining up as "special consultant" and Kenny Laguna, producer of Steve Gibbons, Earthquake etc., aiding Sandy Yaguda to fashion an admirable sound job.

New on the scene is a series of mid-price imports (around £2.50 or less) that Italian WEA have been releasing on their Charterline label. All are reissues or compilations, the former including **Phil Ochs'** "All The News That's Fit To Sing", **The Everly Brothers'** "Roots" and **David Peel And The Lower East Side's** "Have A Marijuana", while others I've logged include two different compilations listed as "Aretha Franklin"; a collection called "Rock'n'Pops" that contains **Led Zep's** "Whole Lotta Love", **The Stones'** "Brown Sugar", **CSN & Y's** "Woodstock"; and other cuts by **Buffalo Springfield, Vanilla Fudge, Iron Butterfly,** etc.; **The Beach Boys'** "Carl And The Passions — So Tough", which is blandly called "The Beach Boys"; and various other collections including "The Doors" (two different albums), "Buffalo Springfield", "Alice Cooper" and "The Doobie Brothers".

So much for revival time — back among the newies there's been **Crack The Sky's** "Safety In Numbers" (Lifesong), **Love Unlimited's** "My Musical Bouquet" (20th Century), "From Rats To Riches" (Passport), a Good Rats offering produced by Flo and Eddie; **Magma's** "Inedits" (Tapioca); **Bizarros And The Rubber City Rebels'** "From Akron" (Clone): and **Ralph MacDonald's** "The Path" (Marlin), a panoramic from-the-roots-into-tomorrow jazzrock item that provides employment for Grover Washington, Hugh Masakela, Bob James, the Breckers, Eric Gale, Chuck Rainey et al, while Miriam Makeba, Valerie Simpson and Patti Austin are among the cheerleaders.

On German RCA there's a "Heroes" album from **Bowie** which includes two versions of the title track — one in English and one in German! Meanwhile, back at the scrapyard, ex-Grand Funker Don Brewer has produced "The Godz" (Millenium) an album by a four piece given to quoting Erich Von Daniken, and on Tower there's been a reappearance of "The Hot Ones!" **The Standells'** third for the Capitol offshoot and as crummy a set of 1967 rip-offs as ever assaulted your ear drums.

Hear them fail totally on "Eleanor Rigby", thrill as they fall over on "Wild Thing", scream with delight as Dick Dodd and Co. once more wade through "Dirty Water". Then buy the disc because it's all part of punk history and wonderfully disposable.

Fred Dellar

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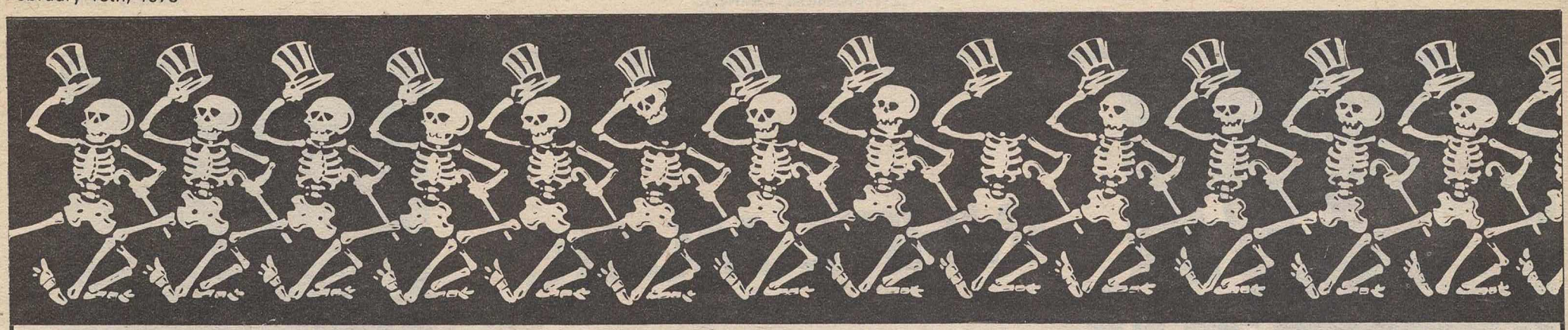


WHAT A LONG, DULL TRIP IT'S BEEN

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
What A Long Strange Trip It's Been (Warner Brothers)

THERE ARE the dregs and there are 'De Dregs'.

This is 'De Dregs' as in 'De Dead' as in 'D Minus', also as in 'D Dull', the perfect adjectival replacement for 'strange' in this set's title.

Coming at a time when this listener was starting to reform his once grudging views on The Grateful Dead's abilities as a musical corporate, this arduous compilation only pinpoints the exact reasons for my distrusting The Dead in the very first place.

Really, this is absolutely unpalatable garbage. Two albums purporting to syphon off a representative collection of prime Dead music from the many Warners albums released between '67 and '73, those responsible for them should be closeted inside the proverbial padded cell with only their handiwork for company.

For a start, the tracks are lumped together with nary a thought for 'pacing' or 'flow'. They're not even chronologically sequenced, nor are such details as recording dates provided, only production credits.

The overall feel is one of messy, shoddy indolence with The Dead at their most 'doped out' and diffident. A goodly percentage of the set has been culled from the appalling "Europe '72" live triple — Hunter-Garcia stumblebum blatherings like "Tennessee Jed", "Jack Straw", "Ramble On Rose", and so on.

Those songs seemed to be a conscious attempt on their composers' part to ape the wry country surrealism of Dylan's "Basement Tapes" vignettes, only substituting the wicked humour of the originals for earnest pretensions firmly rooted in The Dead's belief in themselves as bastions of the American seeds 'n' stems tradition — and with dire consequences.

Earlier and more adept examples of The Dead's forays into country roots as on "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty" are more sparingly featured — again the choices here are inept. Why pick a slither of precious piffle like "Ripple" over a far hardier offering like "Box Of Rain"? But there again, little of *any* serious merit is provided here.

"Born Cross-Eyed", a short segment from the "Anthem Of The Sun" suite, seems ludicrously mismatched against its neighbours. A short studio version of "Dark Star", recorded during the "Sun" sessions and released only as a single B-side, demonstrates, along with cuts like "Cosmic Charlie" from "Aoxamoxoa" and a clipped "St Stephen" from "Live Dead", how terribly erratic those early albums were.

Finally, when the fools who compiled this set actually hit on a good song, they still blow it in no uncertain terms. "Playing In The Band" is an excellently structured song that has been performed no less than three times, first on the 'Skull And Roses' live album, secondly on Bob Weir's fine "Ace" and thirdly on Mickey Hart's "Rolling Thunder". The lamest version was of course naturally selected — the live massacre on which everything is slightly out of tune, on which the pace limps badly . . . Bah!!!!

In conclusion, it's perplexing to wonder just who exactly this album is aimed at. Dead heads will have most if not all the tracks anyway and they're sure to note the crass inferiority of this effort.

Innocents be warned though. This is dross.

Nick Kent

RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
Four Minute Warning (DJM)

SO WHAT do we have here? On the cover they look like a bunch of punks. On the record they sound like a heavy metal band trying to drag themselves into the present day.

They've obviously listened to an awful lot of records. There's bits and pieces of — well, you name it and it's probably in there somewhere — slabs of John Cale, leavings of the Doors, a pinch of Sabbath, even traces of B Ferry lurking round the edge.

They've also heard "Dorian Gray", Aleis- I mean, "Dorian Gray", Aleister Crowley, William Burrough's "Wild Boys" and "Nuclear Armageddon" . . . Rikki Sylvan obviously fancies himself as a poet. He writes these long songs with lots of words, long words even.

Unfortunately none of the ingredients ever really blend. Sad to say, what we have as end product is overblown, confusing pomp rock that hasn't worked out that melodrama isn't the same thing as energy. It's like one of those American colour televisions that come in mock Tudor cabinets because some jerk in Minneapolis thinks it's got class.

Next, please.

Mick Farren

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Greatest Hits (EMI)

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN offers the cosiest form of alienation around. Her voice is so lacking in emotion, she makes Lou Reed sound hysterical. On her 1971 hit, "Banks of the Ohio", she sings about someone being shot with such flatness in her voice that she might have been auditioning for the speaking clock.

Still, songs like "Take Me Home Country Roads" and "Have You Never Been Mellow" must seem quite jolly to arthritic rednecks close to retirement, and the thing about Olivia is that she's never likely to disturb the tranquility of such people.

In the real world, women are usurping men at every opportunity. But Olivia's no threat. You're in no more danger of losing your potency than you are with a *Knave* centrefold.

And, of course, it's all a great big triumph for British craftsmanship. Bruce Welch of the Shadows has been the musical genius behind Olivia's success, along with his chum John Farrar. When all those Shadows' comeback stories were being written last year, no one mentioned this particular aspect of Welch's career. Maybe they were too polite.

Bob Edmands

BILLY HART
Enchance (A&M Horizon)

SINCE DRUMMER Billy Hart is not too well known, and the back cover line-up details scarcely communicate through the colour scheme, it would be easy to overlook what is, in fact, an unusually wide sample of contemporary New York talent. Hart's studio septet and sextet involves some of the most important players on the scene — Don Pullen, Oliver Lake and Dewey Redman, for example, and everybody gets a chance to write for the band.

Lake's two compositions, "Hymn For The Old Year" and "Diff Customs", are the most fragmented and collective in concept, but never set the jaws grinding thanks to the great forward flow of Hart's drumming.

Pullen's piece, "Pharoah", has more room for solos, and a theme statement that leaves space for the drums on the top line. Redman's solo is a wonderful builder, flowing rather than flag-waving, and generating great heat up the peat fire end of conflagrations.

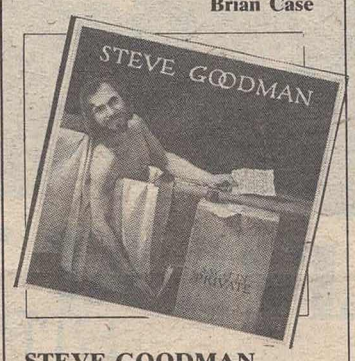
Dave Holland gives just the right support, and Hart's skittering sticks lift the able Peterson trumpet a class or two. Pullen's solo break pits treble runs against low rising left-hand breakers, and — quite unlike the Cecil Taylor results — produces a feeling of pneumatic and sinuous advance.

Holland's "Shadow Dance" is in the Milesian mould. Lake's slippery, yelping alto had me returning the stylus and beret: More! More! Pullen's solo challenges the bright Herbie Hancock convention by blurring and melting the chromium finish around the shuttling lines. Hannibal Marvin Peterson's "Rahsaan Is Beautiful" and Redman's "Corner Culture" are both short and both precisely textured.

The leader's sole composition, "Layla-Joy", is south of the border and doesn't feel it necessary to wave avant-garde credentials: it trusts the mood. Eddie Henderson gets most of the exposure and is perfect.

If there is still anyone around who hasn't yet invested in post-Free developments — the odd lighthouse keeper, possibly, Faroe, Cromerty — then this album would be a good place to start. Easier to get than the 5-album "Wildflowers" set, it gives a similar message. Jazz is thriving.

Brian Case



STEVE GOODMAN
Say It In Private (Asylum)

STEVE GOODMAN suffered from writing the definitive train song "City of New Orleans" way back — and none of his material has come anywhere near it since.

Tom Waits apart I'm always suspicious of anyone on the Asylum label anyway, with their innocuous Californian brand of dime store philosophy for the benefit of those less fortunate. "Say It In Private" dishes out more of same, and by rights is destined for the discount racks.

There is the odd substantial track, one co-written with John Prine (who you don't hear too much of these days, and whatever happened to Seth Nettles?) but the majority of Goodman's album is lavish packaging round an essentially hollow core.

It's not a bad album but its effect is about as lasting as a tin of Pacific Air.

Patrick Humphries

Hi ho, so much for the West Coast, you guys.

More Of The Same (That Was Different Before)

THE MUPPETS
The Muppet Show 2 (Pye)

"THE VERY first second Muppet Show cast album," croaks the frog.

At least the porcine Joan Crawford, the mesmeric Miss Piggy, gets a chance to shake her bacon. But where will it all end? Did Stephen Stills ever figure that his touching teen anthem, "For What It's Worth" would end up being sung by ping pong balls on sticks?

There's also songs by Jim Croce and Billy Joel here. Bearing in mind than Van Morrison clocked up a credit on the first album, wonder what's in the pipeline for "Muppets 3" — "Like A Rolling Frog"?

The album kicks off in fine style with the Muppet Chickens chaotically loveable version of "Baby Face" and Animal's interpretation of Gershwin's "Foggy Day in London Town" is in keeping with that anarchic percussionist's mode of self expression.

Scooter, Gonzo, Fozzie and all the others from Lord Grade's menagerie have a track apiece. There's no Swedish Chef though — he's probably joined Abba by now — and not having Rowlf's "Call Me a Rose, Or Leave Me Alone" is little short of criminal.

I love the show. It's done for Sundays what *Dr. Who* has managed to do for Saturdays but there's a terrible tendency to lapse into bathos (I mean somebody should stuff that five year old Robin) and the reverence with which the guest stars — on this album Bernadette Peters and Peter Sellers — are treated sticks in the throat.

"Waddya think of the record so far, Statler?"

"Uh? It's okay, keeps the dust off your turntable anyway."

Patrick Humphries

SHAKTI WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Natural Elements (CBS)
BILLY COBHAM
Magic (CBS)
ALPHONSO JOHNSON
Spellbound (Epic)

AND TO think that McLaughlin, Cobham and Johnson were once jazzrock mainmen . . .

McLaughlin of course had the sense to get out whilst the going was relatively good. The acoustic Shakti was welcome relief from the excesses — both orchestral and electronic — of latterday Mahavishnu Orchestras.

"Natural Elements" is the quartet's third album, possibly their best. The scope of the material's much wider — there's even a sort of carefree samba arrangement in "Happiness Is Being Together" (ignore dumb title) . and much less self-consciously 'ethnic'.

McLaughlin no longer imitates say, South Indian motifs (a root cause of much stylistic unease on previous Shakti sets), but assimilates them. Even his fast guitar parts are graceful and purposeful — instead of crabbed and gratuitous.

Shankar's violin remains the aural catchpoint: a reedy, wiry streak and slash, usually mirrored off the two percussionists' now more Westernised tempos.

"Natural Elements" is simply a better blend, more accessible but still highly original. I only hope the imminent Mahavishnu reunion doesn't shunt the quartet down a siding.

In contrast both Cobham and Johnson's offering are amazingly redundant. "Magic" is a marginal improvement on the drummer's recent recordings, but still only nails home the point that Cobham said most of what he has to say as band leader and composer with "Spectrum" and "Crosswinds". And that was years back.

Johnson fares no better. Although a magnificent electric bassist, he's apparently incapable of producing an album's worth of strong material. His band are woeful too, intimately familiar with clichedom but naught else.

There's one gem in the goo, a snappy rumba entitled "Bahama Mama" — the only trouble being that Johnson performs it much, much better with different players on the "Summit Meeting" double set recorded at last year's Montreux Festival. And so it goes . . .

Angus MacKinnon

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ON THE TOWN

Jubilee

Starring: Jenny Runacre, Nell Campbell, Jordan, Hermine Demoriane, Adam Ant. Music: Eno, Adam & The Ants, Chelsea. Director: Derek Jarman. Presented by Megalovision Productions.

OPENING ON February 23 at the Odeon in London's Bloomsbury Square, a film entitled *Jubilee* will constitute "punk's" first ever full-blown celluloid endeavour, financed on a decently-sized budget and lasting approximately two hours.

After a brief run in Central London's Mecca, the movie will then make the rounds of the provinces, competing directly with all the big-budget works playing the circuit.

Already the promoters claim omens are looking good. American companies are vying for a piece of the action on their side of the Atlantic, while the few reviews that have so far appeared have been singularly 'glowing'. One critic in the trade mag *Variety* went so far as to describe it as the best British film in the last ten years, thus presumably setting it up as the 70's most important cinematic achievement since Nick Roeg's startling *Performance* back in 1968.

I should state right here that the above quoted blanket-statement critique finds no single shard of empathy from this viewer, who, while not quite fully decided as to the film's various thematic merits and vices, can still find absolutely nothing in what more often than not appears a rather slip-shod, leaden and half-formulated enterprise that can favourably be compared to *Performance's* vigorous sure-footed stylistic multi-innovations.

However that point — only one man's opinion after all — is of fairly petty concern right here, and one should at least commence by stating the basic facts relating to *Jubilee's* very reason for existing in the first place.

Financed on a remarkably minimal budget — merely £100,000 when the basic cost for a small-budget movie operation these days is usually three times as much — *Jubilee* was conceived from scratch, written, and directed by Derek Jarman under the aegis of one of Britain's precious few independent film companies, Megalovision, owned by Mssrs Howard Maylen and James Waley — the latter apparently having placed his house in hock to finance the project while the rest of the money was culled at the last minute through the auspices of some enterprising Saudi Arabian oil sheik.

Jarman himself has one other film to his credit, another maverick British-based venture entitled *Sebastiane* that dealt with homosexual intrigues and brutality in the decadent courts of ancient Rome. Scripted purely in Latin dialogue, the film's left-field attributes granted it a firm cult audience among the artier confines of those choice film clubs like Notting Hill's Gate cinema and the Screen on Islington Green, ultimately causing it to recoup it's overall costs (somewhere in the region of £70,000).

As a follow-up to *Sebastiane,* Jarman at first wanted to film a long-obsessive topic of his relating to more ancient decadent goings-on, this time at the court of Aknon, an infamous Egyptian Pharaoh, with possibly David Bowie in the main role.

Top left — JORDAN (Amyl Nitrate) as Britain's Eurovision entry; right — giving punks a bad name . . .? Bottom left — LITTLE NELL (Crabs) and GENE OCTOBER (Happy Days); right — WAYNE COUNTY (Lounge Lizard) being "interviewed" by JENNY RUNACRE (Bod).

THE UNPLEASANT VISION OF 'PUNK 1984'

NICK KENT reviews the first major 'New Wave' film

However, another idea of Jarman's centring itself around the punk movement — at that time (only last summer) taking Britain by proverbial storm — seemed more appealing to all concerned, and so, after a script had been written and casting completed, the actual filming of *Jubilee* commenced in the summer of 1977, lasting approximately two months.

Unlike all other punk-orientated celluloid thus far, this film is not a straightforward documentary piece of repatage. Instead Jarman has concocted a plot set in a future-shock scenario of an anarchy-ridden 1984, where all forms of government in Britain are obsolete. In their place, 'survival of the fittest' reigns supreme in the streets of London, where all manner of physical atrocities are an everyday occurrence.

In the midst of this mayhem is a band of renegade 'punk' women whose corporate lust for vicarious thrills and gore-letting becomes the focal point of the basic plot.

In the course of the film the girl gang, with names as archly lurid as Crabs, The Nymphomaniac, Amyl Nitrate and Chaos, form a passive bored backdrop while the two principal sadist-instigators, 'Bod', Queen of the Punks, and Mad, the Pyromaniac, casually beat up a waitress, wantonly suffocate one of Crab's many paramours (this victim played by Gene October), kill an ageing trans-vestite punk superstar (Wayne County suitably grotesque as Lounge Lizard) by forcing a microphone down his throat until he chokes, and finally in a fit of vengeance, blow up one policeman and castrate another.

Director Jarman, it's interesting to note, claimed quite adamantly when we spoke that he "hates violence" and that the innumerable scenes of brutality are there "for specific reasons as opposed to just providing the audience with vicarious thrills."

I actually believe him, mind you, considering that his sincerity when discussing the film's motives appears almost beyond reproach. But that automatically doesn't mean I agree with him — in fact, I'm more than a little convinced that his blatant short-sightedness in regard to the film's vision and, more importantly, it's actual consequence when it faces an audience, have irreparably soured what could have been a creditable and laudatory project but which has turned out as something that needs casting some concerned and serious doubts over.

Because *Jubilee* is, when one bears in mind the fact that it's main sting will undoubtedly come from its precedence as the "punk movement's" first major celluloid statement of intent, a disturbingly irresponsible film.

Jarman has portrayed the punks — albeit of six years hence — as a thoroughly unappealingly rabid batch, prone to all manner of vicious gore-letting as a recourse for thrills. And even though the rest of London is similarly "dog-eat-dog" motivated, the punk faction is responsible for most of the heavy-duty violence, thus providing an unhealthy lurid focus on what the blinkered national Media has been pointing out gleefully these past two years, i.e. the more stupid, unappealingly aggressive and anti-social side of the movement.

At the same time, far too many other portions of Jarman's portrait of 'London's 1984' are alternatively skimped over, not vividly enough portrayed, or just cloaked in too much good old ambivalence to actually create a suitably cut-throat environmental back-drop for the punk gang's antics to be viewed as anything less than sordid and, frankly, potentially dangerous.

(In fact, future London's desperate situation only helps, ultimately, to provide the film with an excuse to withhold any whiff of a moral judgement).

When asked what he considered punk's most important characteristics to be, Jarman claimed to be most interested in the movement's basic scrambling of ideologies and symbols while making its revolt against all existing mores. He then added quickly that he in no way saw the film as an actual explanation for the movement, just a device by which to implement a great deal of punk imagery into a cinematic context.

Yet right at the very outset of the picture, Jordan (as Amyl Nitrate) performs a dialogue which could all too easily be misinterpreted as just that: a perfect punk statement of intent for all those wishing to paint the blackest picture of the movement possible.

In this diatribe Jordon claims Myra Hindley, no less, as her greatest ever heroine (this is before the current set-up, when there are no heroes, natch!), the first figure in contemporary British history to practically implement the idea of turning one's desires into reality.

Now that's just indefensible, whatevery track you wish to take, particularly at a time when punk's most twerpish poseurs are all too busy attempting to immortalise such as Hindley in ever-more desperate attempts at shocking the Establishment. More to the point, it's simply bottom-line pathetic as a stunt and downright dangerous when one anticipates the inevitable backlash that'll come first from the Media, followed swiftly, one presumes, by public opinion.

Jubilee, mind you, has it's frugal share of virtues. The main characters, as they're portrayed, appear an odd, often uncomfortably incongruous bunch in toto, although individual performances, particularly those of Jordan (as "A. Nitrate"), Toya Wilcox ("Mad") and Nell Campbell ("Crabs"), have their striking moments.

Hermine Demoriane as Chaos is strikingly attractive too, keeping up an effectively mute, near-enigmatic low-profile throughout, while one of the few male characters, Carl Johnson, as Sphinx, the only truly likeable person in the whole film, provides some of the few precious moments of actual humanity in the face of all the rabid desperation.

Unfortunately the film's leading lady, Jenny Runacre, is not so believable in her role as Queen of the Punks. She's somehow too much the "professional actress", as well as being cursed with an almost aristocratic physical rountenance that hardly aids her punk-credibility.

However, one positive and creditable aspect that comes from Runacre's performance is that it does successfully back up Jarman's attempt to overcome that boorish working class hang-up that so many subscribers to the punk movement swear by so unrelentingly.

The girl gang are if nothing else, totally classless, though this does lead to a double-edged situation where the film could well be criticised for its middle-class voyeurish approach to the phenomenon.

It's more than a little ironic, by the way, that Megalovision are also involved in the presentation of Adam And The Ants, as many of my criticisms of the latter aired last week found common ground when confronting *Jubilee.* There's something stupidly, amorally frivolous and irresponsibly superficial about both projects.

More to the point, there's something potentially dangerous at work here, when one considers that this is to be punk's great statement — it's first and possibly only, big film — and that its frankly sensationalist bent will more than likely move the straight Media to condemn the film, say O.K., but then the said attacks could well provide it with a notoriety that will attract a sizeable audience only too willing to use *Jubilee's* grim visions as a perfect argument against 'punk'. And then God only knows what'll happen, beyond the fact that yet more 'punk-bashing' will follow.

Derek Jarman, of course, doesn't see this at all. He's more concerned with artistic explanations and reasons. When the subject of Jordan's Myra Hindley harangue is brought up he cites a quote by de Sade claiming that "crime is the highest form of sensuality."

He does concede that, yes, he tends to use 'intellectual' reasoning to back up the more amoral sides to the film. And having argued against there being any vicarious use of violence, he concludes that the effect he's looking for in showing it is "to disorientate" the viewer.

He obviously refuses to consider the more tittilatory side to the film's adoption of hard-core violence or the likelihood that most of the film's audience, not being equipped with his intellectual perspective, will be moved only by the sensationalism inherent in all the ultra-violence.

Only one factor can realistically brink the aforementioned eventuality and that is simply that the film itself, after a promising start and a few subsequent redeeming scenes, is so relentlessly mediocre and,

■ *Continues p.43*

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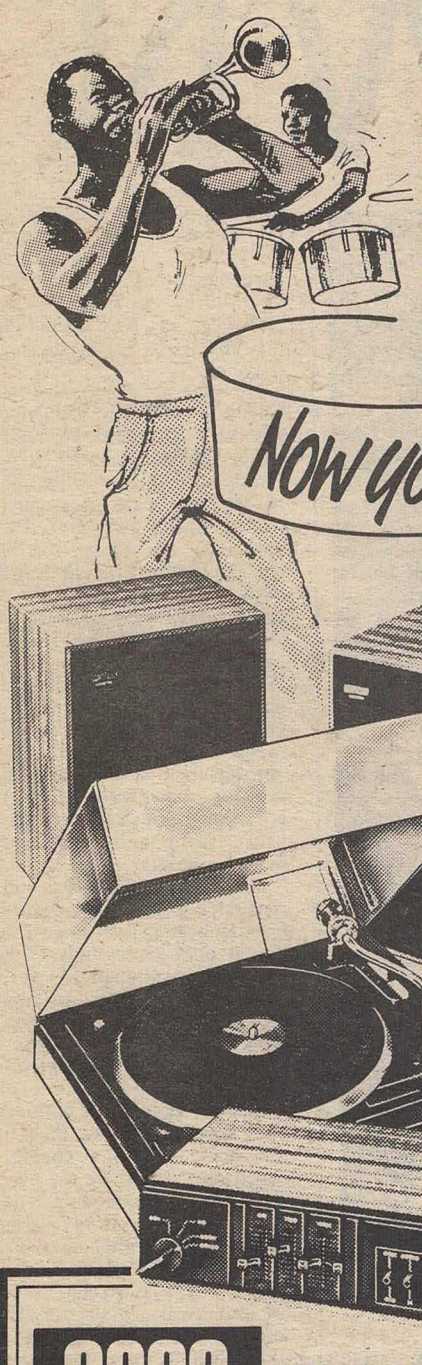

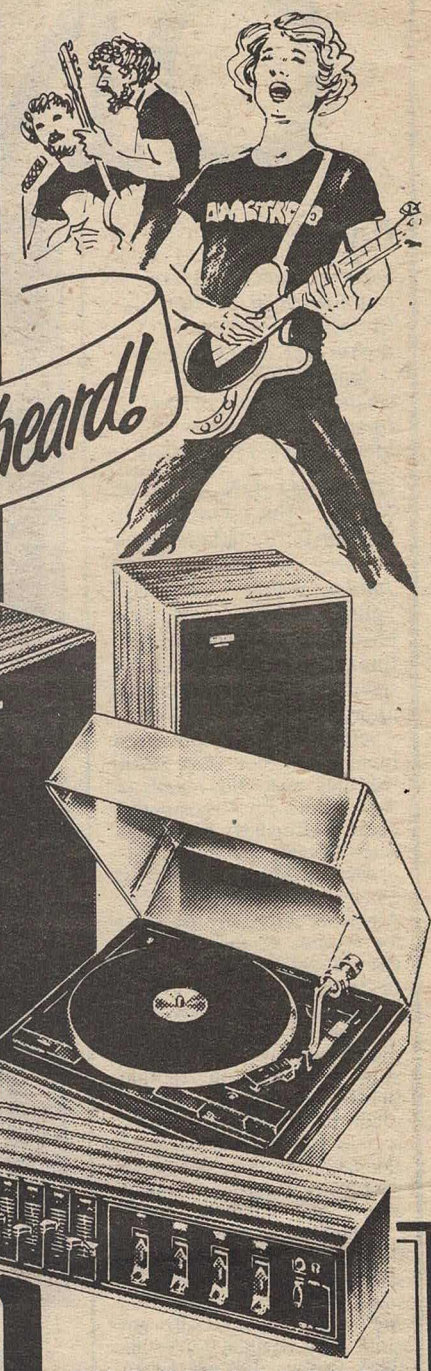

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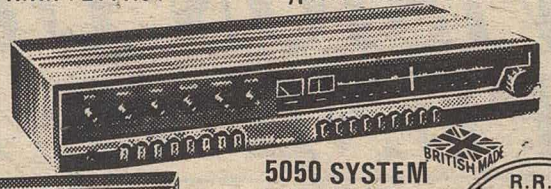

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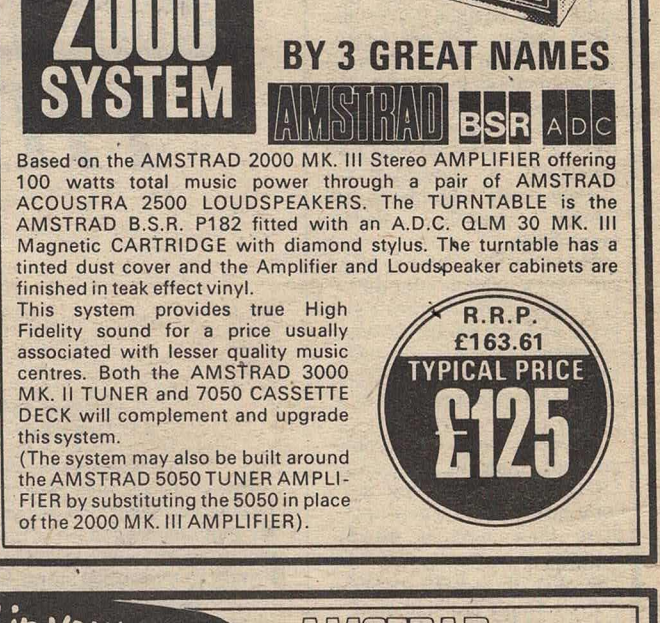

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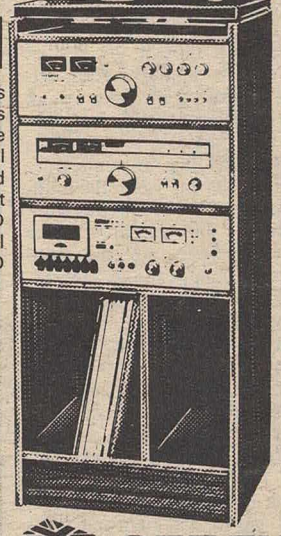

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NME 5

The Stranglers
EDINBURGH CLOUDS

NOT SINCE the unhappy day when I encountered my first live punk band (as they were then) have I been quite so underwhelmed on meeting anything given the big-time hoopla. And judging by the comments like 'bloody boring' and 'really bad' overheard from passing punters, I wasn't the only disappointed one either.

To backtrack a little, my attitude hitherto towards The Stranglers had been a fairly open one. I'd certainly liked what I'd heard of the music, but distaste for socially retrogressive lyrics had put me off investing in (and hence really close acquaintenance with) their vinyl. However, with the promise of material to see, I was prepared to be persuaded.

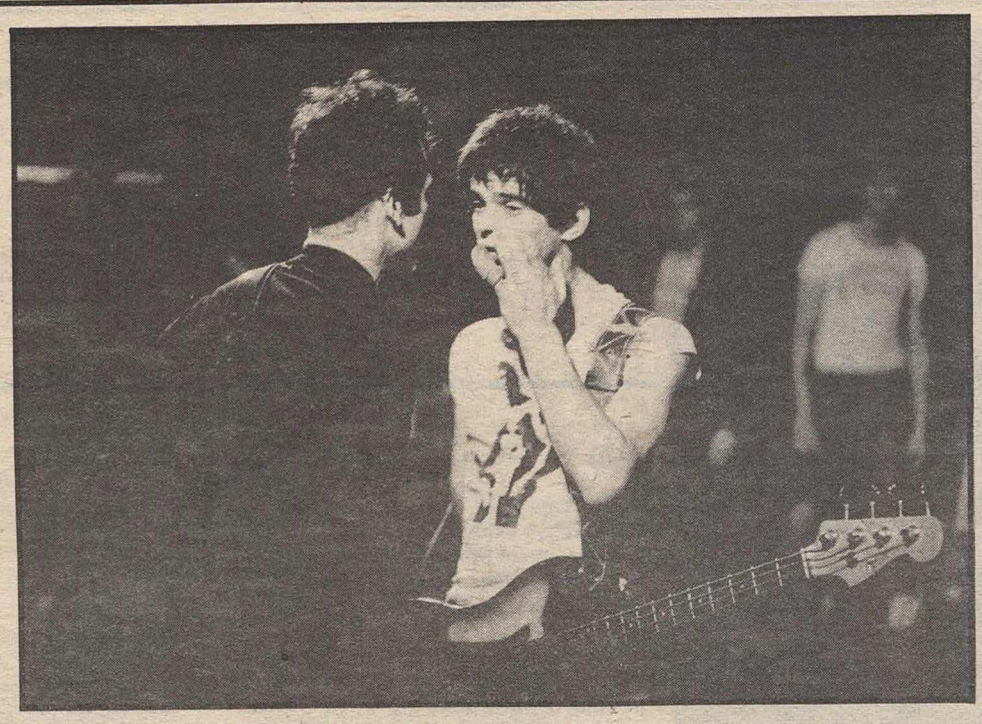
In fact, come the night of the gig (a warm up for the European tour while hopefully dodging the glare of the media spotlight), I was quite caught up in the hush-hush conspiratorial excitement and fair looking forward to it all.

So why the disappointment?

What The Stranglers have done, in fact, is to purge their set of half their best known numbers and unfortunately, come up with nothing of similar stature to replace them.

"Peaches", "Go Guddy Go" and "Something Better Change" were all among those given the heave ho in favour of what are generally nothing more than convoluted doodles delivered with a snarl. The energetic new single "Five Minutes" is the pick of the incomers, the others ranging from the extremely average "Drive Your Very Own Tank" to "Little Choirboys" which is just plain awful.

By contrast to the old, the new material largely dispenses with the melody and dynamics that made The Stranglers impressive before. It also fails altogether to harness the power and energy that The Stranglers hammer out regardless. The result was that the set veered drunkenly from the old punchy rock'n'roll to the new disappointingly weak thrash, resembling nothing so much as the motiveless pacing of a caged but toothless lion. All prowl but no threat.



"Whadya think of it so far?" "Rubbish!"

Macho boys murder their repertoire

It's not at all clear what this totally unmoving new line is designed to achieve. Aggression? There's a lot more menace to be had from understatement than the gum-chewing moronic bully boy portrayed on stage here. Self parody? "Nice'n' Sleazy" comes pretty close to it. Or have The Stranglers simply lost their gift for melody?

But no — it is, according to information elicited from a courteous but cagey Hugh Cornwell after the gig, "to see if you can try and change people's accepted attitudes to what is popular music, rock music."

The Stranglers are, according to Cornwell, "always trying to make people reconsider things." By making their music more "non-linear" they hope to make people "re-evaluate".

Well, people seemed to be re-evaluating all right, but unfortunately for Cornwell and Co. it was their opinions of The Stranglers they were revising. Witness the punters' comments and the fact that half of them went to get their coats at the end of the set, leaving the other half to work themselves up to clamour for an encore.

The inevitable counter that their response was reserved because they were unfamiliar with the new songs just won't work this time. I'm not particularly familiar with *any* of their material, old or new, but all the most impressive numbers — "Hanging Around", "Grip" and 'No More Heroes" — turned out on investigation to be the oldest stuff.

If The Stranglers' music is strong enough it should stand up to investigation by anyone, be they Stranglers afficionados or novices. This set simply fails the test. Not even a magnificent display of attacking drumming by Jet Black or an only slightly less impressive show from organist Dave Greenfield can save the bulk of it from the quagmire of mediocrity.

With the benefit of Cornwell's insight, the gig became easier to understand if not actually think better of, but Cornwell's ideas would be more impressive if The Stranglers had something worthy of putting over.

Unfortunately the locker room mentality is still very much with us. "Bring On The Nubiles" still opens the set and "London Lady" and her ilk are still there too. Cold, humourless macho — not much of alternative, is it?

If The Stranglers really want to change things, then they'd be far better employed ditching the self-indulgent mind games in favour of a leaf or several from the much worthier tome of The Tom Robinson Band.

The support band to this exercise in mind bending were The Skids from Dunfermline, also home of the world's most wonderful football team. (Never mind the Trevor Brookings, where's Paul Donnelly?)

The New Wave came late to Fife and The Skids still suffer somewhat from the punk hangover but were otherwise very promising. A series of neat riffs won over the crowd, and there was also some fine controlled guitar work on the slower, heavier "Scared".

Although a little overambitious for the obvious limitations of an instrumental three-piece (plus a vocalist who tends towards an agitated bawl), it was refreshing to hear a band who dare to be different in these days of the new uniform. The Skids will probably be quite good when they settle on what direction they want to go in.

Ian Cranna

Adverts, Sham 69
ROUNDHOUSE

UGLY SCENES are nothing new to the hoards in their Number One crops who make it their business to check out Sham 69 these days.

And once the "gig sold out" whispers began to travel through the crowd outside the Roundhouse last Sunday, a heavy night was in store.

First signs of trouble came with the sight of skinhead groups charging down Chalk Farm Road to roll some poor kid for his ticket. Another bunch tried — unsuccessfully — to ram their way in through the back door.

With the commotion outside and the Roundhouse door policy of letting people in one by one, the smiling, suited Boyfriends are already into their set by the time I'm in.

Maybe, like Roogalator for instance, they're a band who will sound a lot better on record than they do live, but tonight it's a struggle in the face of Nil Audience Reaction.

One or two things reminded me vaguely of Elvis Costello, but then little of real substance, and consequently nothing to write about them.

They weren't even booed offstage or heckled.

In the meantime, between 50 and 100 of the "Skeenhead / We hate Punks" brigade pogo gleefully to some reggae in front of the stage.

It's only when the Shams come on that things start to get really vicious, and the cowardly thugs start laying into individual innocents.

"Just enjoy it right. Otherwise you won't get another chance to see us," shouts singer Jimmy Pursey.

ADVERTS. Pic: PAUL COX

Naturally he freaks as the West Ham Northbank crew go totally crazy.

"For fuck's sake, pack it in and just enjoy yourselves."

But as the Upton Park beret boys merely move to the back of the hall to wreak further havoc it's obvious that even Pursey can't control them, and a lot of people leave.

"I'm sick of making speeches," declares Pursey, now stripped down to the waist and looking more than ever like young Iggy.

"I don't want to have to keep on saying stop fighting! If you don't just enjoy the next song, then we're fucking off.

The threat seems to bring some semblance of order, but no doubt the GLC officials in the audience already have their minds made up. The merits of Sham 69's music I've discussed elsewhere in this paper. Suffice to say here that they were easily the best band of the evening — a fact which makes some of these audience scenes all the more souring.

A mindless chant of "Sham - Sham - Sham" brings them back for encores of "George Davis Is Innocent" and the inevitable "What Have We Got?"

An exceptionally long break ensures that everything has cooled down sufficiently for bill-toppers The Adverts to play what turns out to be a lifeless, messy set to rapturous applause.

"Safety In Numbers" was all too appropriate a song for the evening, but The Adverts left me cold. Oh-so-bored Gaye Advert drags most songs down to a dirge with her plodding bass lines, while there's too much of a tendancy to, er, intellectualize in the dull lyrics.

I leave before the encores, convinced of a growing Fascism in certain sectors of the Great British Rock Audience. (The earlier violence seemed so pre-meditated that it beat the Dunstable riot of two weeks back).

On the whole, not a great night.

Adrian Thrills

EMMYLOU DELAYS COMBUSTION

Emmylou Harris And The Hot Band
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

"OFFICIAL Emmylou Harris 'T'shirts, badges and posters are available at Entrances four and nine during the interval and after the show", stated the paper thoughtfully inserted in the official programme. Mmm. Then down went the lights and out bounced the Hot Band, with Albert Lee looking just right for the part of bona fide guitar hero.

They steamed into "Amarillo". And Ms Emmylou emerged — to a roar of approval — dressed for the occasion like everyone's favourite cowgirl.

All was businesslike efficiency. The assembled company proceeded through a varied and comprehensive selection from Emmylou's four albums: "If I Could Only Win Your Love", "Two More Bottles Of Wine" and "Last Night The Bottle Let Me Down", plus a new song, "Even Cowgirls Get The Blues" by ex-Hot Band member Rodney Crowell.

"I'm just a Country Boy At Heart", which developed into a showcase for the dextrous digits of the eminently qualified Mr Lee, brought the first half to a close.

Well, yes, no complaints there, I thought as they trooped off for the intermission. But hold on . . . wasn't it lacking in something like warmth? Admirable sure, but curiously uninvolving? Nothing you could put your finger on mind. Just a sense of unease about unrealised potential, exemplary though the playing and harmonies were — particularly the blend of Lee's guitar and Hank de Vito's achingly beautiful pedal steel, and the keyboard work of Glenn D. Hardin, legendary ex-Cricket and Presley pianist.

Emmylou's voice was in fine shape, and shown to advantage in Dolly Parton's "To Daddy", with which she opened the second half on her own. But it was only on Jesse Winchester's "Defying Gravity", another song from the new album — which Emmylou described as a "scientific spiritual" — that its true magnificence came across.

The song — pleasant enough on "Quarter Moon" — was transformed into a truly heart-stopping moment of true beauty.

Things picked up from this point, with a rousing version of "Leaving Louisiana In The Broad Daylight" — one of the strongest tracks from the album — "Bluebird Wine", "You Never Can Tell" and a triumphant "Queen Of The Silver Dollar", which got some punters up and dancing.

The ritual encore game was played for two numbers, and Emmy and Hot Band were only allowed to leave when the house lights came up.

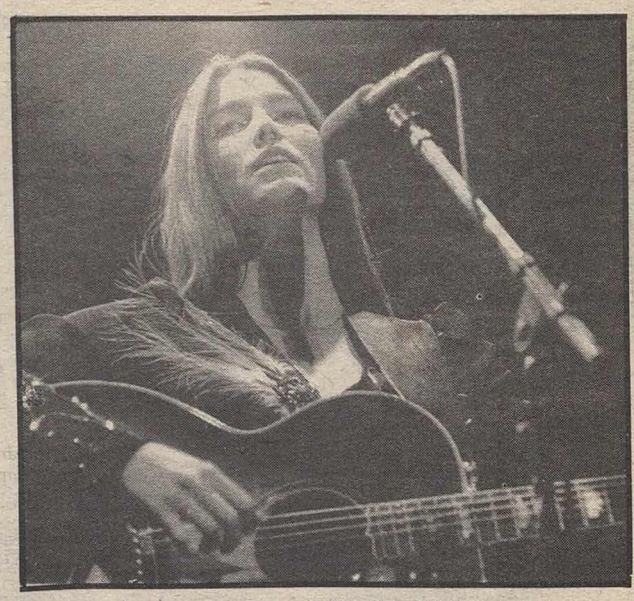
Given the notorious acoustics of the Albert Hall and the fact that this was the first time this particular line-up had played in public, it was a triumphant evening.

But from where I was sitting it was only during the last quarter that things really caught fire and true capabilities were made obvious.

"Thank you", said Ms Emmylou towards the end, "you were wonderful".

Well, she wasn't too bad either.

Patrick Humphries



EMMYLOU HARRIS. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

JUBILEE
■ *From previous page*

as it finally drags itself extremely clumsily to some excuse for a conclusion, extremely dull that most viewers will like myself be too bored to be affected one way or another.

For example, the castration scene which provides an ultra-violent hiatus for all the gore-letting, is so clumsily handled that one is neither shocked or repelled. Just lulled further into a feeling of cold, unagreeable tedium.

The saddest thing ultimately is that "Jubilee" *should* deserve some quotient of laudatory acclaim, if not for the way its deals with its subject matter, then at least because the project alone dared to be made under independent auspices. This alone makes me want to urge you to patronise it. Yet the blatant irresponsibility backing up Jarman's terminal vision of 'punk' is something that needs heavily taking to task, I believe.

Siouxsie and the Banshees, one of punk's true maverick bands have already caused a minor stir by refusing to allow their original contribution to the film to be released, claiming the work to be 'dangerously superficial' and 'camp exploitation'. Unfortunately, I must concur with them.

Whatever, my prospective fears and theories will be put to the test soon enough. A double-page spread on the film is due to be run in "The Sun" this Friday. Suffice to say, I'll be only too interested in their views.

Nick Kent

'Is there a policeman in the house?" Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

999 CALL IN AMSTERDAM . .

999

AMSTERDAM

999 ARE A heavy-pop quartet signed favourably to United Artists. They are, in effect, on the verge of some kind of breakthrough. A likeable bunch of characters — nothing too awesome — they've a solid repertoire of hard, slamming standards, and, most noticeably, a worthy emerging talent for introducing swooping, melodic overtones to their originally limited one dimension punk-chunks.

This much can be ascertained from their new single, "Emergency", and a new song "Don't Deny", both of which indicate elements of necessary advancement.

There are swerves, hooks, even some tough funk, traces of refreshing anti-nostalgia pop, and some unashamedly commercial exploring. 999, in their own way, are evolving, establishing an identity, maintaining commitment to entertain.

In Amsterdam, a city that wearily exhibits a remarkably clean sterile veneer by sweeping 'dirt' expensively out of sight and allowing gruesomely gratuitous liberalism, little could be detected of 999's potential and merits through a thick atmosphere of tension and impending violence.

There was an impression of Dutch youth suffering an inferiority complex, culture-less, just tagging along. And there was an absurd, apparently unsuppressable threat from a gang of, would you believe, Hells Angels — the 'dirt' that is swept out of sight by a Dutch government content for some very curious reason to avoid rather than destroy.

The gig was at the Paradiso Club, a wondrous gothic shambles, high and wide, with stained-glass windows, a perfect rock'n'roll venue. But a handful of the grubby thugs arrived during 999s soundcheck, their attendance at the club having apparently been recently encouraged by a rock group of dubious strain who seemingly share these morons' obnoxious idea that a woman's place is on her knees sucking.

Said group also invited the clan to a number of gigs, thus inserting the notion that there's a place for them at punk/etc gigs.

999 group members were treated to such party games as flick knives opened at their throats, being flung playfully across the room, and being expected to "laugh it off."

Ha ha ha. Great fun, wanna break my left arm now. He he he.

That these men were to be present while 999 performed caused not a little apprehension.

"What could I do to keep them out?" The club owner pointlessly and sorrowfully shrugged his shoulders, nervously displaying what seem to me to be the typical evasion tactics of the Dutch when confronted directly with the problem.

What indeed? The Angels are bribed/awarded a grant/what ever you want to term it — being handed money by the Government to keep away from the city centre, and play and 'live' in a specially constructed building on the outskirts of Amsterdam. Faced with such an idealistic but highly suspicious compromise the Dutch people have little idea of what to do when the Angels venture into the centre for amusement, as they are beginning to do after four years of uneasy exile.

999 commenced their interrupted, precariously-balanced set in front of a good 500 audience while Angels stood ominously and self-importantly at the side of the stage. They charged with uncanny intuitive speed through a few routines that, despite limited constituents, threatened to provoke pure exilaration. The audience exploded and the whole evening looked set to be really good.

Unfortunately, perhaps through jealousy at not being the centre of attraction, the Angels rambled about the

999er NICK CASH. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

stage. One thug, paralytic, made continual attempts to become a fifth member of the group, clawing an imaginary guitar. Singer Nick Cash stared straight ahead, disguising pure fear so well.

Odd 'playful' scuffles broke out between Angels, and at one stage the entire audience scattered as an Angel tumbled into their midst.

The fear and frustration was tangible, but 999, almost inspired, battled on while the crowd slowly and warily returned to their positions.

Eventually the P.A. was ruptured by an Angel. Cash, ever so discreetly, mimed the cause and his disgust with the thugs with a quick series of pseudo-tough guy poses. Lucky for him the Angels were too wrapped up in themselves to notice.

The group left the stage and it could easily have been assumed that they'd gone for good. The audience ambled unsurely about, and a few departed. Their supressed agitation was demonstrated when a foolhardy Dutch youth aimed a pathetic, derisory slap at an Angel. He was last spotted crumpled underneath a wooden plank as three thugs bounced up and down on top of him.

Then after a lengthy interval, 999 unexpectedly returned to courageously continue. Some more loud and decisively honed 'shorts' were blasted out, deadpan and necessarily absorbed. Cash looked almost comfortable despite the Angels' continued pestering presence — a thickset, chunky-looking fellow who looked best when he discarded guitar to just sing on the fine "Emergency".

"Emergency" was performed with all the channelled ferocity of the old 999 tunes, but had an imaginative arrangement, and, quite simply, more than just one or two ideas . . . 999's light at the end of the tunnel (-riffing).

The audience, though, were in no real mood to distinguish between texture and thrash, and just wanted to be entertained (when allowed) by the 'poonk'. I only noticed because the difference between 'Emergency' (and 'Don't Deny) and some other 999 goodies is so marked and interesting.

In Amsterdam all that could be immediately discerned was 999's commitment to continue to play'n'please in face of demoralising adversity but they emphatically left a print of 'potential'. Watch 'em.

Afterwards a few Angels were spotted being driven off in a police van. A night in jail for them? Someone actually prepared to testify against them? "No", someone ventured. "They're probably being given a lift home."

Paul Morley

ATV with Mark P (left). Pic: HARRY MURLOWSKI

A.T.V.

MARQUEE

THE BILLING in one music paper read: "UNWANTED TV" . . . This seemed strangely appropriate, since large sections of the audience were satisfied to applaud the DJs repeated playings of 999's latest single . . . after all why can remain complacent 'PUNKS' . . .?

ATV were welcomed reluctantly, Mark Perry establishing a kind of chummy but uneasy rapport with a largely unsympathetic crowd.

Musically the band were excellent, the rhythm section of Chris Bennett on drums and Dennis Burns on bass providing a suitably rigid framework for Mark P's vocal and instrumental embellishments.

Perry still seems to lack total confidence in his role as front man, his most frequently adopted attitude being that of self-embrace. He exudes a curious mixture of vulnerability and hapless bravado. For someone so inclined to deliver sermons he needs to exert a greater degree of control and authority over his audiences.

While the crowd obviously got off on the more mainstream rock numbers, like "Action, Time And Vision" and a modified version of "You Bastard", there were murmurs of discontent during a lengthy version of "Alternatives To NATO".

In the latter Mark finds time to slag off everything from *Sniffin' Glue* to the SWP, the NF to Power Pop . . . nothing escapes his wrath.

The audience clapped / cheered, got bored, alternating enthusiasm with inane heckling . . . someone threw something on stage . . . Mark picked it up and after a brief examination proclaimed delightedly: "It's a bullet . . . a live bullet."

The song continued, telling us how bad everything is and how no-one is doing anything about it," . . . "*apathy is CONTROLLED by millions of dollars . . .*", but he offered no concrete alternatives, just dissaffection.

By the end of the set the crowd were getting quite lively . . . overflowing on to the stage, gobbing and pogoing. It all seemed a bit out of place to me considering what'd just gone down.

Whatever one may think of them, ATV are a telling object-lesson on the dilemma currently facing the 'New Wave'. I like and admire their intentions(*). But are they a solution or do they merely underline existing problems?

Cynicism ultimately amounts to an admission of one's own impotence and in 1978 we need positive thinkers.

Steve Walsh

** It's hard to determine whether this band are the beginnings of something new, or merely the tail-end of 'Punk' disillusionment.*

JAZZ DIARY

THE LONDON Musicians' Collective are presenting a performance of "Whirled Music" — no, Pops, not a telephone misunderstanding — in which the music is made with whirling instruments.

Whirlers include David Toop, Max Eastley, Steve Beresford and Paul Burwell, chocs away at 8 pm, February 23rd at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1.

Jazz Centre Society have pulled off a coup with the booking of legendary pianist Don Pullen for a gig opposite Howard Riley at London School of Economics on March 10th. Pullen's group will be Chico Freeman, recently at Ronnie Scott's with Elvin Jones, the legendary bassist Fred Hopkins and drummer Bobbie Battle.

Company are presenting three concerts at the Soho Poly on February 17th, 18th and 19th, with Tony Oxley and Terry Day on percussion, Lindsay Cooper on bassoon, Georgie Born on cello and Derek Bailey, guitar. 8 pm start, tickets £1.25.

Regular JCS gigs in London include Red Brass at the 7 Dials on February 16th, the Ray Warleigh-Alan Holdsworth Quintet on 18th, and Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba on 22nd. JCS's jazz week at the Shaw Theatre will take place in March, and — despite thrilling rumours — the programme is still not fixed.

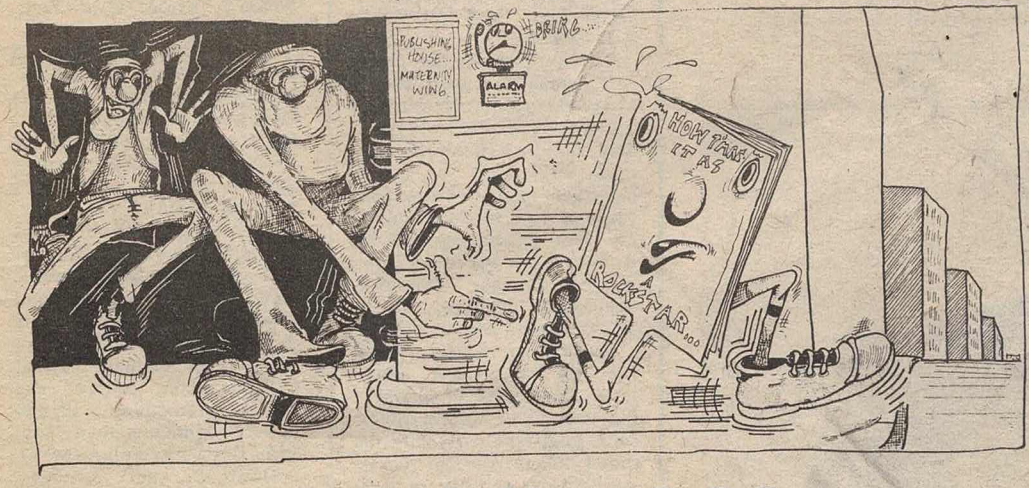
British Rail are repeating their successful Jazz Ship To Jersey, February 24-27th with the music of Alex Welsh. The Thames Film Festival Jazz & Blues Season opens at Covent Garden Cinema Club on 12th, and at the Thames Polytechnic on 14th. Films include *Lift To The Scaffold* with Miles, *Sonny Rollins Live At Laren* and *Born To Swing*.

New releases from ECM include Paul Motian's "Dance" with David Izenzon and Charles Brackeen, "Patience" by Children At Play, a group led by vibraphonist Tom Van Der Geld, Richie Beirach's solo piano album, "Hubris", and Kenny Wheeler's "Deer Wan" with Garbarek, Abercrombie, Holland, DeJohnette and Towner.

Some of Miles Davis's best and beltingest can be found on two Japanese albums, "Miles Davis At Plugged Nickel, Chicago", on CBS Sony. Great music by the classic quintet — all it lacks is a UK release.

Brian Case

On th'streets now!
HOW T'MAKE IT AS A ROCKSTAR



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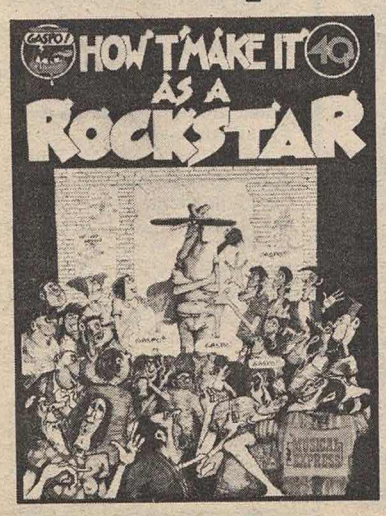

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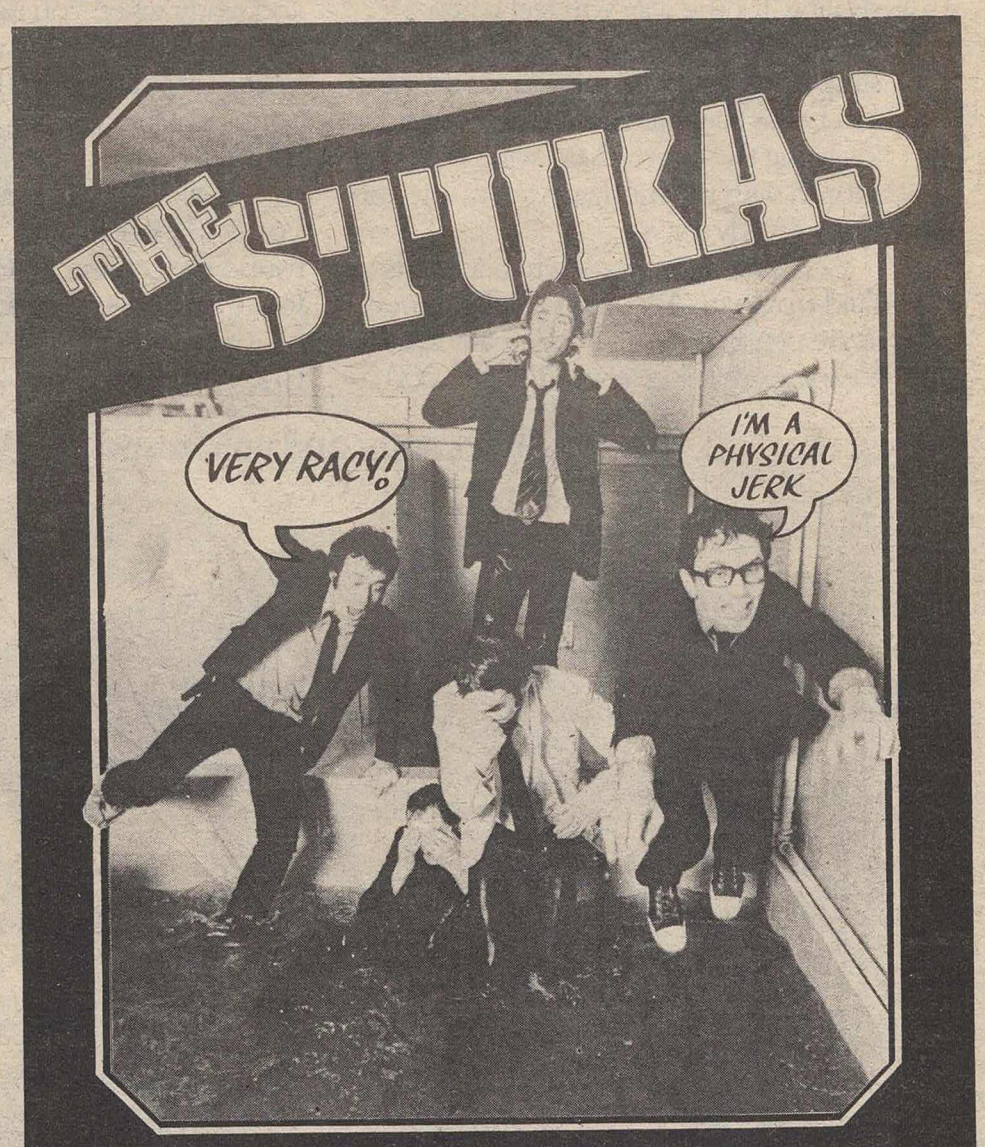

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Religious mania in Manchester

Judas Priest

MANCHESTER

EPISODE TWO: The observer reflects that the Free Trade Hall doesn't house many particualrly appealing gigs these days.

It's used for visits by American Giants, and it's the best place by virtue of size and state for the British Heavies to play.

Anachronisms meet.

Sparks don't fly.

The Observer glances absent-mindedly around the hall at the architectural quirks and admirable silliness of the building, at the customers packed into murky red seats, these smiling characters fidgeting in high anticipation.

Later the observer spends The Interval in the upstairs bar area, wondering at the thoughts and ideals of this audience ungraciously, noisily, irreverently swarming about.

A throw-back, the observer decides. Static sub-culture. Denim and hair and youthful bum-fluff and spots.

Tatty jackets smothered with huge bootleg badges and the careful embroidery and felt-tip pen graffiti of obsession. A few butch girls, dashes of feminity hidden behind layers of typically pervading dourness. Schoolkids and college students.

(Judas Priest have filled the stalls and half filled the balcony and circle).

The observer is swamped by unnerving alienation, as if he's intruding on intimacy. An atheist amongst fervent believers. The observer is a bigot? Or this audience, are they bigots? They are both bigots together. The observer crouches in a corner, attracting occasional looks of amused curiosity. But he's growing his hair, honest! Look, you can hardly see his ears! The observer sups his cissy short and shuts his eyes.

. . . and lo, it came to pass that They did appear unto them at the Free Trade Hall.
Pic: ALAN JOHNSON.

. . . English Assassin opened the evening of entertainment. An English-stylised fivepiece with keyboards, playing tiresome, dated/limited neo-sophisticated medium rock music. They were poorly fronted by ex-Mott man Nigel Benjamin, and made tenuous links with the late great British Tradition by meandering through an anonymous lengthy tune pompously entitled "Last Of The Dudes". The affrontery!

There were indeed traces of ageing Mott raunch and time, melodic and textural variations — but weakened. Their set was a blur, songs indistinguishable as they were hacked out with sheer professionalism. Songs that were consistently based on almost endearingly simplistic frameworks, arranged extravagantly to denote complexity.

Songs were stretched for every ounce of 'potential'. There were lots of guitar breaks, it was loud and riffy, and it was, quite simply greeted with much acclaim . . .

. . . The observer opened his eyes. He swiftly swallowed his drink. He decided these people must take their music very seriously. They knew what they liked and responded accordingly. He had to admire such faith . . . or was it all mindlessness? He shrugged his shoulders and went to his seat to watch Judas Priest, preachers of power, go through their motions . . .

. . . The audience are already at the front of the stage, clamouring and greedily chanting for tonight's heroes. There are discernible links with football followers' fanaticism. The introductory muzak is the instantly identifiable Also Sprach etc, to boost atmosphere and link subliminal associations with the 'seriousness' of the music about to come — a careful if obvious procedure to woo the audience.

Judas, hard lights and bursting smoke smash the darkness and pleas turn into greeting. "We Have Come To Have A Good Time And We Will". And they do.

"Exciter" off the new chartcert 12-inch "Stained Class" is a likeable chunk of nostalgia which the converted will probably consider a classic. It's very macho-orientated — a key ingredient to Judas expressionism and vital to their appeal. The base masculinity: *"Down on your knees and repeat if you please"*. Mean, powerful, anguished, relentless. Loud. The necessary components.

Judas career through a selection of the new album interspersed with standards of old There is, it need hardly be said, total familiarity with the oldies and fervour for the as-yet-undiscovered new ones. It is all very religious, not even allowing for the rows of peace signs. It's a bewildering ritual of call and mass response — a peculiar 'entertainment' phenomenon that has no apparent bearings on any comparable 20th Century form; totally isolated, and best left as such for all concerned.

Singer Rob Halford introduces each number in experienced, modulated tones, with a short explanation and a final flourish of triumph as he announces the title. The audience roar in recognition and dive into uniform hysteria.

Bar Halford, visually the group are as mannered and as predictable as this response. There are tough stances from the two guitarists, a motionless bassist.

Halford himself stalks around the stage with highly involved concentration. He bears a small resemblance to Rodney Bewes; worried look, short hair. He's clad in all black, with a chain adorning a shoulder. He screams a lot. All Powerful/All Powerful/All Powerful/. The ritual.

Lights pour down from above in wallowing and contradictory pretty emphasis of the transcendant. Searchlights pick out individual soloists as they perform their necessary moments of ego fulfilling indulgence. Halford bows deeply from the waist at the conclusion of each song. It is a show. And to me it is meaningless. If you're not a member of the club it is pointless attending the meetings.

The observer departs, utterly confused, during the encores. During Judas's hour-long set he was occasionally amused but mostly bored to tears and biting fingernails. It's not so much an anachronism but more a self-obsessed, self contained world, he mused. It is incredible that this alternative world can exist.

Paul Morley

Mary O'Hara

FAIRFIELD HALLS, CROYDON

IF THE FILM is ever made about Mary O'Hara's triumphant return to the concert platform after 15 years in a convent, it's a pity Bing Crosby won't be around to play the benevolent Catholic priest. What a story! Shut away from a changing world for over a decade, then, within a year of 'coming out', selling out concerts throughout the world (the Albert Hall, Festival Hall, Fairfield Halls and Wembley Conference Centre, in London alone).

There's a book due out about her in September. But the question is, can she transcend all the media hoo-hah and still sustain her, er, credibility?

Well, on this showing I'd say yes, but it's a pretty close run thing.

It was an across-the-board audience who packed into the Fairfield Hall for a show which promised something for everyone. Her choice of material is catholic (no pun intended; well, just a small one perhaps), mixing beautiful Gaelic ballads with contempgary material the like of Leo Sayer's "When I Need You", Carol King's "Tapestry", Gordon Lightfoot's "Song For A Winter's Night" and Paul Simon's "Bridge Over Troubled Water".

On the traditional material she's captivating, accompanying herself on Irish Harp, the Gaelic words tripping effortlessly and romantically off her tongue. It's when she moves into the 'modern' world that I have my doubts.

Each song is introduced as reverently as Lots at Sotherby's and the arrangements aren't helped by the moribund backing, which at times nearly destroyed the delicacy of Mary's voice and harp playing.

Then again, couldn't she choose something slightly more demanding than, say, John Denver's "Follow Me"?

However, her strongest attribute is the incredible voice she's been blessed with, particularly effective in songs like "Shawl From Galway", Sydney Carter's haunting "Lord Of The Dance", "45 Years" and "Quiet Land Of Erin".

There's a purity and strength in her voice which transcends the occasional weakness of some of the material, amd overcomes the anaemic backing. She has sustained control, perfect pitch and an ability to inject warmth and sensitivity into songs without sounding clinically austere.

I must admit I came out refreshed, with an option on complete conversion. Like Dean Martin said after shaking hands with a newly evangelized Pat Boone, "My whole right side sobered up"!

Patrick Humphries

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Treat for Throttler hunters

The Pop Group Social Security, Gardez Darkx,

BRISTOL

TWO PLUS THREE is not six, but on Saturday a lot of people apparently thought it was. You see, no-one has ever heard of Gardez Darkx, but they all saw the posters round the town — "Gardez Darkx will play live." Then they read about The Stranglers' secret dates, and remembered the well-known Pop Group/ Stranglers connection, and turned up in droves, expecting to see The Throttling Ones.

Two plus three equals five, however, and Gardez Darkx exist. But the deluded still got their money's worth: the only time I have enjoyed so much unfamiliar music before was when I first saw Zappa.

There were three things wrong with Gardez Darkx's set.

The first was that a guitar string broke during the fourth song, which lost the momentum of the set. The second was that the set was not long enough. They even got called back for an encore, which is pretty rare in Bristol for a support act (Bristol audiences could teach the jaded apathletes of London a thing or two about unenthusiasm).

What stirred them so much? Well, Gardez (pronounced Gar-DEZZ) play "conceptual industrial jazz," a meaningless enough category invented by the band's singer-guitarist Latif Gardez. In general, that term refers to a blend of Isotope and Magazine, with a trumpet (trumpet?) to balance Gardez's brilliant guitar.

The set began with a couple of straight headbangers, including the B-side of the forthcoming single, "Heartbeat." It was the next one that was the most adventurous: a slowish rhythm overlaid with some fine trumpet playing, a bit like on "Aja", which built and changed, melting into some crisp guitar, and ending with a fine phased solo.

Trumpet dominated the following "Nobody Rules OK", squirting like the complete Rumour Horn Section, and balanced with hard, attacking guitar chords — so hard that the string broke.

No replacement guitar was around, so Latif had to battle through the last three songs on five strings. Actually, if I had been near the back instead of at the front, I'd never have known — his best solo was during the sixth song.

They ended with the future A-side, "Freeze", and if that doesn't make No. 1 on some New Wave chart or other then you're a bunch of ignorant pigs. who don't deserve good music.

The third thing wrong was that their drummer only joined last week. He did tend to come unstuck on the subtler bits, but that's nothing that more rehearsal won't cure. It'll be easy — this lot made sure they were the best band they'd ever heard before they even did a live performance.

Social Security are the kind of band your mates are in — but are rather better than most of that type. For a start, most of their material is original. Nearest of all the Bristol bands to the current big thing, power-pop, they've got all the necessary melodic strength.

Their set included the farewell performance of "Students At Grunwicks (just wasting their time)". In a Student Union, with most of such students in the audience, it was a fitting burial.

Now then, The Pop Group, I suppose we need a new adjective for them. XTC have stop-go rhythms, and Talking Heads are herky-jerky. Click - clack, click - clack, said B. Fart. In these cases comparisons are odorous; yes, there are similarities, but it devalues all three bands to reduce them to their common factor, their apparent irregularity.

But at least I can now give reference marks, entrance points — I'm glad it's now, not in the summer when XTC were an unknown quantity and the Heads a single and a dim recollection of a support to The Morones.

Strange rhythms do not a great band make, but they certainly help. Rehearsal and musicianship (all right, I'll go wash my mouth out with soap, but not until I've said my bit) help a lot too, and The Pop Group have all three. However, they are not the most immediately *enjoyable* band around.

I had to spend a lot of time looking for the tunes, those clotheslines on which you hang your ideas. I did find them, in the end, and I'm looking forward to when I can see the band again (and again), so I can really listen to the ideas. When the album comes out, I'll have one, please.

Modest Bob reviewed a single by The Pigs as "the sound of Bristol and Glasgow and Manchester and Bishop's Stortford." Don't believe what you read: Avonbeat is coming.

Mike Holmans

The Fabulous Poodles

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

FROM THEIR reputation, some recent pranks on *The Old Grey Whistle Test,* and an intro on stage by some houndfaced bozo in a green wig, I expected the Poodles to be more amusing.

They looked impressive enough. Bossman Tony de Meur in spangled tuxedo, spiv shoes and red-rimmed specs, slugging his guitar in a knock-kneed stance like a glitter Buddy Holly; Clark Gable look-alike Bobby Valentine, slick but depraved on violin/ mandolin; a non-descript drummer; and the ghoulish Richie Robertson (bass) in a tacky second-hand suit.

But visually that's your lot. The Poos' humour is confined to an exploration of Nostalgia, with de Meur oozing a treacle-like hyped sentimentality that seemed to engulf any projective energy in much of the set.

There was "Chicago Boxcar" and "Pinball Pin-Up", rocked-up country numbers — visions of Atlantan truckstops and oceans of fried chicken — pleasant but bland. There was the dance of the decade, the reggaed-up "Let's Wrist Again," a single-handed celebration of self-abuse — comic but limp.

Only when they settled into a half-set of early rock 'n' roll, did The Fab Ones begin to generate any real excitement. But at times, such as in Chuck Berry's "Don't You Lie To Me" and "Rum Baba Boogie", the precision of the mandolin and the all-too-smooth fiddle solos counteracted any genuine rock feel. Apart from Valentino's excellent use of a voicebox on "Mr Mike" — emotive sloping sound effects — the similarity of arrangement and tone made some of the tunes largely indistinguishable.

THE POP GROUP (Yes, The Pop Group). Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

"Bike Blood" finally achieved the element of rowdiness they'd been lacking. As did "See Yer Later, Alligater", complete with guitar hero breaks — punchy, driving, great rock 'n' roll.

They encored with "On The Street Where You Live", a far cry from *My Fair Lady,* with that sleazer Valentino on vaseline vocals with a punk backing to the to the tune of "Satisfaction". A climax of a howled chorus — de Meur prancing around with a yard-long razorblade through his head.

Musically they are as ambitious as they can hope to be within the restrictions of a four-piece framework. But they rely very heavily for comedy value on their lyrics alone; maybe the audience would have warmed to them sooner with the support of more visual humour. Entertaining they are — sensational they ain't.

Mark Ellen

Motorhead

SHREWSBURY

I HAD eschewed the delights of heavy metal music since witnessing Black Sabbath in 1970, and approached this gig with trepidation.

More fool me. After all that time spent at or near the prone position, listening to the open-hearted joys of West Coast cowboys, I didn't realise the fun to be had jumpin and jivin while standing upright — and conclude that Motorhead are indeed part of the breath of fresh air currently cleaning out the ossified British music industry.

Don't get me wrong. The style is renegade biker, not pins and bin bags. Motorhead ain't afraid to admit that they have been around for longer than 18 months. But their combination of new wave enthusiasm and old wave style goes further than skin deep.

They are not merely the heavy metal retreaders you might imagine. They love heavy nasty rock 'n' roll. "Motorhead", "Witchdoctor" and "Vibrator" thundered along with the kind of menace that was like a dream come true.

It's not just blitzkreig rock either. In "Keep Us On The Road" and "Lost Johnny" (co-written with Mick Farren, incidentally) we're treated to two strong tunes.

When it comes to musicianship, if we are allowed to mention it in these minimalist days, this lot sure can play. Phil Taylor is an animal on the drum kit, and Lemmy provided exemplary throbbing riffs. Witness the new song "Tear You Down" — the kind of stuff that destroys whole city blocks.

'Fast' Eddie Clarke is just that — an energetic rock 'n' roll guitarist who plays as much as needed, no more no less. There were no self-indulgent Troweresque histrionics. "The Watcher" was just fine music and lots of fun.

Motorhead pulled a couple of old favourites out of the hat and did both proud. The Yardbirds' "Train Kept A Rollin" was a plain killer only topped by the encore "White Line Fever." And there was a stunning rendition of "City Kids" from the repertoire of the much missed Pink Fairies, god bless em.

A great night for rock and roll . . . and it's a pity that only the faithful turned out. Most of the crowd were obviously committted HM fanatics out to see their heroes. More people should take notice of what Lemmy said: "We don't care who comes to see us, long hair, short hair or no hair. It's just rock 'n' roll."

Too true, and Motorhead are a dangerously vital example.

Michael J Pritchard

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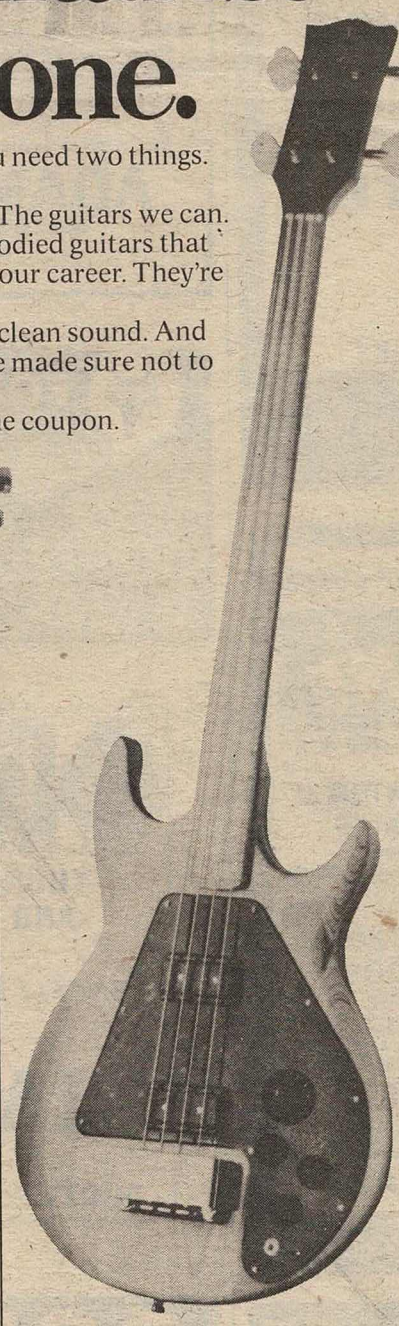

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HARROGATE P.G.'S Club: CAFE JACQUES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE STUKAS / THE MONOS
KNUTSFORD Cross Town Club: THE NEGATIVES
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LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: STEPASIDE
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: SNAX
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MAIDSTONE London Tavern: DAVE BERRY
MANCHESTER Middleton Town Hall: XTC
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: SHAM 69
MANCHESTER Wythenshawe Forum Hall: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NUNEATON Boobies Pingles: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: NIGHTSHIFT
PENZANCE The Garden: JENNY DARREN BAND
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE BRAINS TRUST
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: SOUL DIRECTION
PORT TALBOT Troubador Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
POYNTON Folk Centre: PETER BELLAMY
RHYL Tito's ALVIN STARDUST (for three days)
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: WHITE SNAKE
SALISBURY Arts Centre: MICK RYAN & PHIL BURGE
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: SNATCH
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
SWANSEA Nutz Club: COLOSSEUM II
TORQUAY 400 Club: KRAKATOA
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: WHIRLWIND
WELLINGBOROUGH Fir Tree Ballroom: CHRIS BARBER BAND
WELLINGTON Town House: TONIGHT
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS

Friday

ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: THE SQUAD
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: INTERVIEW
BATH University: THE VIBRATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: MUSCLES
BOLTON Institute of Technology: ZAL
BRADFORD College: DAWNWEAVER
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MIKE SOAR
BRAINTREE Waggon & Horses: THE CRACK
BRIDGWATER Pawlett Manor Hotel: SON OF A BITCH
BRIGHTON Dome: THE YETTIES
BRIGHTON New Regent: X-RAY SPEX / DEAD FINGERS TALK
BRIGHTON Sussex University: COLOSSEUM II
BRISTOL B.Q. Club: ADVERTISING
BRISTOL Colston Hall: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
BURTON 76 Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
CANTERBURY Odeon: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
CARDIFF College of Education: THE POP GROUP
CHATHAM Central Hall: PAM AYERS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: AFTER THE FIRE

OTWAY AND BARRETT (above) are back together again on the road, after a temporary parting of the ways in the autumn, when Otway toured as a soloist. The terrible twins reunite for an extensive tour which kicks off at Salford (Friday), Hull (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Norwich (Wednesday).

ROY HARPER (right) sets out on another tour, though this time he's minus his usual Black Sheep band and is appearing strictly solo, apart from the assistance of guitarist Andy Roberts. His first three dates take him to Coventry (Thursday), Guildford (Friday) and Nottingham (Saturday.

CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: WHITE LIGHTNING
CLACKMANAN Royal Oak Hotel: THE CUBAN HEELS
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: PREFECTS / TV EYE
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRAWLEY College of Technology: GRAND HOTEL
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: WIRE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHINA STREET
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: SAD CAFE
EDINBURGH Napier College: CHEAP FLIGHTS
EDINBURGH University: IGNATZ / THE VALVES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RUSH
GLASGOW Technical College: THE PIRATES
GLASGOW Third Eye Centre: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Surrey University: ROY HARPER
GUILDFORD Technical College: THE BRAINS TRUST
HATFIELD Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
HINCKLEY The Bounty: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
HULL College: DEAF SCHOOL
HULME St. Crispin's Club: THE NEGATIVES
IPSWICH The Kingfisher: RUBY JOE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: CAFE JACQUES
LAMPETER St. David's University: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LANCASTER University: THE ADVERTS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS University: GENO WASHINGTON BAND / THE PIN—UPS
LEICESTER Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LINCOLN Turks Head: ARMPIT JUG BAND
LIPHOOK Passfield Royal Oak: JASMINE PIE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SHAM 69
LIVERPOOL Polytechinc: THE MUTANTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / THE CRUISERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T.
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON College of Furniture: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE PLAGUE
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: CLUMSY
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE College of Printing: JOE KING & THE FICTIONAIRES
LONDON ENFIELD Rolenmils Social Club: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDN HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STEELEYE SPAN
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: SCREENS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SMIRKS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville': GONZALEZ
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON N.W.1 Royal Veterinary College: TRASH
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PAUL MILLNS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: JENNY DARREN BAND / SATAN'S RATS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: REALITY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE RIVVITS / TEQUILA BROWN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON STRATFORD Green Dragon: SCHOOL MEALS
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: WHIRLWIND
LONDON TWICKENHAM Maria Grey College: LANDSCAPE
LONDON University: BLACK SLATE / PENETRATION / MASTERSWITCH
LONDON W.1 Hilton Hotel: THE TROGGS
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall; PLEASURE ZONE / BEAVER / PADDINGTON YOUTH STEEL BAND / CLAPPERCLAW
LONDON W14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: ROOGALATOR
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: DAVE BERRY
MATLOCK College: BRIAN DEWHURST
MELBOURN Village College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEW BRIGHTON Empress Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
NORWICH Toppers Club: COMMITTEE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DEPRESSIONS
OXFORD Westminster College: MAGNA CARTA
PAISLEY Technical College: ZHAIN
PETERBOROUGH Technical College: KRAZY KAT
PRESTON Guildhall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
PRESTON Polytechnic: XTC
RETFORD Porterhouse: TONIGHT
SALFORD University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: AMAZORBLADES
SHEFFIELD University: CADO BELLE
SOUTHAMPTON University: JUNE TABOR / JOHN JAMES
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: THE NEXT BAND
SWANSEA University: KRAKATOA
WALLASEY Dale Inn: SPIDER
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: JEVUTSHTA
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BOYS
YORK College: BRITISH LIONS

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
BEDFORD College of Higher Education: NO DICE
BIRKENHEAD Rascals doubling Q Club: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: SHAM 69
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENTFORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: KILLER
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: TONY CAPSTICK
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOGNOR Open Bars: LITTLE ACRE
BOLTON Institute of Technology: THE AUTOMATICS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BRADFORD University: JENNY DARREN BAND
BRIGHTON Dome: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
BRIGHTON New Regent: FRANKENSTEIN
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: 999
BRISTOL Granary: ARBRE
BRISTOL University: JUNE TABOR/JOHN JAMES
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: SAMSON
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
CLACTON St. Osyth College: AFTER THE FIRE
COVENTRY College of Education: BRIGHT EYES
CRIEFF Royal Stuart Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
CROYDON Red Deer: WEIRD SISTER
DARTFORD Thames Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: WIRE
DURHAM University: NEON
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MARY O'HARA
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: THE VIBRATORS
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: THE TROGGS
GLASGOW University: SAD CAFE
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: LATE SHOW
HARROGATE P.G.' Club: GYGAFO
HAYFIELD George Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
HULL Royal Station Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
ILKLEY College of Education: KRAKATOA
LANCASTER Giant Axe: CHINA STREET
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEEDS Trinity College: MUSCLES
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: INNER EAR
LIVERPOOL Caesar's Club: STRANGEWAYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls; TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND/STEVE BROWN BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: WILKO JOHNSON/COUNT BISHOPS/IRON FIST & THE HORDES FROM HELL/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PICK-POCKETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: HANDBAG
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: REBEL
LONDON GREEMWICH Borough Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STEELEYE SPAN
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: RAPED
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BOYFRIENDS/THE SMIRKS
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: RACING CARS
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON REGENTS PARKk Cecil Sharp House: JOHN DOONAN & DAVE BULMER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STUKAS/THE LOOK/THE MONOS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW East Polytechnic: THE NIGHT
LOUGHBOROUGH University: DEAF SCHOOL
MACCLESFIELD Morton Hall: THE NEXT BAND-/SUICIED
MANCHESTER U.M.I.ST.: THE DEPRESSIONS
MANCHESTER University: THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: DAVE BERRY
MANCHESTER Wah Ching Club: THE NEGATIVES
MARGATE High Cliff: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: CAFE JAQUES
NEWCASTLE University: CADO BELLE
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: BRITISH LIONS
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM University: ROY HARPER
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: RUMBLE STRIPS/WARREN HARRY
PRESTON Guildhall: BE-BOP DELUXE
READING Target Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
SANDOWM Pavilion: PAM AYERS
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnics: ZAL
SHEFFIELD University: CAR CRASH/DEFIANT
SOUTHEND Minerva Club: WHIRLWIND
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: JENNY HANN'S LION
ST. ALBANS City Hall: NUTZ/THE WINDERS
STIRLING University: THE PIRATES
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
SUNDERLAND Lee's Club: THE CARPETTES
TIVERTON The Motel: LE RITZ
TONYPANDY Naval Club: SON OF THE BITCH
TURVILLE Idlecombe Farm: THE YETTIES
WHITEHALL Royal Oak: PTARMIGAN
WIGAN Casino: ROOGALATOR
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: KRAZY KAT
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Ship & Rainbow: INCREDIBLE BAND
YORK College of Fipon & York St. John: DAWNWEAVER
YORK Winning Post: R.B.Q.

Sunday

BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WOLF PACK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM The Crossways: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BRISTOL Hippodrome: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BRISTOL Locarno: EDIIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
BUXTON Great Rocks Club: THE NEGATIVES
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: BARRON KNIGHTS (for a week)
CARDIFF Top Rank: SHAM 69
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: DOLL BY DOLL
CORBY Nags Head (lunchtime): VESUVIUS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Theatre: STTEELEYE SPAN
CROYDON Greyhound: WIRE / THE STUKAS
GLASGOW Kings Theatre: MARY O'HARA
GLASGOW Pavilion: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: ADVERTISING
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: KRAKATOA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: I.O.U.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: DEAF SCHOOL / THE DOCTORS / RADIATORS FROM SPACE / JOHNNY MOPED

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SWIFT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BRIAN PARRISH BAND
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: CHICK COREA / HERBIE HANCOCK
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odoen: RUSH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SMIRKS
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LURKERS
LONDON Palladium: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LATE SHOW
LONDON Victoria Palace: THE END
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: PAUL BRADY / TIM BROADBENT
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel: BUD FREEMAN
LUTON Halfway House: LEFT HAND DRIVE
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: BE-BOP DELUXE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: XTC
NEWCASTLE Playground (lunchtime): SABRE JETS
OLDHAM Grange Arts Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: BIGGLES WARTIME BAND / PETE ROYLE
PURLEY Tiffany's: DELROY WILLIAMS / SOUL EXPLOSION / MR. SUPERBAD
READING Hexagon Theatre: PAM AYRES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE ADVERTS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: THE BRAINS TRUST
RISCA Leisure Centre: JUNE TABOR / JOHN JAMES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: KRAZY KAT
WALSALL BILSTON The Cock: STEVE ADAMS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: THE ACCLERATORS / YOUNG BUCKS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: PALAMINO
WORKSOP Boundary Inn: BRIAN DEWHURST
YORK University: CAR CRASH / DEFIANT

Monday

AMPTHILL White Hart Stables: LITTLE FISH
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: BRITISH LIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SCREENS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Good Hope Club: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE V.I.P.s
BIRMINGHAM The Boggery: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE BOYS
BOSTON Folk Club: FOGGY
BRIDGNORTH Theatre on the Steps: MIDDLE EARTH
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Crystals Club: DIRTY SHIRTS
CANTERBURY Kent University: STEELEYE SPAN
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: XTC
CORBY Shafts: GOBBLINZ
DIDSBURY The Cavalcade; AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE VIBRATORS
DUCKLINGTON Bell Inn: JACK HOLT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE CUBAN HEELS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER University: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
GLASGOW Howff: THE MOTELS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: WIRE
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
HULL Tiffany's: NO DICE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEVE JOLLY'S PLEASURE ZONE / ANGEL WITCH / FALCON EDDY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PEKOE ORANGE / J. J. JAMESON
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: S.A.L.T.
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RUSH
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: TONY ROSE
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: RICHARD WASLEY
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JO-ANN KELLY / GARENT WATKINS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CLIFF AUNGIER & KEVIN STENSON
LONDON PUTNEY Micawbers Bar: SWIFT
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE WINDERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PENETRATION / RAPED
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: MENACE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: STEVE BROWN BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: OAKLAND JOHNNY MARS / NO MYSTERY
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: THE SUPREMES (for a week)
MOUNT SORREL Rolls Royce Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWCASTLE Co-operage: THE ACCELERATORS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
OXLEY Broadfield Hall: KEV PARR & THE CROWBARS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SHAM 69
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: ZAL
PRESTON Lamb Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
REDDITCH Tracey's: KILLER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: SON OF A BITCH

GALLAGHER AND LYLE (above) begin their annual round-Britain trek this weekend, assured of the usual standing-room-only notices that follow them wherever they go. The tour opens at Bournemouth (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

THE STRAWBS (left) also begin their tour during this Gig Guide period, though they don't open until Wednesday in Liverpool, with plenty more dates to follow. And if you can't catch them on the road, you can catch them instead on Saturday when they're showcased in BBC-2 and Radio 1's "Sight And Sound In Concert".

UCKFIELD New Centre: BAND WITH NO NAME
UXBRIDGE Unit One: STREET CHORUS
WALLASEY Labour Club: SPIDER
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: JENNY DARREN BAND

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: MARY O'HARA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: SHAM 69
BRADFORD ST. George's Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
BURLEY White Buck: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL
CARDIFF University: EDDIE & THE HOTS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
CHELTENHAM Pero's Wine Bar: SOLARIS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: IGNATZ
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: THE BOYS/BLITZKREIG BOP
LEEDS Tiffany's: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: NO DICE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: JAPAN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PENETRATION
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CHISWICK The Bull: LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: WHIRLWIND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: STAGEFRIGHT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: THE ACCELERATORS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: LISSEN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: STEELEYE SPAN

TV this week

DICKEY BETTS (above) and his new band, the Great Southerners, fly in for an "Old Grey Whistle Test" in-concert special on BBC-2 next Tuesday (see News Desk). Same channel on Saturday links with Radio 1 for "Sight And Sound In Concert" showcasing **The Strawbs.**

● **The Captain & Tenile** star in their first-ever British TV special for BBC-2 on Friday. Over on ITV, **The Real Thing** and **Rags** are in Tuesday's "Get It Together".
● BBC-1's "Omnibus" on Thursday presents **David Bedford's** new work "Song Of The White Horse", with **Mike Ratledge** and Bedford himself on keyboards.
● **Max Boyce** and **Jasper Carrott** continue their Friday night series (BBC-1 and ITV respectively), though sadly the two shows clash.

READING University: THE SURPRISE SISTERS
ROTENSTAL White Lion: BRIAN DEWHURST
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
SHEFFIELD Penthouse Club: CHINA STREET
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE VIBRATORS
SOUTHEND Scamps: KESTRAL
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
WORCESTER Bank House: THE DRONES/THE SLUGS

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: THE IDOLS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: RICOCHET
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: U.S.A. U.K.
BIRMINGHAM St. Peter's College: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRADFORD University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BRIGHTON Dome: STEELEYE SPAN
CHADWELL HEATH Snoopy's: WEIRD SISTER
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THE WINDERS
GLASGOW Amphora: CHOU PAHROT
GLASGOW University: IGNATZ
ILFORD Oscar's: STRIDER
LEEDS University: JUNE TABOR / JOHN JAMES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: EARTHQUAKE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: STRAWBS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TRADE WINDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IAN DURY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: YACHTS
LONDON CHARING-X RD. St. Martins's Art School: METABOLIST
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: VIPER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STEVE BROWN BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LOOK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: THE FEATURES
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON N.1. Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: KESTRAL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Lord Wellington: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER & GREIG'S SHOWCASE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre (Upstairs): GONZALEZ / ALFALPHA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: WIRE / XTC
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE CASUAL BAND
LOSTOCK Alkali Club: THE NEGATIVES
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE YETTIES
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
NEWCASTLE University: THE BOYS
NORWICH East Anglia University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DRONES / THE SLUGS
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TINA TURNER. Pic: M.HARRISON-GOUDIE

If this is Vegas, gimme more . . .

Tina Turner
HAMMERSMITH

JANUARY, Millie Jackson; February, Tina Turner; soon come, Gladys Knight . . . gee whizz, can it all be too much for this white boy? No, no, no; gimme more, more, more. Like the man said (James Brown of course), "Too much is rough, but it's better than dying from something that you never had."

Since her split from Ike about 18 months ago, the word was out that Tina had gone completely Vegas. (n.b. To Go Vegas: to suck up to the fat cats by submerging yourself in their unctuous ideas of entertainment).

It is now clear that she has adopted some of the superficial trappings that characterize the floor shows in the niteries of The Inane Ones, but the heart and soul of her act is still acidic enough to bleach a blue rinse or cauterize a chicken-in-the-basket at a thousand paces.

Her rhythm and blues roots are about as thinly, if flamboyantly, disguised by her outrageous gowns and accompanying dancers as is her natural thatch by her gingerish wig. (And if she wasn't wearing a wig I've just perpetrated an ungallant social blunder).

Including encores and a 15-20 minute intermission, the new Tina Turner revue lasted for two hours, during most of which time this amazing lady drove herself through an orgy of wailing and prancing that would leave most of us hospitalized with collapsed lungs or a slipped disc or somesuch.

Supporting this explosive performance was her eight-piece band (rhythm, horns and keyboards) and four dancers, tactfully comprised of two females of contrasting skin and a matching brace of males.

It is perhaps churlish to admit that Ike's slashing guitar work was missed by some of us older fans, but still, his new equivalent is good and the band as a whole was well up in the very acceptable category.

Similarly, the four professional dancers are not exactly the last word in funky terpsichory but they're a damn sight more animated than Legs & Co. Anyway, as Tina told me after the show, the idea is to provide a comparison with her own bad self.

"Professionals cannot dance like street people, they're trained out of it. I use them for a more middle-of-the-road setting in which I can just be myself."

Scene, the first part. Like a giant orange lyre-bird on skates, she shimmied onto stage in one of her more fanciful outfits and immediately set the theatre afire by storming her way theough "We're Gonna Turn It Up Tonight". Change down for a slinky stroll through the swamps, "Crazy Cajun Cakewalk Band", then back into overdrive with the "Gypsy Acid Queen".

On with the dancers and all hard-driving into "Life In The Fast Lane", featuring much Funky Roboting, line abreast, arms and legs thrashing and twitching, then it was "Come To The Carnival" time, Tina boogied into the wings while the band switched into a Dixieland routine; the dancers Charlestoned and suchlike for a while then also disappeared.

Back came Tina in a chunky white suit and matching fedora; the madame for her girls, who re-appeared suitably attired for "Good Time Ladies' Rag". In one synchronized snatch the fellas then ripped away Tina's top-clothes to reveal her lithe frame barely covered by an open-fronted black, bodice, one leg provocatively sheathed in a black stocking, the other exposed almost to the hip. (Now we know what Tina's adviser, Jack Good, lies fantasising about in the wee wee hours).

If there was anyone in the audience still not sure of what was happening on stage, they soon got the message from "Honky Tonk Women", "Hold On, I'm Coming" and "Don't Let Go". Subtlety was not a part of the evening's entertainment.

More modestly swathed in a long white rap, Tina and her gang then calmed the masses with a slowly scorching rendition of "Funny How Time Slips Away". Too true; 50 minutes gone in a whirl of energy — and that was just the first half.

For the opening of part two, Tina changed tack. Alone in the spotlight, clutching a single red rose, she spoke briefly of her divorce from Ike before performing "Don't It Make Your Brown Eyes Blue" and a medley of Neil Diamond, Cat Stevens, Dan Hill songs. I didn't care for this segment myself — far too redolent of Marlene Dietrich for my liking — but most of the crowd seemed to enjoy it.

With a quick change into yet another outfit it was then back to basics for about 40 barnstorming minutes of "Jumping Jack Flash", "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll, "Nutbush City Limits", "River Deep, Mountain High" (the whole theatre on heat by this time), "Proud Mary", "I Want To Take You Higher" and a flurry of encores: "Staying Alive", "Mean Old Lion" and a reprise of "Nutbush".

Two shows for the price of one; what more do you want, a night out with the star; Tina Turner is still The Hardest Working Lady In Show Business.

And now, you promoters big and small, even with Millie 'n' Tina been 'n' gone and Gladys on her way, that still leaves nine more months of '78 to get through. May I suggest, in no particular order, visits from Etta James, Irma Thomas, Inez Foxx, Sugar Pie DeSanto, Denise LaSalle, Anne Peebles, Koko Taylor, Dorothy Moore and Betty Wright. Not 'arf.

Cliff White

Earth Quake
SALFORD UNIVERSITY

"Don't worry — The Rolling Stones played to a lot fewer people the first time they came to the U.S.A. !" Brave words from John Doukas, staring at the half-empty hall on their UK debut. But the slickness and confidence Earth Quake have gained from eight years' experience came close to compensating for the audience reaction.

Almost all their material was from their recent EP and the album "Levelled" — a bunch of pleasant tunes, with unadventurous lyrics, that could be branded as heavy metal pop.

The stage version is a little different. Visually, it's a one-man show. Doukas, the archetypal Jagger / Mercury vocalist, prancing, pouting, and baton-twirling his mike stand. Musically, all hangs on the two excellent guitarists, Robbie Dunbar and Gary Phillips, neatly splicing the vocals with razorsharp fills, and throwing in a few duels and guitar-hero lead breaks. Backed by a bass / drum rhythm section of enormous power, it appeared they could do no wrong.

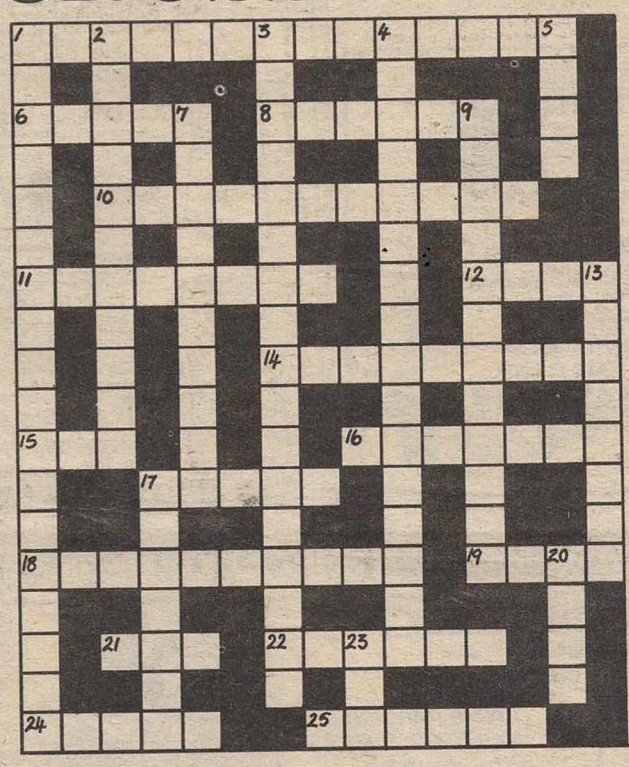
But some of the early numbers, such as "Lovin' Cup" and "Mr Security", needed either a stronger melody, or a more interesting arrangement, to get them off the ground.

By extending the material with solos, the band swung away from the pop format, and more into straight heavy rock. But not until "Friday On My Mind" did they cross the dividing line betweem technical perfection and really expressive music. "Street Fever" too had the support of driving guitar riffs and a wall of vocal harmony. They ended with "Route 66", showing a genuine feel for powerful rock 'n' roll.

Earth Quake are not a band to be analysed. They advance no musical frontiers, and they don't pretend to. I don't doubt that their superstar image will get some stick from hard-core cynics, but judging by their effect on this meagre crowd, they have enough musical strength to justify it.

Mark Ellen

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Queen In Naked Bishop Shock Horror Probe!!! Rupert Murdoch ... meet Freddie Mercury (4,2,3,5)
6 Imprisoned MC5-er
8 Nutters' label!
10 Wrote and sung "I'm Not In Love" (4,7)
11 Philadelphian soul pioneer, best known for his productions and arrangements for The Stylistics (4,4)
12 White or Price
14 The Great White Hope of British Rock 1973/'75, but ... *que sera, sera* ... in every dream home a heartache! (4,5)
15 See 25
16 No.1 hit for the Four Seasons in 1964 (3,4)
17 & 20 The Jam's programme for urban renewal?! (2,3,4)
18 U.S. R&B singer, she cut the classic versions of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "I Put A Spell On You" (4,6)
19 See below
21 & 19 One half of "Evita" partnership
22 Tom Robinson's "bruvver" in the song of the same name
24 Connolly, Scott, Priest, Tucker
25 & 15 Bill Withers' dreck-laden hit

DOWN

1 The footwear and undie fetishists' vinyl fix! (3,5,3,7)
2 Electric Chairperson (5,6)
3 Presley's first 45 — originally by 'Big Boy' Crudup and cut for Sun (5,8,4)
4 The other one on "Really Free"(4,5,7)
5 DiMucci of "Runaround Sue"
7 No rib cured (anag.4,6)
9 "Midnight At The Oasis" was her single hit (5,7)
13 Jesus of Cool! (4,4)
17 1971 Lennon album, title track wasn't issued as a UK single until 1975
20 See 17 across
23 Mike Nessmith hit 45

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: Tom Petty; 6 Modern Lovers; 9 "Baby Love"; 11 (Joan) Jett; 12 "Night Moves"; 14 (TV) Smith; 17 Sam Cooke; 18 Alternative TV; 21 Paul Weller; 23 Nelson; 24 Paice (Ashton Lord). **DOWN:** 1 Tom Robinson; 2 Pretty Things; 3 (Jethro) Tull; 4 Carole (King); 5 (John) Evan; 7 Jethro (Tull); 8 Tommy Ramone; 10 Elvis Costello; 13 Steeleye (Span); 15 Steve Howe; 16 Bill (Nelson); 19 Eagles; 20 Span; 22 RCA.

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...WITH A 'TRIPLE CROWN' T-SHIRT OR SWEATSHIRT

Take your pick of our OFFICIAL T-shirts and sweatshirts:— THE STRANGLERS, 999, WILKO JOHNSON, THE PIRATES, X-RAY SPECS, THE SAINTS, THE TOM ROBINSON BAND, X.T.C.

ALSO special limited offer — HOPE & ANCHOR "FRONT ROW FESTIVAL" T-shirts and sweatshirts featuring the above bands.

Sizes available:— SMALL, MEDIUM and LARGE.

T-SHIRTS £2.00, SWEAT-SHIRTS £4.80 (Plus 50p postage and packing per item ordered).

Cheques and P.O.'s payable to:— TRIPLE CROWN PROMOTIONS 110/112 Disraeli Road, London SW15

When ordering T-shirts or sweat-shirts please state GROUP'S NAME (or "FRONT ROW FESTIVAL" and GROUP'S NAME), SIZE and QUANTITY. Don't forget the RETURN ADDRESS and allow 4 weeks for delivery.

GUARANTEED NOT TO FALL APART — EVEN IN THE MOST VIOLENT SITUATION!!

PEG LEG TROUSERS WASHABLE GABERDINE

IN 5 COLOURS:

SCARLET RED, GREY, B. GREEN, N. BLUE, BLACK

£5.95 + 60p p/p
or 2 for £11.25 + 70p P&P
SEND CHEQUE OR POs STATING SIZE AND COLOUR (+ 2nd CHOICE)

Please allow 14 days for delivery

GEMINI
B. F., 27 AUGUSTA ROAD, RAMSGATE, KENT

SUSPENDER TIGHTS

COOL AND CONVENIENT COMFORTABLE AND EXCITING

ONE SIZE FITS ALL IN BLACK OR TAN
2 PAIRS £1.50.
INC VAT AND POSTAGE

ALSO OPEN CROTCH KNICKERS
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NEW POSTERS*

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THE RUNNAWAYS £1.10

ELVIS U.S. ARMY £1.10

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●●● LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Hendrix and Bolan (male size) Sabbath, Kiss, Status Quo, Queen, Yes, Zeppelin, Sex Pistols, Clash, Rainbow, Runaways **70p incl. P&P**
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Official 1 inch metal pin on 'Hello' medallion 55p each, including post/pre.

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BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
SIMILAR TO FAMOUS NAME MAKES

£3.99
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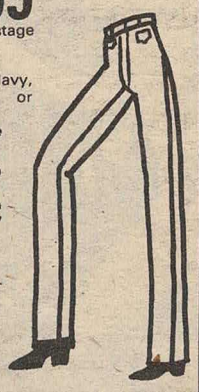

Colours: Navy, Brown or Burgundy
Please state alt. colour
Men's 26" to 48" waist
Girls 32" hip (size 8) to 54" hip (size 30)

Also available **Denim Straights same sizes**
£5.99
+ 51p P&P

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26A HANHAM ROAD, KINGSWOOD, BRISTOL BS15 2PP

U.S.A.
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FLIGHT JACKETS

With heavy fur fabric lining, rib waist band and 3 Zipped Pockets, as illustrated. In Black or Brown NOW ONLY

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HOODED SWEATSHIRT WITH ZIPPER
Keep your head and mits warm in the colder weather. 100% cotton, made in England. Fleece lined **£6.60** + 35p P&P. Colours sky blue, black, grey, brown, navy, red. His 34" to 39" chest, hers 34" to 40" bust. Please state an alternative colour.

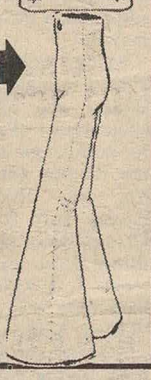
CHECK COTTON SHIRT
Be a "Lumberjack" in the Cotton check shirt and you can hang around in bars. **£3.25** plus 25p P&P. Main colours (with contrasting colours), brown, navy, olive, green. His chest 34" to 42". Hers 34" to 44" bust.

HEAVY DENIM JEANS
A brand name jean. Navy blue pre shrunk heavy indigo denim, 25" flared bottoms. A Shapes bargain at **£6.75** + 70p P&P. His sizes 26"—36" waist. Hers 32"—42in hips (inside leg length 36").

CHEESECLOTH KURTA*
A good quality white natural cheesecloth Kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.70**, + 20. P&P. Chest size 30" to 40", girls 34" to 42". Him state chest size, Her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA*
Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background **£2.80** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 30" to 44". Bust 32" to 44".

COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons. Still only **£2.60** + 40p P&P. Two pairs **£5** + 70p P&P. Colours Navy, red, yellow, purple, black, dark green, brown, olive green, maroon. **Guys waist sizes 26" to 29" only. Girls hips sizes 32"/35" only (33" inside leg length). Please state 2 alternative colours. Also purple, yellow, red in his 33" to 34" waist, hers 39" to 40" hips.**



CREW OR V-NECKS SWEATSHIRTS
A good quality cotton in either: V-NECK style **£3.20** plus 30p p & p. CREW NECK style **£3.25** plus 30p P&P. Colours: Navy, black, white, brown, burgundy, beige. His chest 34"-42", hers 36"-44". Please state alternative colours.
Postage outside UK double. Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly. All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 10 days. Send PO/cheque to

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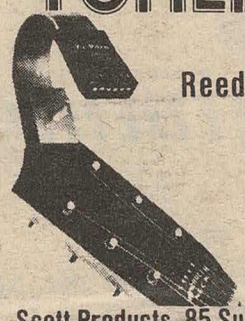

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Reed vibrates when correct pitch is reached

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679 IDIOT

214. BIONIC COCK

T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

Now available HOODED SWEAT SHIRTS
Highest Quality

HEAVY COTTON, FLEECE LINED

All designs shown are available on this garment. Sizes: S M L, Med, Large

Colours: Green, Navy, Lt. Blue, Red, White

ONLY £5.65 each
(Or £10.80 any two)

250 PUNK PANTHER

508. LED ZEPPELIN

714 LORD OF RINGS

240 LYNYRD

748. STONES

506. STATUS QUO

TOOTHICKFOR
NOHOPEUS IGNARAMUS
UNIVERSITY
251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

753 ALICE COOPER

282 BRICK

134. GENESIS

742. TUBES

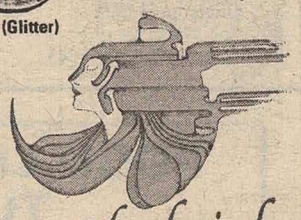
148. LED ZEP

All designs shown below are available all garments.
Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(679 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

720 YES (Glitter)

749 JIMMY PAGE

281 FIRE

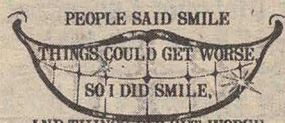

682. HAWKWIND

PERU PULPING
FRANCE FIXING
ITALY INJURING
IRAN IRRITATING
BRAZIL BEATING
MEXICO MAULING
AUSTRIA ABUSING
SWEDEN SLAYING
TUNISIA TRANSING
POLAND POUNDING
GERMANY GRINDING
HUNGARY HAUNTING
HOLLAND HOUNDING
SPAIN SLAUGHTERING
ARGENTINA ANNIHILATING
'WORLD CUP WINNING'
SCOTLAND
279. WORLD CUP (2)

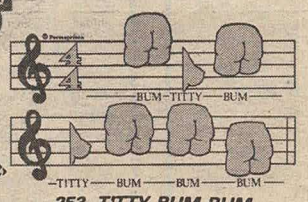
Hawkwind StatusQuo
186. STATUS QUO

737. COLLAGE

274. GIANT FACE DESIGN



257. SMILE



253. TITTY BUM BUM

740. EAGLES

743. BLK SABBATH

745. BAD CO.

741. LED ZEP

747. JETHRO TULL

278 WORLD CUP

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

744 PAUL

746 HENDRIX

Nos. 739 to 750 Full Colour Photo Designs
Also No 752 QUEEN (photo design)

750. KISS

280 TARTAN ARMY

♦277 Bullet holes printed on front at normal price or front and back for an extra 50p per shirt

507 FLOYD

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

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Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*

Address .....

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please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment

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OTHER ITEMS .....

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I enclose £.....

(Dept NM186)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

Levi's

Style 521 Western styled 22" Flares with rivetted pockets in 14 oz Denim. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36" 38" waist and upwards 34" leg only. Sizes from 26" to 36" waist are prewashed if required..... **£13.75**
Style 526 17" prewashed Western styled Jeans with rivetted pockets in 14 oz Denim. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34". Inside leg: 34" and 36" only..... **£13.75**
Levi Flared Needlecord Western styled Jeans with rivetted pockets. Colours: Navy, Dk. Brown, Grey, Black, Bronze and Sage Green. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". Waist sizes 36" and upwards 34" inside leg only. Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£13.75**
Levi 17" Straight Needlecords Western style with rivetted pockets. Colours: Grey, Navy, Sage Green, Dk Brown. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34". Inside leg: 34" only. Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£13.75**
Denim Jacket in 14 oz Denim (original style). Chest sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46". Prewashed if required..... **£14.95**
Levi Denim Shirt with brass popper buttons, prewashed. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17"..... **£10.95**
Levi Cotton/Flannel Shirts with bone buttons and two breast pockets. Colours mainly in Red, Navy Tartans. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17". Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£9.95**
Levi Crew-neck Sweatshirts. Colours: Red, Lt Grey, Black, Bottle Green. Sizes: S M L. Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£6.95**
Levi Sweatshirt with Hood, zip thru' style. Colours: Navy, Red, Black, Lt Blue, Lt Grey and Dk Green. Sizes: S M L XL. XL in navy only. Please state 2nd choice of colour... **£10.75**
Levi Sweatshirt with Collar, zip thru' style. Sizes: S M L. Colours: Red, Lt Grey and Navy..... **£9.95**

WRANGLER

Style 11016 Western styled 26" Flares in 14 oz Denim. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". 38" Waist and upwards 32" and 34" inside leg only. Sizes: 28" to 36" are prewashed if required..... **£12.50**
Wrangler Western styled Needlecords 24" Flares. Colours: Dk Brown, Black, Navy, Beige. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". 38" and 40" waist 32" and 34" inside leg only..... **£12.50**
Denim Shirt Western styled with pearl popper buttons. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17"..... **£9.95**
Denim Jacket in 14 oz Denim. Sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" 50" Chest **£13.95**
Wrangler extra heavyweight Cotton/Flannel Shirt with pearl popper buttons and 2 breast pockets. One colour only: Multi-check mainly Red, Navy and Beige. Sizes: S M L XL..... **£9.95**
Wrangler Western styled pin-striped Shirt with pearl popper buttons and 2 breast pockets. Colours: Navy/White, Red/White. Sizes: S M L XL..... **£9.50**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with various American Universities and Academies. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: Navy, Black, Lt Blue, Dk Green, White, Red. Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£6.25**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with Hood, zip thru' style. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: Red, Navy, Lt Grey, Dk Green..... **£10.95**

LEE

Western styled 24" Flares with rivetted pockets in 14 oz Denim. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36". Inside leg: 34" 36". Prewashed if required..... **£13.50**
Western styled 17" Straights with rivetted pockets in 14 oz Denim. Waist sizes: 27" 28" 29" 30" 31". Inside leg: 34" 36"..... **£13.75**

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Buy in The Best Market
We make the Fully Lined Bomber Jackets of hide from our own tannery

Jacket B

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Colours: Black, Brown, Oxblood. Chest: 34" — 44"

Superb Value at £25 inc p&p

Money refunded if not satisfied. When ordering state: **style, size and colour.**

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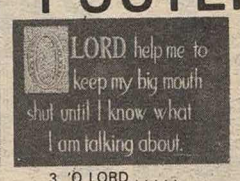
POSTERS

1. ROD STEWART: 20" × 30" 70p

2. YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU: 24" × 29" 70p



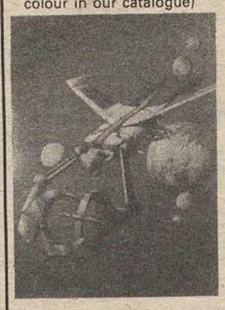
3. 'O LORD . . . .': 30" × 20" 70p

4. GRATEFUL DEAD: 14" × 20" 40p

5. LOVELIGHT (dayglo colour) 20" × 30" 75p

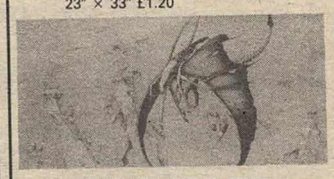
6. JIMI HENDRIX: 24" × 28" 70p

FULL COLOUR DESIGNS BY RODNEY MATTHEWS
(ALL Rodney's posters are illustrated in colour in our catalogue)


8. SPACE HIJACK: 23" × 33" £1.20

7. CHARIOT OF ROWENARC: 40" × 27" £1.50

9. THE LAST ARMADA: 40" × 20" £1.50


10. YELLOW BIRD IS DEAD: 40" × 20" £1.50

11. TANELORN: 40" × 27" £1.50

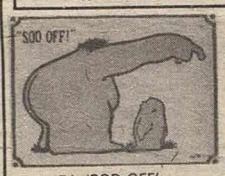
12. TWILIGHT TOWER: 27" × 40" £1.50

13. VENUS CRUISER: 23" × 33" £1.20 (print size 16" × 22")

14. ELRIC AND MOONGLUM: 27" × 40" £1.50

15. THE ICE SCHOONER: 40" × 27" £1.50

16. ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE: 40" × 20" £1.50



74. 'SOD OFF': 20" × 15" 50p

75. CLINT EASTWOOD: 30" × 20" 70p

76. PEACE: 14" × 20" 40p

FULL COLOUR DESIGNS BY ROGER DEAN

77. BUDGIE: 40" × 20" £1.50

78. GREENSLADE SEA: 40" × 27" £1.50

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80. DRAGON AND TREE: 40" × 20" £1.50

81. GREENSLADE: 40" × 20" £1.50

82. YESSONGS PATHWAY: 40" × 27" £1.50

OTHER DESIGNS BY ROGER DEAN:

83. OSIBISA, £1.20
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31. ROBERT PLANT
32. STEVIE WONDER
33. GENESIS
34. BLACK SABBATH
35. THIN LIZZIE
36. KISS
37. DOCTOR FEELGOOD
38. ERIC CLAPTON
39. FREDDIE MERCURY
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52. FONZ 53. BOWIE
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58. DAVID SOUL
59 OLIVIA N. JOHN
60. BOB MARLEY
61. MARILYN MONROE
62. PINK FLOYD
63. WINGS 64. QUEEN
65. TWIGGY 66. WHO
67. E. JOHN 68. SLIK
69. LINDSAY WAGNER
70. BARRY SHEENE
71. FARRAH F. MAJORS
72. ABBA (No. 3)
73. STARSKY & HUTCH

ALL POSTERS ARE IN COLOUR (except 101 & 103)

POSTAGE AND PACKING: One poster add 25p, Two add 30p, Three add 35p, Four or more add 40p. (OVERSEAS: One or two add 60p, Three or more add £1.00)

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OVERSEAS ORDERS WELCOME — Pay in your own money (notes only), or by International Postal Order.

CAULDRON PROMOTIONS
(Dept. E27), 47 LANDSEER ROAD, LONDON N19 4JG

101. 'IF IT FEELS GOOD . . . ': 15" × 20" 50p

102. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: 20" × 30" 70p

Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I shall fear no evil because, I'M THE MEANEST SON OF A BITCH IN THE WHOLE VALLEY
103. 'VALLEY': 18" × 24" 45p

104. 'TOMORROW. . . ': 30" × 20" 65p

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The Birth of the Blues
or how the original Shrink-to-Fit jean was born-& all that jazz
The original Shrink-to-Fit blue jeans
LEVI'S

IT'S BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS FOLKS!

Original Levi's are made shrink-to-fit because in the beginning they were made of tenting that shrank. So REMEMBER add 2" to your waist and leg measurement . . . 'cause the more you wash them, the more they wear you.

Sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" Leg 34" 36" 38"
PRICE £14·50 inc. p&p

Cheques & PO's to
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CANNABIS LEAF
Unique Jewellery for you in fabulous precious metals

OUR FAMOUS LEAF PENDANT. 1¼" high

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Popular Solid Silver Leaf Ring..... £7.00
(Send size or we make it adjustable).

Join the rush and send money to:—
ATLAS
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T/shirts £2.75 plus P&P

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Pronto delivery!

Sweat shirt Fleece lined £5.20 plus P&P

THIN LIZZY RECORD COVERS ON T—SHIRTS 'N' SWEAT SHIRTS

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TL2 — JAILBREAK

TL3 — JOHNNY THE FOX

LIZZY FANS GET ABREAST OF THE BEST FOR YER CHEST!

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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads **FREE** in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASSIST AND/OR guitarist needed urgently. Come on! — Telephone Danny 01-980 6975 or Henry 01-987 7678 after six or weekends.

HELP DRUMMER and bassist wanted to join Bar-Stewards. Punk group into Bazzoomis, Pistols, Rats. — Telephone Mark 01-361 1014 now.

DRUMMER WANTED by band into Racing Cars, Steely Dan, etc. Must be prepared to rehearse. — Ring Ron (after 5 pm), West Drayton 48831.

CAN YOU really sing? Rhythm guitarist / vocalist, keyboards / vocalist. Talent and energy essential. — 01-223 3338. Friday 10–7 pm.

CLASSICAL ROCK style guitarist and keyboards player for band playing original material. Own good equipment essential. — Telephone Nick, Birdham 512257.

MUSICIANS WANTED to form 50's styled band. No timewasters. Dedicated rockers only. — Telephone Dave 88-6276 after 6 pm. (Southampton area).

DRUMMER WANTED. Creative rock band. All own material. No punks. — Telephone after 7 pm. Chingford 01-524 4510.

FEMALE VOCALIST, inexperienced but! got lust for life / music needs enthusiastic band. Raw power into Iggy, Bowie, noo wave, dub. — 01-723 5230.

DRUMMER WANTED for rock band. Must have some experience. No pros. Imaginative person preferred. Living in S.W. London. — Kevin 01-673 5721 after 6 pm.

GUITARIST/BASSIST/ drummer wanted for a 'thinking man's' pop new wave band with original material. Must be ambitious. — Ian, 6 Park Avenue, Finchley, London N3.

KEYBOARD/SYNTHESISER player with own equipment for disturbing music. — Don 01-828 2531.

FORMING GUITARIST with forming ideas wants to form punk band. Lives in North London. 16–18. — Telephone 01-493 5961. Glenn 9–4 pm.

'ORRIBLE DRUMMER for 'orrid group. Balls before brilliance. Plenty of work. No 'ippies. — Steve, Harlow 22723.

BLUES BASED drummer, vocalist, pianist, bassist, to form late sixties blues boom type band. — John, 23 Badger Close, Maidenhead, Berks.

FORMING BAND. Novice guitarist, 18, seeks similar musicians in South-East London. Into new-wave, rock. — Tony 01-703 7402. Must practice. Ring after 6 pm.

PEOPLE NEEDED to form 'kosmic' jazz rock band. Imagination an asset. — 01-399 1606, Derek.

SONGWRITER/GUITARIST wants hellish competents into Devo Stiff Pop for every kind of band. — Patrick 01-242 3007, daytimes, no wankers.

BASSIST, RAY of Wheathampstead/any creative bassist. St Albans group need you. Simply years ahead. Under 19. Disturbed. — Telephone Kimpton 832548.

GUITARIST WITH ideas, looks, voice and drums to complete band with 78's hits. — Paul, 01-764 7315 after 5 pm–7 pm.

RHYTHM/LEAD guitarist, songwriter wanted. Must be prepared to rehearse with view to forming band. — Campbell, 8 Waldemar Avenue, Fulham SW6.

BAR-STEWARDS urgenly need punk bass and drums. Must be able to play good. Own gear essential. North London. No bofs. — 01-366 7022.

BASS GUITARIST, some vocals. Humour and severe dementia a must for working pop band. Some rehearsing, mostly drinking. No snobs. — Redhill 63892.

BASS PLAYER urgenly required by South London rock band. No beginners. Must play with punch. — Matt, 01-684 2314 evenings.

BASS GUITARIST for exceptional rock band. Able to contribute ideas to original songs. Own gear essential. — Neil, 01-886 4368. Tim 01-263 3634.

FAB SINGER seeks flashy together combo into Rich Kids, Motors, R'nB, fame, money etc. South London. — Adam 01-937 5432, ext 351, daytime.

PECKHAM BASED sax and drums need bass, lead, keyboard, female singer, r'n'b. No punks or pros. Own equipment. — 01-737 1636. Alan.

COMMANDO CELL 13 want Subway Sect / Banshees / Buzzcocks type drummer into Velvets. — Ring Tim, 01-868 2645.

DRUMMER, BASS wanted for heavy melodic rock band. South Bucks area. Own gear and transport essential. — Helen, The Lee 438.

I'VE GOT the songs, sing and play guitar. Need others to form innovative pop new-wave band. Success imminent. — Ian, 6 Park Avenue, Finchley, London N3.

GOOD BASS player to complete weird band. No pros please! — Don 01-828 2531.

RHYTHM BASS and lead guitarist, medium rock, Gary Glitterish/Elvis type musicians. Contact:— Paul Gadd, 79 Fitzneal Street, East Acton, W12.

DOUG SHAW Band require Sooty style xylophone player. Must have own xylophone. — D Shaw, 97 Merton Hall Road, Wimbledon, SW19.

PUNK REGGAE is here. Musicians required for band. — Phone: Tom 01-673 0486 after 7 pm.

DRUMMER WANTED for psychedelic band in Guildford area to play this year's festivals, Stonehenge, etc. — Phone: Dave, Woking 64986 evenings.

CANNIBALS NEED bass, drums, guitarist. Early Stones, r'n'b, Berry, H Wolf, E Cochran, K Richards, C Watts, B Jones, B Wyman — jungle music lives!!! — 01-437 5338 weekdays.

ORIGINALS ONLY, bass, drums for soon to be professional band. New wavers with R & B roots. Strictly extroverts. — 01-693 3766.

THE FRINGE. Protest, madness, perversion, ambition, professional intentions, heady, weird, intense, voltage energy, need drummer with equipment and brain. — 01-462 6484.

GOOD VOCALIST/average bassist and drummer? Want to form image garage band with great pop songwriter? Anything considered. — 01-806.6279.

1964 SOUND. Lead guitarist, bass, singer, drummer, joining rhythm. Early Stones, Yardbirds, Pretty Things. Gigs soon. — Adam — Guildford 60831.

BASS/VOCALS, rocker, to join lead, drums, rhythm. No pros. Age 17-20 for gigs in Croydon area. — Mick 01-642 3866.

YOUNG ENTHUSIASTIC drummer rquired for punk band playing own material. Either sex. North Hants/Surrey area. — Phone: Melvyn, Fleet 4995.

BASS, SINGER, drums, any ability, Walthamstow area. Form band/jam with guitarist/singer (30). Blues, punk, reggae, Beatles. — Allen 01-531 4517.

BASSIST AND drummer wanted by new wave band. Material ready but ideas welcome. Gigs soon. — Ingrebourne 41899.

MANIACAL VOCALIST. Amazing voice / looks / energy / own lyrics. Into Pistols, Ramones, P Smith. Needs lead, bass, drums. — J Peckinpah, 99b Sulgrave Road, Hammersmith.

VOCALIST / GUITARIST. Stiff fingers for power pop needs working band. Good songs. Choose your weapons, weller! — Noel, evenings 01-546 4890.

TRUE RHYTHM and Blues guitarist wants to join / form solid band. — Bill, 01-876 7775 daytime.

EXPERIMENTAL TYPE group aged 16/17 require bassist and drummer. Gear (if possible), Essex based at present. — Matt, Ongar 2009 after 7.30 pm.

BLUES GUITARIST (20), seeks band or musicians for band, pro outlook, into Freddie King, BB King, Muddy Waters, Kossoff. — Devizes (Wilts) 2645.

DRUMMER WANTED R'n'roll, r'n'b blues. Brain, experience or body unessential, kit is, around 16. — Egham area, Paul, Ascot 22589. 5 pm.

BASS, DRUMS, vocals to form band (rock) gear essential. Transport an asset. West London or Battersea. No pros. — Lee, 01-405 9030.

RAT SCABIES reject vocalist / guitarist wants working power pop band. Somebody please answer. Eh? Noel, evenings 01-546 4890.

PRANKSTER DRUMS and bass for rehearsing band. Residency mid-March. Hard work essential. Competent learners welcome. Own equipment. — Telephone evenings, 01-567 4049.

DRUMMER FOR original band. Must be flexible. Own comps and gear. Gigs lined up. Political. — Telephone McMahon, 01-249 3867.

INVENTIVE DRUMMER for band looking for new angle. Television, Iggy, Dub, Costello. All original material. Own P.A. — Telephone Rowena 01-800 2246.

BASSIST M/FEMALE required for Bowie / new wave band playing original material. Ambition before experience or talent. — Telephone 01-941 0355.

LETHAL GENE want musical rhythm guitarist. Into Quo, Zep, punk. Guildford / Farnham area. About 14. — Write Paul, Woodlands, Tilford, Nr Farnham, Surrey.

MUSICIANS WANTED to form percussion based band, Latin, affro styles, etc. Play? Bang? Sing? Let's jam, who knows? — Maidstone 59877.

ENTHUSIASTIC BUT inexperienced guitarist seeks to join / form pop / rock band, Reading area. Into most music. — Telephone Kev, Wokingham 780615.

THE CUD need slight guitarist. Must be rich and eats mud. — Telephone 01-212 4211 or write to us, 'The Only', 18 The Lane, Wanstead.

MUSICIANS, ESPECIALLY sax, into reggae, blues, new wave. Must be eccentric, I will travel. Don't ignore this advert. — Braintree 25264.

ERIC AND the Wooden Legs seek new member to replace Jac after brain donation. No Gibbons. — Telephone Hatfield 62662 (Pricky).

RHYTHM GUITARIST with vocals wanted for good band reforming. No time wasters. — Telephone Steve Wickford 61720.

VOCALISTS WANTED

PUNK VOCALIST wanted for high energy band. Gigging as soon as possible. Own gear please. — Telephone Canvey Island 63936 after 5 pm.

AN ORIGINAL BAND urgently need dedicated thinking frontman / innovator for rehearsals. Ambition before experience. — Telephone Steve 96-23921 (London area).

BRILLIANT SINGER with high range and young good looks for pro powerpop group. Please no more beginners. — 01-505 3256.

WORK WANTED

AUTHENTIC 50's rock 'n' roll singer-/guitarist, experienced and dedicated seeks good working band. Slough 41220 after 6 p.m.

BASS PLAYER seeks band influenced by Hawkwind, Man, Nektar, etc. — Telephone Tim, 01-554 0941. Own gear, but no transport.

PUNK VOCALIST wants to join band in London area. Give me a ring now. — Luke, 0782 411213.

FEMALE VOCALIST new wave / pop, no experience but willing. Wants band. Nothing to lose, no equipment, material, money; just me. — Sonja, 4 Bampton House, Pleasant Place, Islington N1.

FEMALE GUITARIST. Dedicated and versatile, wishes to join band with view to going pro. Serious offers only please. — 01-874 5364.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER WANTED for new wave band. Ex TV and Charity Lunch. Must be committed. Vocals an asset. — Phone: Bratton Clovelly 317.

REQUIRED URGENTLY — lead guitarist for practising band. Influences Quo, UFO, Rush etc. Phone Tony on Nottingham 873323.

AVERAGE RHYTHM guitarist with enthusiasm wanted for new wave band. Must have some gear and preferably with transport. 021-429 6740 — evenings.

HEY PUNKS! If you can nearly play an instrument and want to form a band let's hear from you. Paul, 14 Meriac Close, Heronridge Estate, Nottingham.

KEYBOARD WIZZARD required for pro-minded visual high energy rock band. Age 18—25. Gear preferred. Live wire person, energy, looks. Garry, 021-643 6718.

V.H.G. REQUIRE guitarist of fair standard 16—19. Own gear, with new wave tendencies. Phone Rob 232124 after 6 pm. Nottingham.

MICK JONES type guitarist wanted for newest wave punk group. Jimmy Pages need not apply! Possible gigs. Phone Spud 693116.

YOUNG GROUP require keyboards/rhythm guitarist. Vocals if possible. Wide range of music. Good gear/transport. Contact Mike, Kenilworth 56042.

KEYBOARDS NEEDED for talented creative young East Midlands rock band, (management/work). Ambition, professional approach essential. Phone Nottingham 871823 — evenings.

PREFECTS REQUIRE experimental drummer with or without kit. Wolvo / Brum area. Perfection is a fault. Phone Robert / Ted! 0922 413808.

LEAD WANTED for rock band. Phone Kettering 711160 after 6 pm.

RED ALERT need drummer and guitarist. Serious punks.please, must be reliable, if you can play phone Pete — Redditch 43577.

STOKE PUNKS lead/rhythm and drums needed to complete "no talent" band. No ability or experience needed. Punks only, Dick Chaos — Stoke 411213.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

DRUMMER WANTED urgently. Any standard but transport essential, kit not. — Martin, Bristol 678196.

RED HOT guitarist needed for funk / jazz outfit. Vocals an asset. Crusaders / Little Feat type and originals (Larry Carlton huh?). — Jake, Bristol 40177 (after 6 pm).

SCHOOLGIRLS WANTED or other musicians (playing ability an advantage). Into Heads, love and original material. No wine tasters. — Exeter 78994.

DRUMMER GUITARIST and bass still required. Ain't you read this ad before? Well? Al Sparks, 9 Milford Road, Landport, Portsmouth.

COUNTRY ROCK band into Wurzels, want singer to play guitar and drums. Preferably female with no strings attached. Rupert Beard, Field Farm, Coaley, Dursley, Glos. Uley 281.

DRUMMER, GUITARIST and keyboards wanted. New wave, own gear. Dedication essential. Transport an advantage. No Wimpy Tories. — Telephone Nick, Wilton 3240.

COMPETENT BASSIST wanted. Own equipment essential. — Telephone St Ives 4130.

INTUITIVE GUITARIST with experience and dedication sought for creative non-punk working band. Gigs waiting. Please phone Rob (0272) 40590, 11 am onwards.

ANDOVER / SALISBURY powerpop punk band need experienced guitarist, unexperienced drummer (with own kit). — Telephone Tom after six o'clock — Weyhill 2873.

WORK WANTED

BOY 14¾ years old wishes to join new wave band. Like to do drums or try singing, Looking for fame. Peter Polock — Aldershot 22419 6—8 pm.

LEAD/RHYTHM guitarist seeks Lizzy, Skynyrd type band. Gear?, mine is 400 miles away. Four years experience. Write: Rarfy, 18 Milton Street, Worthing.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER BASSIST wanted to do own material, Radio Stars, Rich Kids mould. Experience not necessary. Just enthusiasm. Willing to rehearse. 01-426 1153.

GUITARIST/DRUMMER needed for newly formed Leicester punk band. No experience necessary, just enthusiasm. We'll work together. John — 0533 70551 (evenings).

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST WANTED to form punk band. Male or female preferably. Paul, 14 Mebiac Close, Heronridge Estate, Nottingham.

WORK WANTED

DUE TO unforseen circumstances I can now play drums. Any cures offered? (esp. Ian Dury). Phone Birmingham 021-430 5115.

PUNK VOCALIST/frontman wishes to join punk band in Midlands area, but anywhere considered. Danny Shox — 0782 411213.

PLEASE HELP. Singer here wants job with any kind of group. Not much experience. Ring at night, Trina — Wheatley 2853.

DRUMMER, VOCALIST. Young exname, tasteful, reliable, no ties, passport, experienced recording, touring seeks pro working outfit. Telephone Kevin 03272 2918.

EXPERIENCED PUNK vocalist wants to join another band. Also plays rhythm guitar and writes lyrics. Phone (after six) — Peter 021-550 0677.

RAW THROAT vocalist into volume, seeks rock band. Must be looneys into Seger, Nugent, 22 top Sabbath. Phone Phil, Burton Upon Trent 64923.

GOOD GUITARIST/instrumentalist seeks position in pro band. Any good band considered. Phone after six, Kingswinford 87929.

PUNK VOCALIST without experience wants to join band. I am very eager and different. Write to me or phone me Danny Shox — 0782 411213. 18 Whalley Ave, Penkhull, S.O.T. Staffs.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITARIST and DRUMMER 17—19, more enthusiasm than skill. R & B and rock. 81 Freehold Rd, Ipswich. In Ipswich area. Write please: Peter Ablitt.

FREE SEX. We need creative lead axe for second wave band. Practice room and lyrics await. Ipswich area. Adrian — Ipswich 710722, 6—7 pm only.

WELLINGBORO' NORTHANTS: composer staging rock musical seeks instrumentalists for group. Intrigued? Contact Rog Tivey, U.R.C. High Street, Wellingborough. Phone 223174.

NO MAURICES, aidas or guitarists. Just a good drummer needed for punk group. Must have own equipment. Gigs lined up. Cambridge 44499.

BASSIST WANTED to form band with lead and drums to try some intelligent new wave music (18—24). Phone Newmarket 3158.

PALM TREE Enterprises require musicians to complete line-up of power pop group "The Auditions". Apply: P.T.E. 499 Unthank Road, Norwich, NR4 7QN.

DOB INFLUENCED out of tune post punk people (3) want more. Cambridge area, phone Richard, Huntingdon 74139 evenings.

VOCALISTS WANTED

BETTER CLASS B.O.F. band wants quality singer. We're not usual run of the mill crap. Fame on Peterborough 68931 Ext. 435.

WORK WANTED

DRUMMER/VOCALIST requires work. Own gear/transport, into most music except punk. 12, St Leodegars Close, Wyberton, Boston, Lincs.

PUNK VOCALIST (14) wants band or musicians to form band into Motorhead, Pistols, Ramones, Rats, Banned etc. Barry, Clacton 813735.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

SHEFFIELD BASSIST wanted urgently to complete rock band. Original and standard material. Ring Simon Sheffield 586817 between 6 and 8 pm.

DRUMMER, BASSIST require guitarist. Vocals an advantage, into new wave. Oldham area, no time waster.— Andy 061-652 0871.

THE BEATELLS need silly bassist and singer into sex and drugs and rock and roll. Mick, Felling 697397, Marty 468521.

DO YOU want to jam with me? If you are male or female, into any type: e.g. punk, heavy metal and do, ring 638 7727 (Merseyside).

DRUMMER WANTS lead guitarist and rhythm guitarist to form rock band. Must be willing. If interested phone Bolton 29242 evenings.

BASSIST WANTED for heavy rock band with a future doing all own material. Phone Steve, South Shields 563594.

SINGER/SONGWRITER/guitarist-/pianist wants same to form songwriting partnership. Influences lyrically: Neil Young, Joni Mitchell. Hull area only. 7 Bowling Circle, The Broadway, Holderness Road. HU9 3JL.

GUITARIST NEEDS a band, must be outrageous and into The Dolls — urgent. Please call at 73 Fernybrow Road, Woodchurch, Birkenhead.

SHEFFIELD ROCK and blues band require drummer and vocalist. Must be enthusiastic classic and original material. Urgent. Experience not needed. Sheffield 21556.

KEYBOARDS & DRUMS wanted for progressive band (16-18). Must have owne gear. Local, into Rush, Camel, Gong. Bolton 61125 after 4 pm.

SHIT HOT keyboards player seeks musicians of the same calibre to play dicconson rock.— Harry Robinson, 16 Fatherhood Street, Aspull, Wigan.

ANY SEX bassist — no talent needed, call Dave Leeds 503848.

WYTHENSHAW BAND needs sax player into Santana, funk blues. Must be tight with style. Phone Mole, 061 969 2989.

PRESTON AREA musicians/vocalists wanted for folk/blues/rock band. Open to ideas. Paul Nichols weekdays Preston 54868 ext. 6395.

VOCALISTS WANTED

100% PROOF Christian, high energy rock band require singer in the Stockport/Manchester area. Telephone 061 432 2407.

I'D LIKE to be like Baccara with the help of another girl. Let's form a dancing singing duo. No time-wasters. Estella, 11 Catherston Close, Alexandra Road, Moss Side, Manchester.

WORK WANTED

GUITARIST WANTS to join or form band. Punk, pop or rock, decent gear. Available anytime. John Hall, 051-427 5216.

PRO' AXEMAN own head, own material, seeks likewise oriented people. Interested in rock theatre, multi-media bands. Contact George, Gateshead 871720.

CONSTANTLY FRUSTRATED / screwed up/bored and everything else singer wishes to express himself dramatically. Sheffieldish, punkish bands grab phone.— 667456.

PRO-DRUMMER SEEKS happy group with talent and promise — long haired and getting old. 061-624 7551 no punks please.

LIVERPOOL BASED band require vocalist (female/male) in Lizzy, Zep, Pistols and most everything, anyone considered. Please ring Frank today. 051 480 4854.

IF DAVID Bowie wants a drummer for his coming tour he'd be crazy to contact Terry, 51 Mill Lane, Treeton.

DEAD TROUT require mute vocalist into Roland Alphonso, Quentin Termight, R & J Stone, applications will be ignored (die masons) 051 424 4040.

PUNK DRUMMER and bass player and guitarist for forming band. Dave, 7 St Ambrose Grove, Anfield, Liverpool 4 (off Vreck Road).

PUNK VOCALIST (17) wants to join band in Halifax area. No gear, will invest. Pistols, Clash etc — 5-7pm, Jez, Ripponden 3398.

SINGER/DANCER/writer into good rock, punk, soul and politics seeks aware musicians. No poofs or wankers. 381c Glossop Road, Sheffield 10.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER wants to join band. Magazine, Banshees, Buzzcocks, Nico. Phone Yvonne 0302 67541.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASSIST WANTED, must have own gear. Into anything, own transport if possible. Age 17-20. Phone Davy 041 884 7267. Tom 041 884 7267.

DRUMMER NEEDED urgently (new wave). Must have own kit, many gigs waiting. Phone Rab, Renfrew 873 or Walter, Bri[illegible].

PUNK PLAY require drums and bass view to non-punk, i.e. B.J.H./Rush style after play finished.— Phone Livingstone 30358.

NEW DIRECTION, guitarist, bassist, drummer needed to form new wave band with reggae emphasis. Julian, Dunfermline 23351 after 6 pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

GLASGOW BAND needs vocalist with own p.a. Into hard but not too heavy rock. Phone Alex 041 427 5158 after 6.30.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE VOCALIST 15 (no experience) seeks new wave band in Hamilton-/Motherwell area. Into Pistols, Clash, Rods.— Phone Hamilton 26393.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

VOCALIST, DRUMMER and keyboards are 16-21. Rock band, jazz, funk influences. John, Pontypool 55542 after 6 pm.

BASS GUITARIST for punk(ish) group, 15-18 own gear, transport a help. Dave (Dinas Powis) 513604.

LEEK ROCK type, original, amateur band require bassist and drummer to blow minds, not staks. Contact H William, 36 Trem Y Don, Barry South, Glamorgan.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

BAND FORMING requires lead guitar, vocals, keyboards, own gear and experience essential. Phone Dublin 977091.

VOCALIST AND keyboards, must contribute. Band a four piece at present. No socio-political bores but groupies welcome. — Phone Helen's Bay 2250.

PUNK VOCALIST good screamer wants to form band. Bass, drummer, guitarist wanted. I write lyrics and some music. Only violent males. Portran, Dublin 742503 (9- 6 pm).

VOCALISTS WANTED

YOUNG VOCALIST for new progressive, jazz, rock band, South Down area (16-20), experience nedded. Phone Q, Downpatrick 2945.

WORK WANTED

GIRL VOCALIST 18looking for group liking beatles, Stones etc, and new wave especially. Phone Ann, Belfast 777356, Saturdays after 1 pm.

(18)

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

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ADDRESS

ABOUT SIX months ago Nick Kent numbered the kind of inverse racism which allows black reggae singers to get away with the sort of idiotic utopianism that is ridiculed in white hippie singers from the California Coke belt. It seems to me that something similar is in operation for the Tom Robinson Band.

Because Tom is a member of an undeniably oppressed minority he can get away with the kind of embarrassing polemic that Dylan was smart enough to drop in '64.

If "Right On, Sister" had been written by (say) Joe Strummer it would have been condemned out of hand as trite and patronising (which it is). Even Tom's gay songs aren't written from personal experience. Since he left Reform School Tom's been in the music biz where his homosexuality is, if anything, an advantage, so he's never had to "lie to his workmates' or "put down queens".

If he wants to see what homosexual oppression is, he should come to Ireland where the laws that the 1967 act replaced are still in force in both parts of the island and where the R.U.C. in particular, has been carrying out a virulent campaign of harassment against northern gays. When Roy Mason, the Secretary for Northern Ireland, tried to bring the laws in the north in line with England, the execrable 'Reverend' Ian Paisley launched a campaign to "Save Ulster from Sodomy". Maybe that would wipe the smile from Tom's face and drain the cliches from his pen.

It's about time people realised that Tom Robinson is a very average songwriter who often falls into the trap of sentimentality (Marlin') and simplistic polemics. The only reason he's so big is because critics are afraid that any bad press will be construed as queer-bashing.
STAN, Dublin.

When the NME gave me this job they told me there'd be some serious ones. All I can say is, you couldn't have read that piece they had last week about Robinson. Dunno about having to be queer in this business, don't seem that popular to me mate. Oh yeah, and just lay off the reggae alright, 'cos reggae is rebel music see — Jar Punk and all that right — and it ain't got nothing to do with all them silly old hippies whining on about California. (Is that serious enough?) — Les.
Sure, usually we just stick on a smart-ass one liner for ones like this. — Ed.

PARSONS, YOU really have gone too far this time. You're so full of hate . . . I refer, of course, to your article on Blondie.

It seems that every artist in the music business is concerned only to grab as much money as they can, huh? Don't you think you might be making up this attitude and insisting that it is what our New Wave nouveau riche really think when you really have little or no justification for doing so? Are you sure Joe Strummer really wants a "white mansion"? It is easy, once a musician gets a certain amount of popularity and (presumably) financial reward, to wilfully misinterpret his or her every move as a devious way of selling more records and making more money.

It is encouraging when a band of the quality of The Clash make it to a widespread audience. Unfortunately, that also means they are likely to make quite a lot of money. In the case of The Clash and several other New Wave bands this is particularly unfortunate as they declared loudly in the early stages of their careers that this would never happen to them. Of course they were speaking rashly and about a situation of which they knew nothing. How can a band like The Clash avoid getting rich and famous and distanced from their audience? The Clash in particular have tried very hard to avoid it and I admire them for struggling so long against the inevitable. Mick Jones is still very often to be seen at gigs in London mixing in with the average fan. But even that is not enough.

I know from my own experience and from other people I have spoken to that while you may feel you would like to go and talk to him (Mick Jones or whatever), you are very often held back in awe, thinking "Gosh! It's HIM!" It's not the star's fault and it's not the fan's fault — it seems to be the natural result of the star-maker machinery.

When a group reach this level of popularity it is very easy to wilfully misconstrue their every move as a devious effort to get publicity or make more money. I'm not altogether sure, for instance, that the photographs The Clash brought back from Northern Ireland deserved as much criticism as they got. They could have been merely a publicity stunt (which I doubt), but even if they were surely it was a worthy one, which showed that they cared about the situation there and which put the problem once more before the average punter (I hate that word).

Les Miserables models his fab new look exclusively for Bag Fashions

BEAT BAG

The Big Bag Todays Kids Go For!

"I don't

And now, apparently Debbie Harry is cashing in by making concessions to the massive male chauvinist record-buying market. The male attitude to women that you are so keen on describing, TP, has existed for a long time now and will continue to do so for a long time in the future. Probably there will come a day when us males take a more enlightened attitude towards females, and good on you for championing the cause. You praised Debbie Harry's earlier efforts to stand up against this degrading, dehumanising attitude, but it is an uphill struggle and one which many women don't even begin, perhaps don't even realise exists.

Debbie Harry has lapsed a little in your view, which immediately provides you with an excuse to damn her completely. I must say I do find this rather unreasonable of you — perhaps I might even venture to say self-righteous. Of course, if you were in the same position as Joe Strummer (or even Debbie Harry) (snigger) I am sure you would retain your integrity intact, but until you cut your first million-seller this must remain merely an area for speculation. Meanwhile I am just sorry that you can find no-one to live up to your high principles.
PETER STEVENS-NECK, Swindon, Wiltshire.
P.S. And don't take the piss out of my name 'cos it's obviously not got "street-level credibility" (whatever that means).

Look mate, I don't give a toss about your snobby name and I don't want to get in no fights with blokes in dodgy trilby hats, but two weeks ago Jonesy told me The Clash were still on £30 a week and that Strummer's "Mansion" was a one-bedroomed flat, so I suppose you got a point. But Parsons likes this power pop bit doesn't he? Well, he gave the Rich Kidz a good write-up didn't he? Confusing innit? Still, it's what's happening, and you gotta move with the times, right? — Ed.

Letters Edited by LES MISERABLES

Formerly of the fabulous Original Snivelling Shits. Now leader of The Fab Shits.

I WOULDN'T mind going to work with Bob Geldof in a Limousine . . .
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES
R.S.V.P.
This week's "Street credibility" Award — Les.

THIS IS a plea for the useless, uninspired, tuneless, moronic copiers and bandwagon jumpers. There's been a lot of crap around this year. However out of this cess pit have risen some monsters of innovation, style, suss and inspiration. A lot of crap remains. They keep churning out one-riff tuneless singles, playing 3rd bill at the local youth club, seemingly without any regard for the noise they are creating.

Oh! The crap of the new wave, I salute you!

You see, contrary to some opinion, there is room in this world for the untalented. Of course there are those who think that a policy of weeding out should take place, that those lucky enough to have been endowed with talent should be left to flower and develop, while the rest sit back and watch the masters at work.

But ya see, there's two sides — on one there's The Buzzcocks and their ilk who sing about someone being frustrated — on the other there's those who are frustrated but cannot articulate their feelings. Instead they get up and make a noise about it, sounding repetitive and boring. Of course, they're the ones who are cashing in on the media boom, slogging their guts out for £10 a night and a 10 word slag-off in the *NME*.

I for one, hope that as much crap is churned out in 1978 as there was in '77. Don't you realise that flowers can grow on the compost heap.

Oh! The manure of the new wave, I salute you ..... no shit! ... no shit! ... no shit!
GERALD, Manchester.

It's people like you keep people like the Fab Shits in business. The NME doesn't give LP tokens no more but I almost sent you my personal Freddie And The Dreamers EP. Look me up at a gig and you can buy me a pint. — Les.

WOULD someone please explain to me what it is about The Pleasers that makes them any more relevant to 1978 than the Bay City Rollers?

Next you'll be telling us *TOTP* is cool. Punk rock, Snuff rock . . . and now Bland rock? God elpus!
STEVE POOLE, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Like I say, today's klean-living kidz gotta have sommat to relate to, which is where I come in. I mean, pop man! Nick Lowe! Mention the Rollers again though and you'll get a merseybooting. As for Snuff Rock, that's going too far — even for the Shits when we was punks way back in the good ol' daze of '77. — Les.

WITH REFERENCE to your mention of us in *Teazers* last week, nice to see we are doing so well.

The truth is we have not signed for Beserkley but are at the moment negotiating for a contract with 'Music for Pleasure'. Our solicitor is now working on a two-figure advance.

Keep us posted. Love
THE SMIRKS.

"What Am I Smirking About?"

Well when I was trying to persuade Matthew King Kaufmann that we were the British Rubinoos he told me you was doing two singles with him, so what's happening? Dunno why all you Manchester lot are so big-headed anyway. — Les.

Unfortunately, there's no way they can get out of their contract with me, short of onstage suicide — Sammy Sphincter, Manager.

MAY I, on behalf of The Stukas, apologise to all the people who were unable to gain admission to our gig at Portsmouth Polytechnic on Saturday, 4th February.

Regrettably, the gig was a "Students Union and guests only" gig, due to trouble from outsiders in the last few weeks.

We were unaware of this stipulation until our arrival at the gig, and we are very upset that so many people (many of whom had travelled a considerable distance to see us) couldn't get in. Had we known, we would have ensured that the "Students Union only" stipulation had appeared in all publicity for the gig.

Everyone realises that it only takes a few people who cause trouble to make promoters wary of letting non-students or non-members into gigs, and many people who just want to go and see a band enjoy themselves are deprived of the sort of entertainment which, in many towns like Portsmouth, is only provided in colleges and clubs.

We hope that all the people who stood outside the back doors and

"So That to Power Pop."

listened to us enjoyed themselves; hope you can see us sometime too.
RAGGY LEWIS for The Stukas, London N10.

Dunno what for, The Stukas are three-weeks' ago thing man. How about letting us support you sometimes. — Les.

PLEASE explain what Powerpop is. Also if you've got time explain M.O.R. I know what it means but I don't know the words.
J. F. BAYNE, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Mull of Rick Wakeman, dodo. Powerpop is . . . is . . . well we got bored being punks didn't we. — Les.

I'M JUST Writing to say I think Skins are the biggest wankers out. On the 28th of Jan '78 I went up to the LSE to see Sham 69. When I arrived at Holborn tube station The Skins were hassling all the ol' ladies and unsuspecting beings into corners and 'phone boxes.

When (eventually) everyone got in, everyone was fairly well behaved. Then downstairs, about 400 people broke down the doors and came charging up the stairs throwing bottles and cutting into people's flesh with kitchen knives etc. — so eventually I left (without seeing the band).

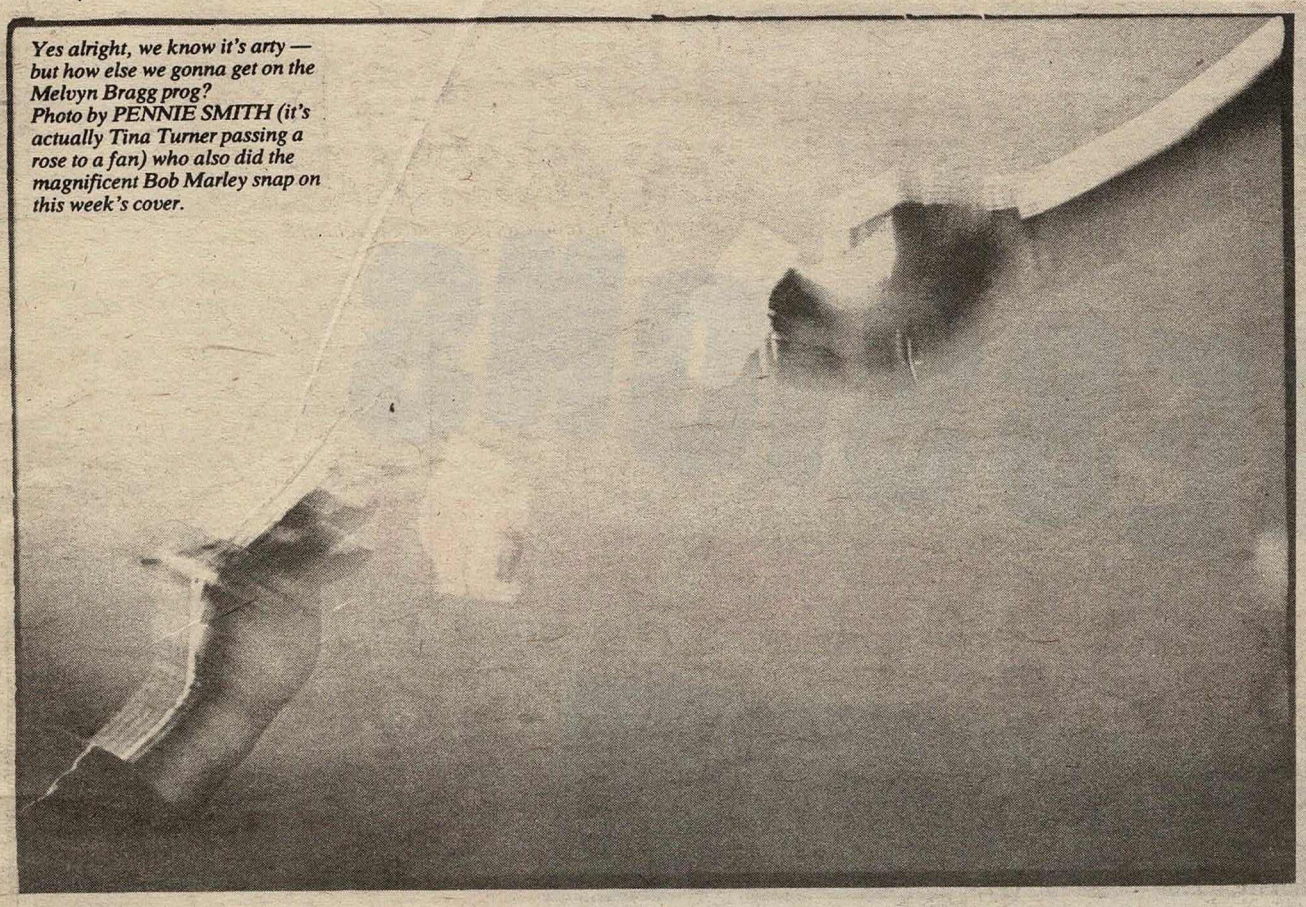
I'd just like to say I think it's a shame 'cos Sham are a good band but I won't go to see them again 'cos I refuse to go through another charade with the Skins. I also heard a bunch of Skins saying if any of the Clash came to see Sham they'd give 'em a rough time 'cos they thought "The Clash should have supported Sham, not the other way round" quoted an extremely large looking Skin, playing with a knife carelessly near my jugular vein.

I know you won't print this letter 'cos you never print anyone's letter unless they mention the boring, beautiful, blonde Debbie Harry at least twice, but it really pisses me off when you can't see a band 'cos you're not a Punk/Skin/Ted/Rasta.
A 'CLASH'/'SHAM 69' FAN, London N10.

We had the same trouble when they wouldn't let in a guy 'cos he had on a Beatle jacket. The management didn't know we'd given up punk. Dunno why Jimmy Sham puts up with them skins, they should stick to Skrewdriver. — Les.

IS THERE space to mention my mate Hugh in Devon?
PETE,
Mumbles, Swansea,
W. Glamorgan.

Dunno, how big is your mate? — Les.



Yes alright, we know it's arty — but how else we gonna get on the Melvyn Bragg prog? Photo by PENNIE SMITH (it's actually Tina Turner passing a rose to a fan) who also did the magnificent Bob Marley snap on this week's cover.

BETTER BADGES

New Releases
DEVO SATISFACTION (25)
WHITE DOPES ON PUNK (25)
ZAPPA (25)
X.T.C. (25)
TALKING HEADS (25)
B/W BLONDIE (25)
SUICIDE (25)
VOIDOID (25)
THE DAMNED (25)
DAMNED PUNKS! (25)
R.A.F. (20)
ANTS No. 3 (20)
'ROGER WILKO (20)

1. NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
2. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
3. ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
4. SHAM 69
5. BOWIE HEROES
6. RAMONES EAGLE
7. F—K OFF (WAYNE COUNTY)
8. COMPLETE CONTROL
9. HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN
10. SIOUXSIE SPECIALS

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teazers

HELLO THERE guys'n'gals and first a word from your personable pop-picking prophet of the pops, **Keith Foreskin.** "Yes, things are looking up, chart-wise," writes Foreskin," with 'Mull Of Kintyre' dropping like **Rod Stewart's** knickers and combos like **The Stranglers, Buzzcocks** and **Magazine** on the climb, upwise. Future-wise, says your crystal-gazing columnist peering into his tea-leaves, things look better still — with goodies, vinyl-wise, from **The Clash, Bob Marley, Tom Robinson Band, Blondie, Nick Lowe** and **The Jam** soon set to join them. Can 1978 be another vintage year for pop singles? You betcha, hunchwise . . ."

Well, that's enough from that old creep, but, before we leave the subject of the charts, *T-Zers'* regular subscribers will remember our story of how EMI, as distributors of Stiff, inadvertently deleted — computer-wise — the **Ian Dury** album some few weeks back just as it was beginning to sell. To atone for their boob, EMI's been shelling out for those full page ads you may have noticed in the music weeklies, which in turn has pushed Dury's meritorious LP into the *NME* Top Ten. Incidentally, same Ian Dury was in waggish form (and musty overcoat) on Sunday's *The London Programme* TV prog. On the subject of his imminent U.S. visit, he quipped: "America's a pigsty. I've got no interest in the colonies . . ."

Obviously **June Bolan,** 34-year-old former wife of the departed **Marc,** never paid much attention during her biology lessons at school. Newly pregnant, she told the **Daily Express:** "Two weeks after Marc's death I suddenly conceived. I've no idea why. Marc always had this thing about reincarnation" . . .

A tired'n'emotional'n'obese 'n'legless **Keith Moon** among the turn-out at the London Lyceum last week for **Jim Capaldi.** Nowt surprising there, but who is Capaldi trying to kid when he says he's shortly quitting the UK to live in Rio as a tax exile? (His pregnant wife and child are already there) . . .

On the same subject (Rio, that is), has **Malcolm McLaren** got designs on turning **Ronnie Biggs** into a recording artiste? "The Great Train Gobber Sings Carnival Favourites" is not one title under consideration for Biggsie's first LP . . .

Johnny Rotten-wise, the little gobber's still hanging out in JA, where the word is that he's been in and out of the studios with local musicians. A Johnny Reggae album looks the most likely outcome . . .

Tina Turner's former marital home — and **Ike's** too, for that matter — apparently decorated in such a fashion that a visitor was once inspired to remark, quip-wise: "You mean you spent 70,000 dollars at Woolworth's!?" Fixtures and fittings include a whale-shaped imitation ivory TV and a TV-shaped imitation ivory whale *(One of these three is a lie — Honest T-Zer)* . . .

Out now, the world's first teenzine: a publication called *Teen Talk* which supports worthwhile causes, like a summer mini-skirt revival *(Goodie! — Daily Mirror Ed)* . . .

Pop World Celebrates As **Prefects** Re-Unite. Further info on last week's *Thrills* report on The Prefects split. After a bit of a re-shuffle, personnel-wise, the band intends to continue, and is taking gigs now for March . . .

THE DAMNED — now under new management in the form of **Stranglers'** PR **Alan Edwards** — look like having a better than even chance of holding off the bailiffs just yet since several record companies have expressed interest in getting them on their books. News from the boys themselves is that they've pencilled the **Sweet's** Hammersmith gig into their diaries, hoping for a chance to crack a few sherbets with their heroes. Finally, guitar person Lu is looking for a habitable hovel somewhere in the metropolis. Phone 01-240 0289 if you can oblige, or alternatively if you want **Captain Sensible** to abuse you down the line . . .

Howard Devoto accruing a reputation as A Difficult Bastard (cf. **Van Morrison, Frank Zappa, Charlie George).** He's already nixed the chance for **Magazine** to go on *Top Of The Pops,* and an offer as support act on the **Elvis Costello** tour. This comes after Devoto last week stunned the nation when he flatly refused **Ron Greenwood's** call-up to the England 'B' squad . . .

Fleetwood Mac's re-released "Rhiannon" 45 currently getting heavy airplay and looking like it should make it here second time out . . .

THE JAM more than usually excited about their upcoming three-track EP. Tracks include "Aunts And Uncles" . . .

Eno to produce **Talking Heads'** second album . . .

The Stranglers using their "secret gigs" to break in new material. Amongst half a dozen or so titles on display, all of which will be recorded for their third album, are "All Quiet On The Eastern Front" and "Tanks" . . .

The " '70s Beat Boom" finds a London home at The Pegasus, Stoke Newington. Toothpaste rock every Tuesday, but opening night is this Saturday (18) with **The Stukas, The Lock, Monos** and **Deccas** . . .

In the world's court-rooms the fight to clean-up today's Youth Heroes goes on. At Marylebone, **Sid 'n' Nancy** last week elected to go for trial by jury charged with being in possession of speed. Sid's lawyer reckons the quantity of speed in question is the smallest anyone in Britain has yet been charged over. Meanwhile, in Toronto, **Keef's** trial has yet again been postponed . . .

The Greedy Bastards (Phil Lynott, Gary Moore, Rat Scabies, Gary Holton, Jimmy Bain) will not, as advertised, be playing Camden's Music Machine tonight (February 16) due to other commitments — better-paid ones? . . .

New boys Kadar Records taking up where Stiff left off. They dispatched a "nun" to deliver press review copies of the new **Nick Lowe** single early one morning last week. Startled *NME* staff, disturbed filling in their expenses claims by the rattle of rosaries, were overpowered with a sense of divine retribution. Two "Hail Maries" and an "Our Father" later, the office was again just about functioning . . . . . The connection, by the way, is that Nick Lowe's new album is entitled "Jesus Of Cool". Tracks include the previously-issued "So It Goes", "Heart Of The City", and "Marie Provost" from the "Bowi" EP. Radar are said to have hired God's Wrath (Mild Wrath £50 an hour, Full Wrath £75) to publicise this one, but at presstime they were unable to confirm that there would be a plague on the first born of unsympathetic reviewers . . .

Today's young people recognise the wisdom of regular brushing, writes a dentist. Good dental care really can bring a shine to your personality, as pretty Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex knows. Poly swears by her pink Oral-B. Here she is with the other members of her popular music combo (l to r) B.P., Steve Rudi, Paul Dean and Jak Airport. The Spex' next record release is as part of the "Front Row Festival" live album recorded at the Hope & Anchor; their contribution is "Let's Submerge", which was written about the Roxy. At the end of March the groupstart a UK tour to coincide with a new single . . .Alright, now ***where's*** *number six?* ***MORE FILLINGS?!!*** . . .

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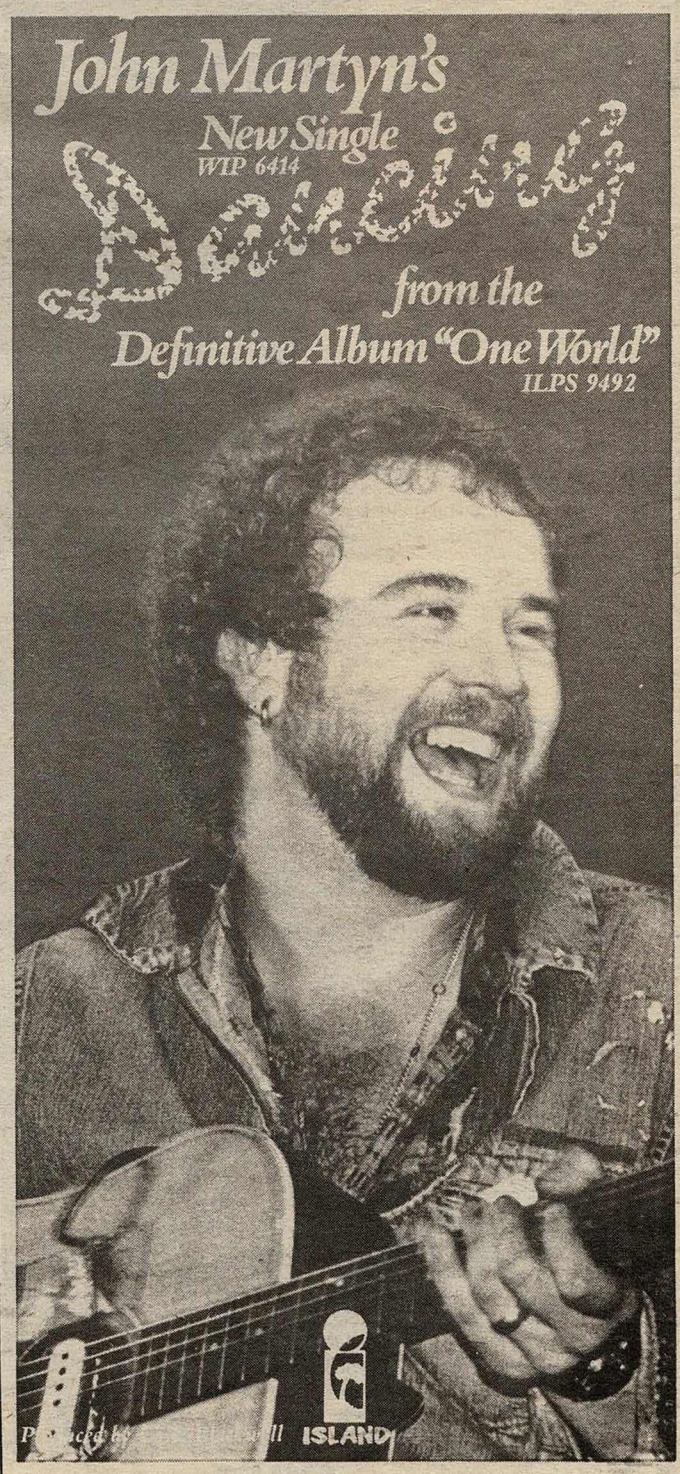

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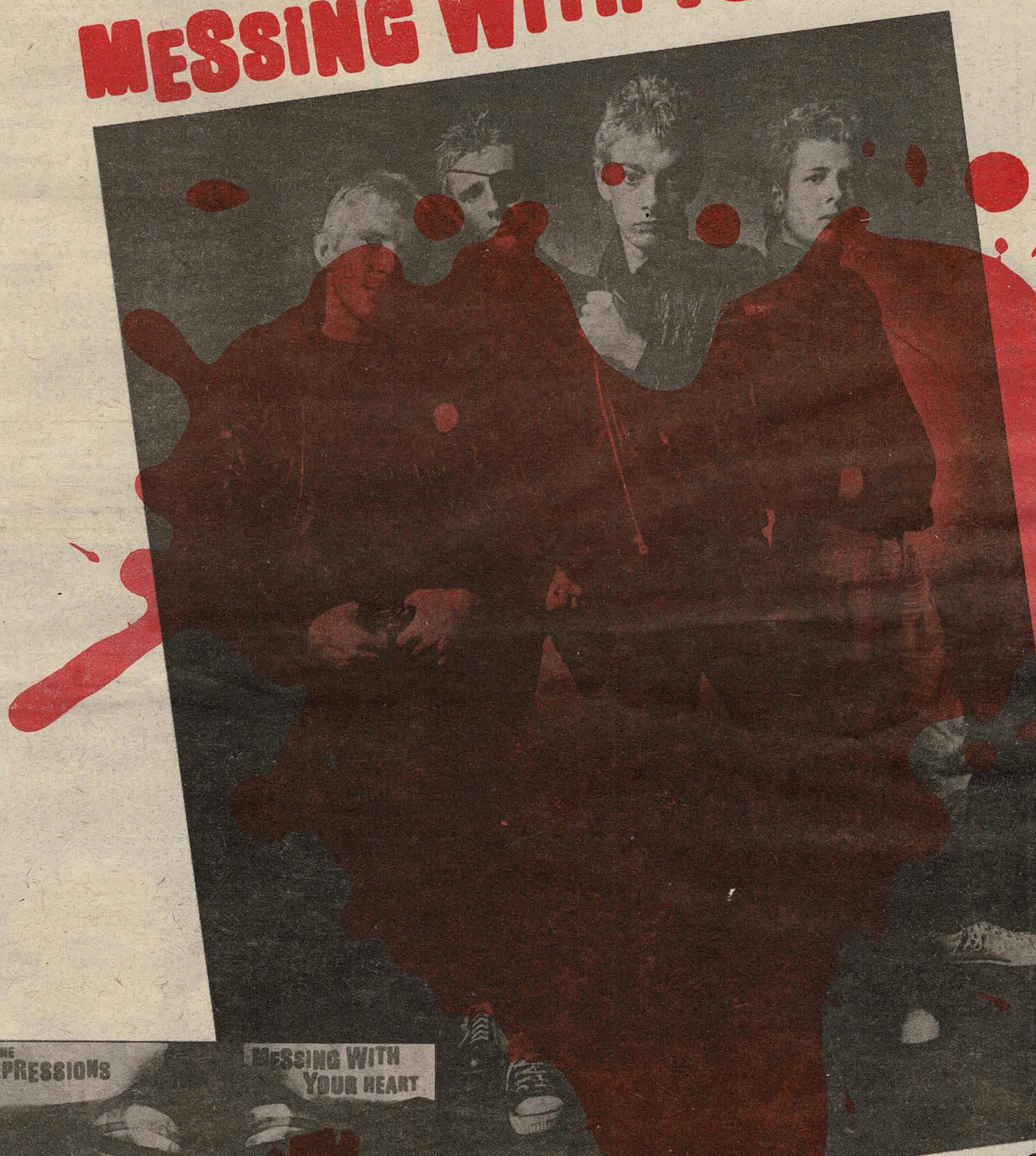

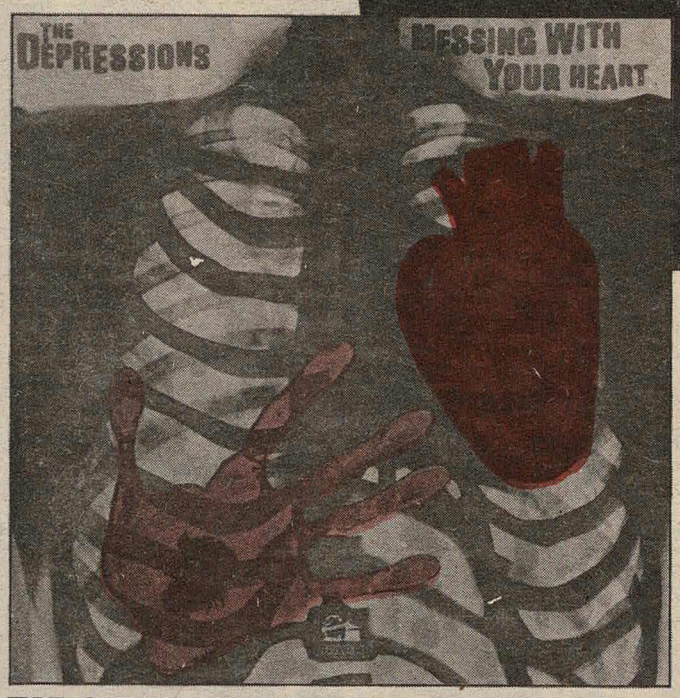

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